Oct.16,1948

THE NEW YORKER

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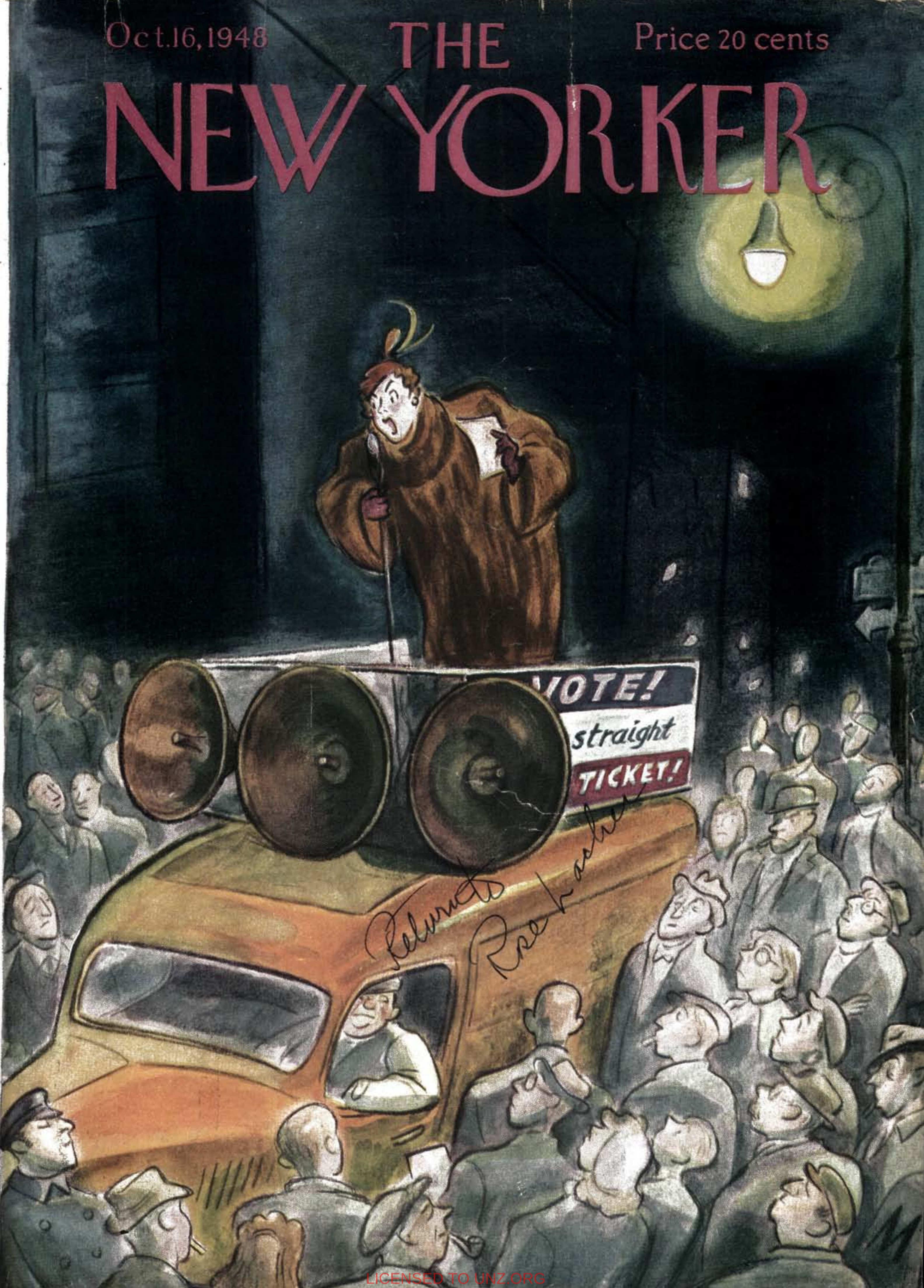
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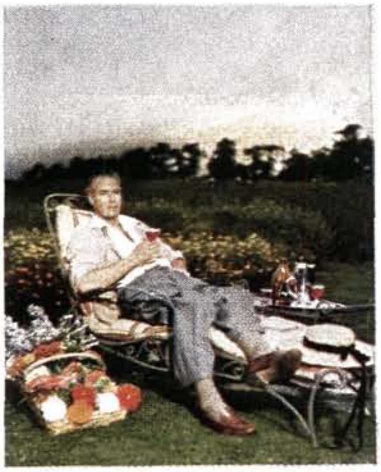

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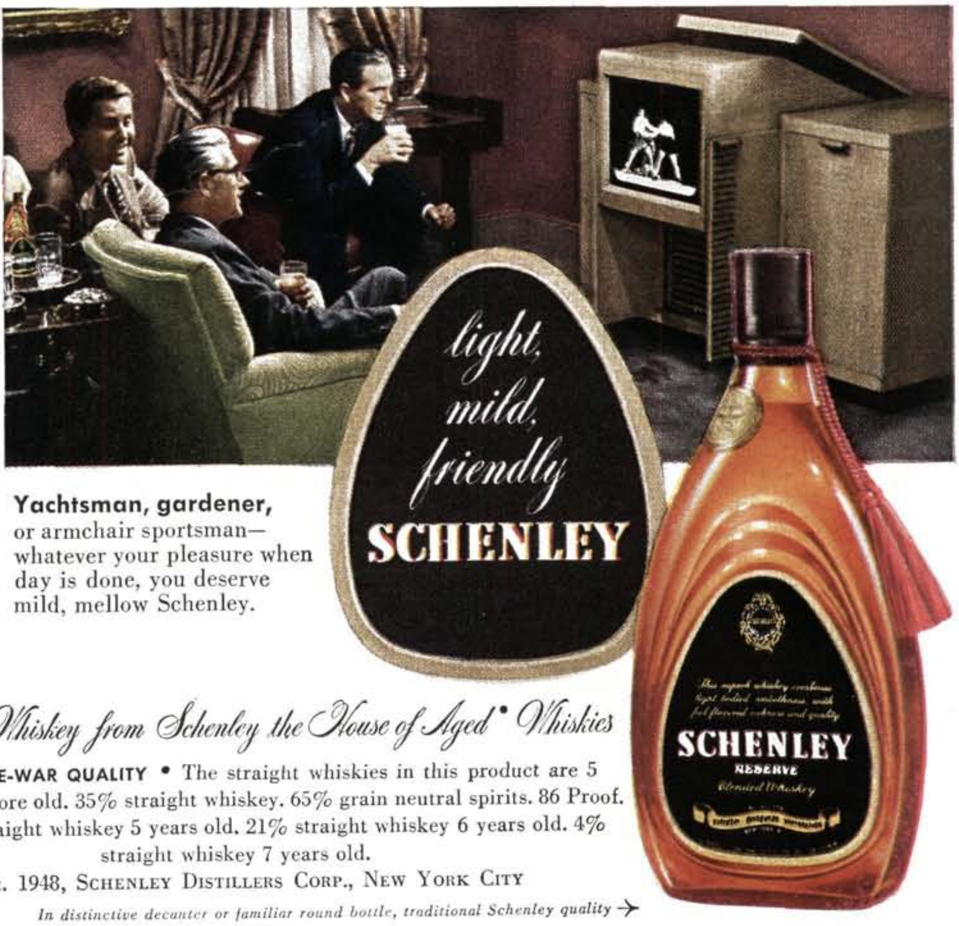

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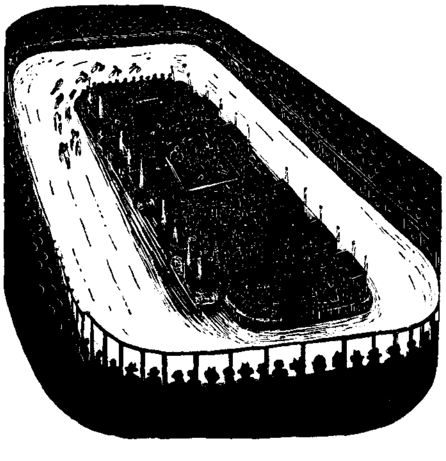
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Edward, My Son—As co-author of this brisk melodrama, Robert Morley has provided himself and Peggy Ashcroft with wonderful parts, to which they do full justice. Peter Ashmore is the director and Gilbert Miller the fortunate producer. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Mister Roberts—One of the best books about the war made into one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several years. With Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Play's the Thing—A first-rate cast, among whose members are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, and Faye Emerson, in a very pleasant revival of Molnar's comedy of sex on the Riviera. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Private Lives—Tallulah Bankhead's enormous vitality is responsible for the success of this revival, though it might conceivably startle Mr. Coward. Donald Cook serves agreeably as her sparring partner. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama having to do with the race problem. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams is again dealing with sexual maladjustments in the South, but this play is not to be compared with "A Streetcar Named Desire" or "The Glass Menagerie." However, Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews give splendid performances, and Jo Mielziner's setting is a triumph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The rabbit and his best friend, currently Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' Pulitzer Prize drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Inside U.S.A.—Beatrice Lillie in an Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue that might have had more laughs but couldn't be handsomer. She is assisted by Jack Haley and a great dancer named Valerie Bettis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Life—Alan Jay Lerner's book—something about a marriage that goes on for a hundred and fifty years—is a nuisance, but Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are attractive in the leading roles, and Kurt Weill has written a nice, original score. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Magdalena—A lamentable book, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Homer Curran, makes this South American spectacle pretty hard to endure, in spite of Heitor Villa-Lobos' lovely music, a lot of good singing by Irra Petina, John Raitt, and Dorothy Sarnoff, and some of the best-looking scenery and costumes you ever saw. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Small Wonder—There are at least three very funny sketches in this not especially intimate revue, and Mary McCarty may easily be the discovery of the year. Tom Ewell heads a cast that includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, and Hayes Gordon. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high button shoes:** Keystone cops and bathing girls. With Joan Roberts, Phil Silvers, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Moves on Monday, Oct. 18, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **make mine manhattan:** David Burns and Sid Caesar are the ringleaders of this revue. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger in a musical version of Brandon Thomas's "Charley's Aunt," adapted and directed by George Abbott. The music and lyrics are by Frank Loesser. Produced by Cy Feuer, Ernest H. Martin, and Gwen Rickard. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Leading Lady—Ruth Gordon and John Carradine in a new play, written by Miss Gordon. Directed by Garson Kanin and produced by Victor Samrock and William Fields. Donald Oenslager designed the setting. Opens Monday, Oct. 18. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Romance—A musical play with a new score by Sigmund Romberg and a book by Rowland Leigh based on Edward Sheldon's "Romance." Anne Jeffreys and Lawrence Brooks have the leading roles. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert and directed by Mr. Leigh. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Life with Mother—Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay in a play by Russel Crouse and Mr. Lindsay, produced by Oscar Serlin. The director is Guthrie McClintic. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 18-19, at 8:45: "Serenade," "Punch and the Child," and "Symphony Concertante." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Ram Gopal's Hindu Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Thursday through Sunday evenings, Oct. 14-17, and Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Oct. 19-23, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 16 and 23, and Sunday, Oct. 17, matinées, at 2:30. The programs consist of Indian classic and folk dances selected from among "A Legend of Rama," "Dance of a Gopi," "Indra," and others. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—Trick riding, roping, and bulldogging, as practiced way out West of Fifth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise noted.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000) —The Trianon Room, good-looking as ever,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIV, No. 34, October 16, 1948. Entered as [illegible] New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine,

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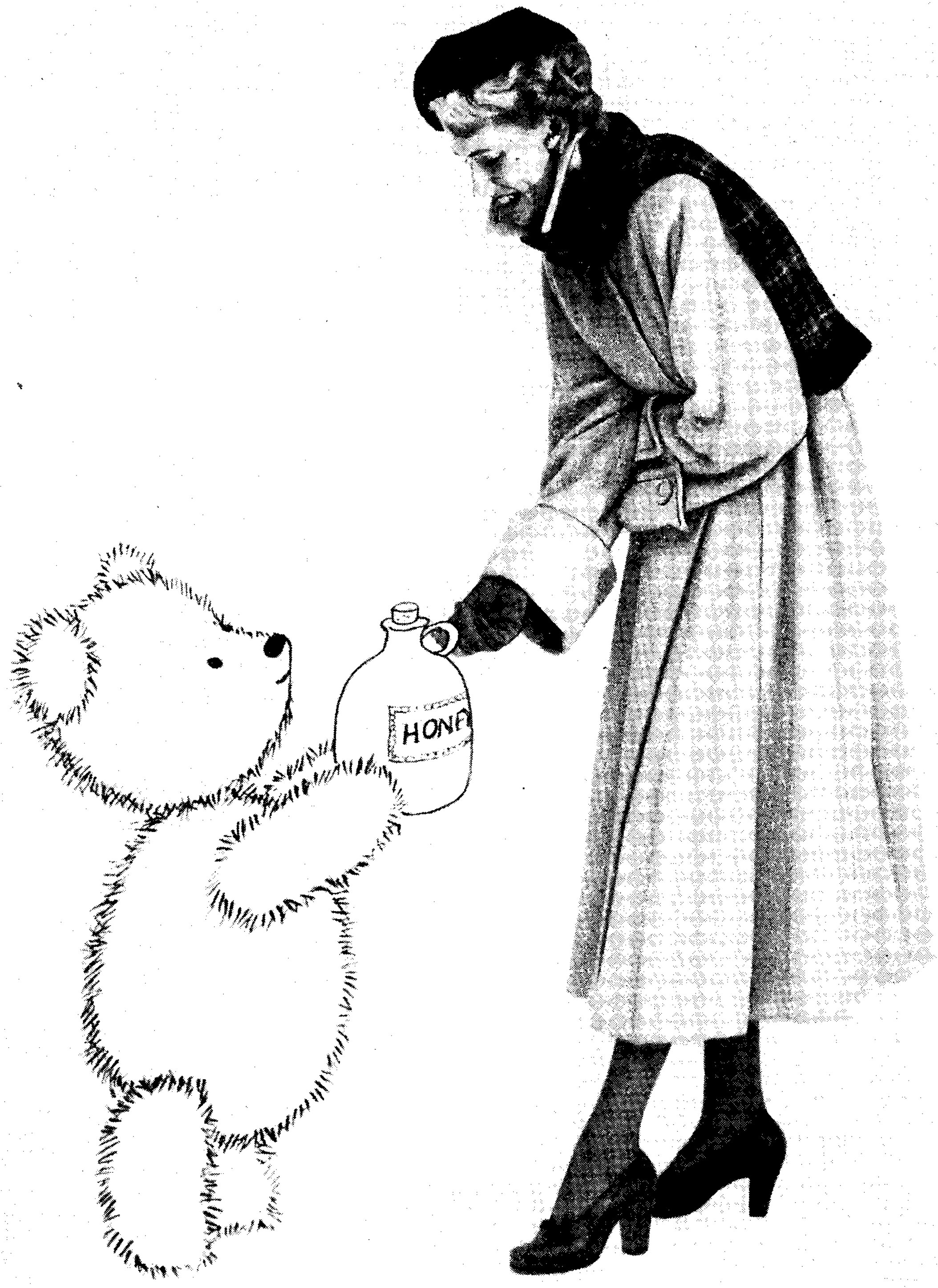

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

is back in service. William Scotti's orchestra and rumba band for dancing, except Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room, awash in the music of Russ Morgan's and Harold Nagel's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Nellie Lutcher's thoroughly pragmatic musings on the delights of keeping company, and Avon Long's odd but sort of wonderful song-and-dance act. Cliff Jackson plays the piano, and Dave Martin's band backs everyone up handsomely. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Henny Youngman, an old Broadway cowhand, surrounded by corn that is twice as high as an elephant's eye. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Pearl Bailey's magnificent voice raised, more in sorrow than in anger, against masculine frailty; Les Compagnons de la Chanson and their diverting French regional shenanigans. On Friday, Oct. 22, Abe Burrows, a humorist with a fresh and fairly trenchant point of view, will take over. Ted Straeter's romantic dance orchestra and a rumba band provide for the needs of any athletic guests.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—How to be a Yale-man-about-town, in as many easy lessons as one cares to take. Bernie Dolen's and Eddie Davis's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—No "Stop the Music" program will ever catch this establishment's partisans at home. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Charles Reader's orchestra plays for dancing, and there are some singers and a dance team around, too. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, an orchestra plays every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Paul Draper and Rosalind Courtright will continue their stint in the Persian Room until Thursday, Oct. 21, when Charles Trenet and Marge and Gower Champion will move in. Mark Monte's and Leo Reisman's bands. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Rendez-Vous Room, pretty as a picture, Nycola Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras play for dancing. Closed Mondays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra at dinnertime in the placid and decorous Oval Room. No dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, one of the most prepossessing cellars in town, has unobtrusive dance music all evening by Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands and some beguiling suppertime songs by the artful Nan Wynn. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra provides the glossy clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to. There is also, except on Sundays, a small and kind of static show. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Dear old golden school days, right before your rather startled eyes. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, ornamented only by a little black dress and sixteen hesitant words of English, demonstrating the best French method of holding an audience in the palm of one's hand. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, having fun at suppertime in the Wedgwood Room. There is dancing all evening to Eddy Duchin's long-lost orchestra, aided, at the supper hour, by Mischa Borr's band. The room closes at 10 P.M. on Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

set. Les Crosley's top-drawer piano at cocktail time and dinner, and Cy Walter's resplendent keyboard work later in the evening. Harold Cooke does the honors for both on Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio play for dancing, after eight-thirty, in this comfortable nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Chinese Chippendale décor, and native American piano, by John Kelley, after eight-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): An enterprising cranny, with piano by Mary McNally at the cocktail hour and by Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **PERROQUET,** Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): Hugh Shannon at a piano, making love sound like the greatest thing in the world; Stella Brooks, doing a neat job on some pretty special blues. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CASINO,** 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, with the aid of Garland Wilson's and Norene Tate's piano and Mae Barnes' songs, lovingly turning time backward to a Paris we may never see again. Closed Mondays. . . . **SAZARAC,** 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): Ralph Strain's midnight matinées at the piano while the profession has breakfast. Closed Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): On this pleasant boat deck, Maxine Sullivan, that well-remembered little voice, every evening but Sunday. Clarke Morgan is a big help at the piano. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A throwback to the bustling twenties, with Faconi's violin music every evening and Sonny Kendis and his trio after ten every night but Sunday. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An old-timer still going strong with the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Jacques Thaler rambles along at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Except Mondays, Val Ernie's orchestra plays for dancing from cocktail time on. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American hurly-burly, interrupted only when the patrons indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Kirkwood and Goodman and their amiable foolishment, except Sundays, when there are ancient silent movies. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): After a long summer holiday, this old caravansary of the steppes is again resounding with guess what sort of entertainment. Dancing; closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne, or what could easily be called Miracle on Sixtieth Street. The rest of the show in this well-known midtown swimming pool doesn't matter too much, unless you have a weakness for pretty girls. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The Surrealist music of the Normann Paris Trio and the thoroughly representational comedy of Connie Sawyer are worth special attention; Thelma Carpenter and other useful citizens are on hand, too. Julius Monk is the ringmaster of this small carnival. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The task force here is mainly Imogene Coca, now teamed with Fletcher and Sheidy in as brisk a combination as Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance. Stuart Ross's sumptuous piano and the elfin chromatics of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bibi Osterwald, that big, blithe tomboy, making merry in a nice, casual way. Billy Taylor's bright-eyed piano and Dottie Reid's songs. The Loumel Morgan Trio for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A couple of youngsters embarking on their first flight, along with piano by Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton and a sheaf of Spivy's avant-garde nursery rhymes. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his hold-on-to-your-hat trumpet style, together with Georg Brunis, Jack Lesberg, Peanuts Hucko, and other stalwarts. Ralph Sutton plays inventive piano whenever they stop to cool their instruments. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, when other masters of the art drop in to take a hand. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Not exactly the ball of fire it once was, but it still has Billy Butterfield and Ernie Caceres. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time here. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Friday, Oct. 15, is the last night for the Art Hodes Trio. Next evening, the celebrated Sidney Bechet brings his trio back to town. Chippie Hill is around and about except Sundays, when there are afternoon jam sessions. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's exemplary septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, turning out a brand of jazz of interest to both serious thinkers and spry-legged dancers. No music on Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except on Mondays, the Mary Osborne Trio, in a fairly sentimental mood. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Every Friday evening, such Early American musicians as Art Hodes (he's all over town, these days) and Max Kaminsky, assembling a very plausible reproduction of the Battle of Jericho; dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray McKinley's orchestra and a floor show. There's a fill-in band on Sundays. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's band. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his band. Closed Sundays. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Tommy Ryan's orchestra for dinner dancing; dancing at supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

The Arts Work Together—Architects, artists, and designers in collaboration on several handsome projects, shown in expert scale models and photographs. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 30.)

Darrel Austin—More of his dark ladies and deflated tigers, plus some other paintings, which are smaller and tighter in style, indicating a new direction in his art. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 30.)

Eugenie and Saul Baizerman—Canvases brightly flecked with some lovely colors by Mrs.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

copper statues by her husband. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Wednesday evenings until 9; through Oct. 15.)

Gunvor Bull-Teilman—Unassuming but vividly colored fantasies from Norway. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 16.)

Charles Culver—Ingenuous water-color portraits of red foxes and mammoth butterflies, which are rather engaging. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

Drawings—Ingres, Seurat, Picasso, Marsden Hartley, and Abraham Rattner, among others, in a nicely arranged selection of French and American work. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 16.)

European Sculpture—Recent French, German, English, and Italian examples, in a well-knit, interesting survey. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

Group Shows—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Oil paintings by Ben Shahn, Niles Spencer, Karl Zerbe, and others; through Oct. 23. . . . **CARLEBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Modern primitives with a decorative and vigorous touch, by Castera Bazile, Philomé Obin, and others; through Oct. 23.

Sheila Healey—Mexican faces and figures, sensitively expressed in dark, earthy colors in drawings and oil paintings. (Norlyst, 59 W. 56th St.; through Oct. 16.)

Theo Hios—Forbidding skies, midnight suns, and enormous, gentle birds in an enjoyable show of romantic oil paintings. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through Oct. 22.)

Joseph Hirsch—Ten new paintings, mainly of city-genre subjects. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 23.)

Impressions of New York—Pleasantly nostalgic backward glances at the big town, by Childe Hassam, George Luks, Ernest Lawson, and others of that period. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

Eric Isenburger—Mostly still-lifes, skillfully and unobtrusively done, in this artist's hazy, neo-Impressionist style. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 16.)

Lenard Kester—Circus and other subjects, some of them with a slight touch of the Surrealist added for zest. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Oct. 23.)

Fernand Léger—Nineteen paintings, none of them shown in this country before, covering the years from 1912 to the present. (Sidney *Janis, 15 E. 57th St.;* through Oct. 16.)

John Little—Large, agreeable, but somewhat uncoördinated abstractions. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 16.)

Eleanore Lockspeiser—Oil paintings and water colors in a well-thought-out, colorful style. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Oct. 19.)

Paintings of the Year—The fifth annual Pepsi-Cola competition and exhibition, comprising a hundred and fifty-six contemporary paintings from all over the country. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

Ralph Rosenborg—Canvases filled with clear, mosaic-like colors in vague, uncontained patterns. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

Tryggvadottir—Substantial but not extremely imaginative abstractions by a young Icelandic artist, in her second exhibition here. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

Cady Wells—Intelligent, rather fragile abstractions, many with Southwestern themes as their primary inspiration. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 16.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57th St.: A. E. Gallatin; through Oct. 30. . . . **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57th St.: Maruja Mallo; through Oct. 28. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56th St.: Caroline Martin;

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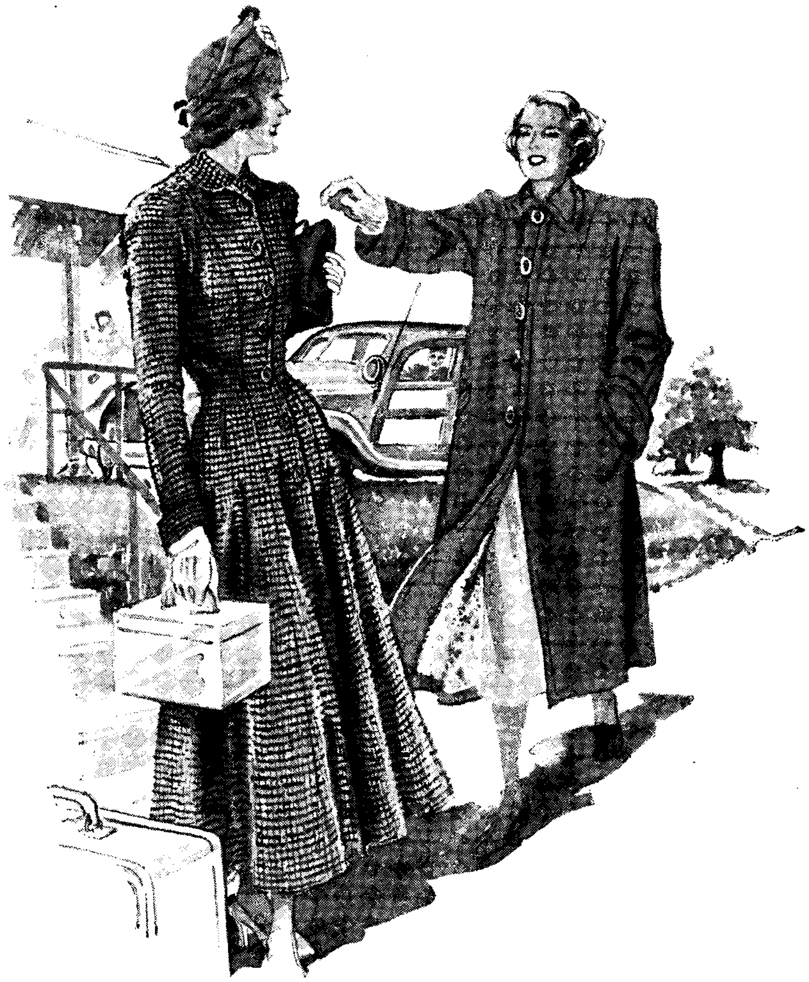

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A "Turn of the Century" exhibition, which contains ostrich boas, diamond lorgnettes, and embroidered satin opera slippers, along with portraits, by Sargent, Whistler, and Boldini, of the elegant people who wore them; daily, except Mondays, through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chinese paintings, some of them with an interesting blending of Western and Oriental influences; through Nov. 21. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact exhibition of collages, with examples ranging from the beginning of the movement, among the French Cubists and the subsequent French and German Dadaists, to the present; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Ninety modern European prints, including works by Bonnard, Braque, Matisse, and Klee; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Four pieces, two by van Gogh and two by Seurat, recently acquired by the Museum; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Romantic works by an early rebel school of photographers, the Photo Secessionists, founded in 1902 by Alfred Stieglitz; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Memorial show of sculptures by Elie Nadelman, who was prominent in the nineteen-twenties and is now almost forgotten; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 17, at 2:30: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 17, at 8:45: "Salomé." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Amelia Goes to the Ball" and "The Old Maid and the Thief," both in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday evening, Oct. 14, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Oct. 17, at 2:45 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Oct. 22, at 2:30; both with Joseph Szigeti, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:45, with William Lincer, viola. (Carnegie Hall.)

French Orchestre National—Charles Münch conducting, in a benefit for American Aid to France, Inc. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 8-1212.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Polyna Stoska, soprano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Walter Hendl conducting a chamber symphony orchestra, with Nan Merriman, soprano; Carroll Glenn, violin; Eugene List, piano; and others; for the benefit of the Manhattanville Neighborhood Center. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 16, at 8:40. For tickets, call AC 2-5398.)

RECITALS

Arnold Eidus—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Mack Harrell—Baritone, in the first of three concerts. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Oct. 17, at 3.)

Eunice Podis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Gunnar Johansen—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day evening, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Aksel Schiotz—Tenor. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Edith Weiss Mann—Harpsichord, with Ernest White, organ, and others. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Donald Dame—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Benno and Sylvia Rabinof—Violin and piano, in the first of three concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 23, at 5:30.)

Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 16:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Missouri, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Wisconsin vs. Yale, at Madison, at 2 P.M. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 23:** Brown vs. Connecticut, at Providence, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Army, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Vanderbilt, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

Professional Football—Dodgers vs. Chicago. (Ebbets Field. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M.) . . . ¶ Yankees vs. San Francisco. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:15 P.M.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:05 P.M.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 16.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Racing—Empire City at Jamaica: Weekdays, except Oct. 15-16, at 1:15 P.M. The East View Stakes, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ On Friday, Oct. 15, the meeting moves to Belmont Park for two days. The International Gold Cup, Oct. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for both tracks Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Walter Hendl conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony in a program designed for children under nine. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 11 A.M.) . . . ¶ Thomas K. Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in a concert for young people. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 11 A.M. For tickets, call CI 5-5160.)

Children's World Theatre—"King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

Children's Movies—Films and short subjects of interest to small fry are shown at the Trans-Lux 85th St. (Madison at 85th St., BU 8-3180) on Saturday mornings at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

Antique Show—The New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 18-22, from 1 to 11 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 23, from 1 to 6 P.M.)

Chrysanthemum Show—An outdoor display of hardy chrysanthemums (what few have been spared a trip to the Yale Bowl this season), together with an indoor exhibit by the National Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 22, from 2 to 5 P.M.; Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23-24, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

New York Public Library—An exhibition of the Spencer collection of Toulouse-Lautrec posters, satirical prints, maps, and book illustrations, all of which deal with Paris and, collectively, give you an appetizing bird's-eye view of the city. (Room 322. Mondays

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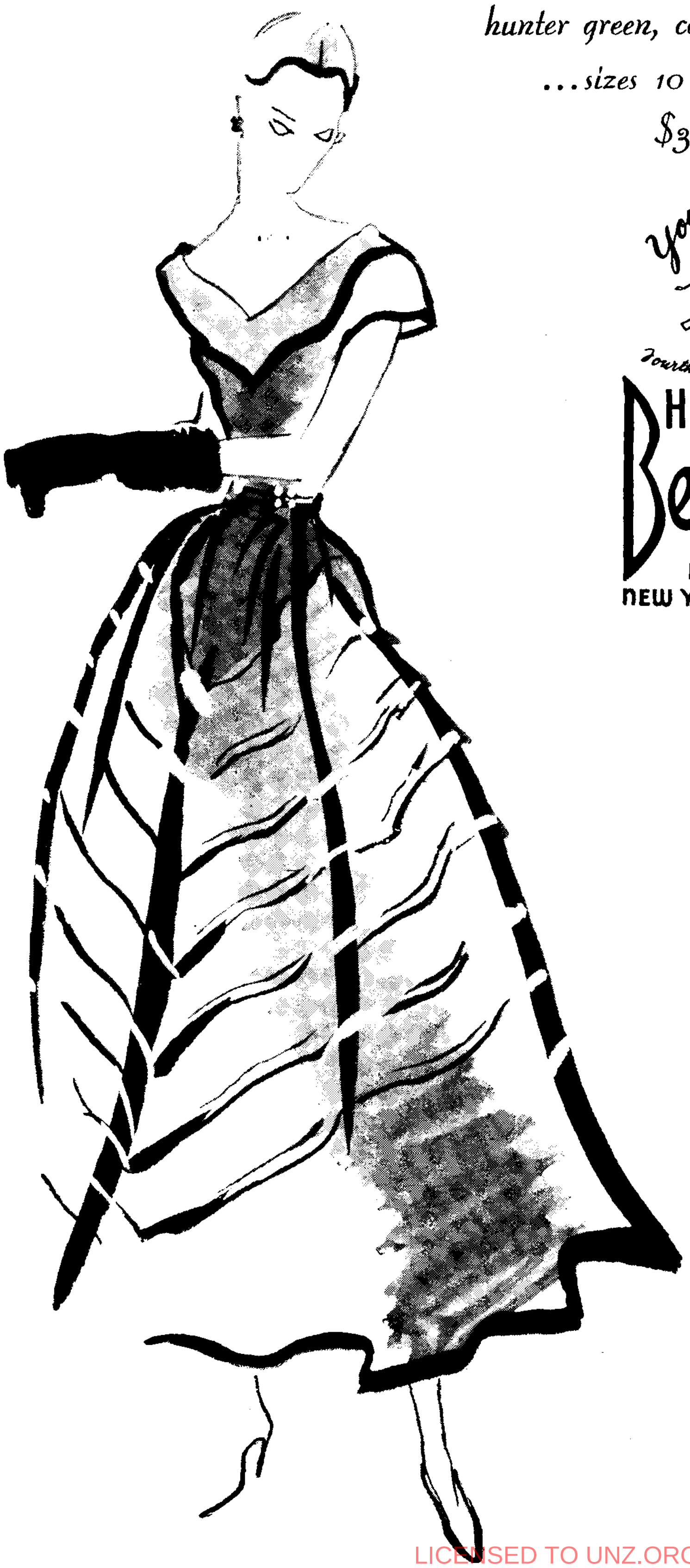

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.)

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Paintings of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, with works by Rembrandt, Corot, and Reynolds among them, from the collections of Arthur L. Nicholson and others. (Auction, Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ French provincial furniture and objects of art, collected by Mme. Anna Guérin. (Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 14, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Antique English and French clocks, and eighteenth-century English furniture, from the collection of the late Henry P. Strause. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 16, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 18-21, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, at 2 P.M.)

Modern Housing—A handsome display prepared by the American Institute of Architects, forecasting the communal buildings and private houses of the future in blueprints, photographs, panoramas, and models. (Museum of Science and Industry, 1250 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 29.)

ON THE AIR

(Programs, as you know, are often changed at the last minute; your newspaper should be consulted as the final authority.)

RADIO

United Nations—Meetings of the General Assembly in Paris are broadcast Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 10 A.M., and Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11 A.M., over WNYC.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Conrad Thibault, baritone, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

Drama—"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," with Basil Rathbone and Beatrice Straight, presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Friday, Oct. 15, at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ "Laura," with Burt Lancaster and June Duprez, presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Margaret Sullavan in "Rebound," a play by Donald Ogden Stewart, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

Sports—College Football: Navy vs. Missouri, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:50 P.M., WINS; Harvard vs. Army, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2 P.M., WMGM; Michigan vs. Northwestern, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Chicago, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 1:55 P.M., WMGM.

TELEVISION

Newsreels—Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT.

Drama—Raymond Massey and Eva Le Gallienne in "Years Ago," Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ David Wayne and Jocelyn Brando in "The Thousand Dollar Bill," Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—College Football: Navy vs. Missouri, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:50 P.M., WPIX; Army vs. Harvard, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:45 P.M., WNBT; Princeton vs. Rutgers, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:45 P.M., WABD; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:45 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS; Yankees vs. San Francisco, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:15 P.M., WABD; Giants vs. Chicago, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ.

Miscellany—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "The Ghost Goes West," a Korda film, with Robert Donat, Friday, Oct. 15, at 8 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ The Rodeo, Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:30 P.M., and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon and some of his musicians, Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 9:05 P.M., WPIX.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DAY OF WRATH—Carl Dreyer's notable Danish film dealing with witchcraft in the seventeenth century. Beautifully photographed and superbly enacted. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; Oct. 14.)

EASTER PARADE—A Technicolor musical of which the chief asset is the footwork of Fred Astaire. Judy Garland and Ann Miller do a bit of dancing, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Oct. 19.... ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Oct. 20.)

HAMLET—Sir Laurence Olivier and William Shakespeare in impressive collaboration. Sir Laurence plays the title role in the picture, which he also produced and directed. He is helped immensely by Terence Morgan, Felix Aylmer, and Basil Sydney in this English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

JOHNNY BELINDA—Based on a plot that revolves around the love affair of a deaf-mute and a charitable young doctor, this film somehow avoids mawkishness and achieves the level of good entertainment by treating its characters with respectful understanding. Jane Wyman is impressive as the deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead are all right, too. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

KEY LARGO—Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson having at each other somewhere off the Florida coast, abetted in their work by a hurricane and a lot of small-arms fire. Claire Trevor, Lionel Barrymore, and Lauren Bacall round out the cast. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 18.)

LOUISIANA STORY—Robert Flaherty at large with his ingenious camera in the bayous of the South. His account of life among the Cajuns makes for a picture on a par with the best. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS—A German film that, by understatement, reveals more about Nazi customs than hosts of previous blood-and-thunder pictures have done. As a Jewish girl married to a Gentile, Ilse Steppat is excellent, and she gets firm support from the other players. (*Little Met, 6th* Ave. at 39th. LO 4-1141.)

PAISAN—Six dramatic episodes that might have taken place during the invasion of Italy, pieced together by Roberto Rossellini, the director of "Open City," into an altogether remarkable film. The cast is predominantly amateur, and the dialogue is in English, *Italian*, and *German. Produced in Italy.* (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER—Something about Colonial Ohio, populated by people more credible than is usual in films about pioneers. Well enacted by Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; through Oct. 15.)

RED RIVER—John Wayne, Montgomery Clift, and several thousand steers in a bouncing Western that has all the trimmings, from murderers' gunplay to wild stampedes. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

THE SEARCH—A moving account of the effect of war on some of Europe's children. A small boy called Ivan Jandl gives a fine performance as a displaced child reduced to the level of a wild animal. He is assisted by Aline MacMahon and Montgomery Clift. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through Oct. 18.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Oct. 19.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE—An adaptation of André Gide's story about a pastor who takes a blind girl into his home and presently finds himself hopelessly enamored of his ward. Enterprising acting, by Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar, and arresting photography. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—The Saroyan comedy dealing with loquacious and eccentric barflies, amusingly adapted to the screen. James and Jeanne Cagney, William Bendix, and James Barton. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 14.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Oct. 16.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Oct. 19.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting Oct. 20.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 17.)

DEAD OF NIGHT (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 15-17.)

FARREBIQUE (1948)—A study of French farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 17.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

THE INVADERS (1942)—The troubles of a Nazi submarine crew in Canada. Laurence Olivier (he's everywhere), Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 16-17.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 17-18.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Oct. 16.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 14.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 18-20.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW (1944)—About a man who knows what's coming in the next twenty-four hours. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 18-19.)

LIFE WITH FATHER (1947)—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts in a Technicolor adaptation of the play. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Oct. 20.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Oct. 16.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 17-18.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND (1936)—The Anderson play, with Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 14.)

THE MIKADO (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Oct. 19.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; starting Oct. 16.)

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (1922)—Robert J. Flaherty's great documentary of Eskimo life, including igloos and walruses, reissued with thoroughly satisfactory sound effects. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Oct. 19.)

TORMENT (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 14.... ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 17-19.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule—Through Oct. 17: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. ... ¶ Starting Oct. 18: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum after noon on the day of the showing.)

● ● ●

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
Through Oct. 18: "The Babe Ruth Story," William Bendix, Claire Trevor.
From Oct. 19: "A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
RED RIVER.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Walk a Crooked Mile," Louis Hayward, Dennis O'Keefe.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Rope," James Stewart.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Oct. 15: **RACHEL AND THE STRANGER.**
From Oct. 16: **MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA**, revival.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Julia Misbehaves," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct 18: "Angels with Dirty Faces," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann

From Oct. 19: To be announced.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Night Has a Thousand Eyes," Edward G. Robinson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Gallant Blade," Larry Parks, Marguerite Chapman.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Oct. 14: "Cry of the City," Richard Conte, Victor Mature.
From Oct. 15: "Apartment for Peggy," Jeanne Crain, William Holden, Edmund Gwenn.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Loves of Carmen," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
JOHNNY BELINDA.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Oct. 14: "The Room Upstairs" (in French), Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin.
From Oct. 15: "Back Streets of Paris" (in French), Françoise Rosay

ELYSÉE, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"*Ruy Blas*" (*in French*), *Danielle Darrieux*. Jean Marais.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Oct. 14: **DAY OF WRATH.**
From Oct. 15: "L'Atalante" (in French), revival, Michel Simon; "Zéro de Conduite" (in French), revival; and "Lot in Sodom," revival, short Surrealist film.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Mädchen in Uniform" (in German), revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
HENRY V, revival.

LITTLE MET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," short documentary film.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
LOUISIANA STORY.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 18: "Quiet Week End," Derek Farr.
From Oct. 19: **NANOOK OF THE NORTH,** revival; and "Bush Christmas," revival, Chips Rafferty.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 16: "Sylvia Scarlett," revival, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
Oct. 17-18: **THE INVADERS,** revival; and **THE MAD MISS MANTON,** revival.
From Oct. 19: **THE MIKADO,** revival.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Oct. 14: **TORMENT,** revival; and "Passionnelle" (in French).
From Oct. 15: "Confessions of a Rogue" (in French), Louis Jouvet; and "Her First Affair" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 19: **EASTER PARADE;** and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Willard Parker.
From Oct. 20: "Christmas Eve," revival, George Raft, Joan Blondell; and "On Our Merry Way," revival, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Oct. 16: **THE MAD MISS MANTON,** revival.
Oct. 17-18: "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," William Powell, Ann Blyth.
From Oct. 10: **THE MIKADO,** revival.

Normandie, Park at 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
Oct. 14: **MARY OF SCOTLAND,** revival.
Oct. 15-17: "Ride the Pink Horse," revival, Robert Montgomery.
Oct. 18-19: "The Pirate," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.
From Oct. 20: "Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through Oct. 19: "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn, Sydney Greenstreet; and "Race Street," George Raft.
From Oct. 20: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival; and "The Noose Hangs High," Abbott and Costello.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through Oct. 18: "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.
From Oct. 19: "The Walls of Jericho," Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 18: **KEY LARGO.**
From Oct. 19: **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 19: **EASTER PARADE;** and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Willard Parker.
From Oct. 20: "Christmas Eve," revival, George Raft, Joan Blondell; and "On Our Merry Way," revival, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith.

Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Oct. 14: "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein;" and "Casbah," Yvonne DeCarlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre.
Oct. 15-17: "The Fuller Brush Man," Red Skelton, Janet Blair; and "Coroner Creek," Randolph Scott, Marguerite Chapman.
Oct. 18-19: "Kitty," revival, Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland; and "Love Letters," Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.
From Oct. 20: "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," William Powell, Ann Blyth; and "Feudin', Fussin', and a-Fightin'," Marjorie Main.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 15: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Oct. 16-18: "The Wicked Lady," revival, Margaret Lockwood, James Mason.
From Oct. 19: "The Walls of Jericho," Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 19: "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn, Sydney Greenstreet; and "Race Street," George Raft.
From Oct. 20: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival; and "The Noose Hangs High," Abbott and Costello.

Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Through Oct. 18: **THE SEARCH;** and "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.
Oct. 19: "To Each His Own," revival, Olivia de Havilland, John Lund; and "Road to Utopia," revival, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.
From Oct. 20: "Design for Death," documentary film about Japanese war lords; and "Bring 'Em Back Alive," revival, Frank Buck film.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 17: "So Evil My Love," Ann Todd, Ray Milland; and "Dream Girl," Betty Hutton, Macdonald Carey.
Oct. 18-19: "Northwest Outpost," revival, Nelson Eddy, Ilona Massey; and "Driftwood," revival, Dean Jagger.
From Oct. 20: **EASTER PARADE;** and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Willard Parker.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 15: "Revenge" (in Italian), revival, Anna Magnani; and another feature, to be announced.
Oct. 16-17: **THE INVADERS,** revival; and "Commandos Strike at Dawn," revival, Paul Muni, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.
Oct. 18-19: **IT HAPPENED TOMORROW,** revival; and "The Shanghai Gesture," revival, Gene Tierney, Victor Mature.
From Oct. 20: "To Each His Own," revival, Olivia de Havilland, John Lund; and "Road to Utopia," revival, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

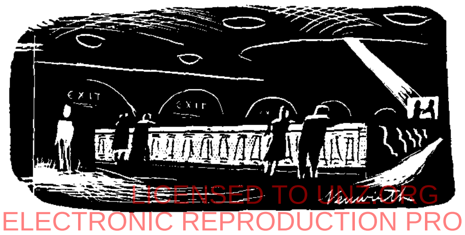
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Oct. 14: **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**
Oct. 15-17: **DEAD OF NIGHT,** revival.
Oct. 18-19: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
From Oct. 20: "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 18: "So Evil My Love," Ann Todd, Ray Milland; and "Dream Girl," Betty Hutton, Macdonald Carey.
Oct. 19: "Northwest Outpost," revival, Nelson Eddy, Ilona Massey; and "Driftwood," revival, Dean Jagger.
From Oct. 20: **EASTER PARADE;** and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Willard Parker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 17: "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," William Powell, Ann Blyth; and "Feudin', Fussin', and a-Fightin'," Marjorie Main.
Oct. 18-20: **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT,** revival; and "One Night of Love," revival, Grace Moore.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 19: "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn, Sydney Greenstreet; and "Race Street," George Raft.
From Oct. 20: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival; and "The Noose Hangs High," Abbott and Costello.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Oct. 16: **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE;** and "Four Faces West," Joel McCrea, Frances Dee.
Oct. 17-18: "Commandos Strike at Dawn," revival, Paul Muni, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; and "Step by Step," revival, Lawrence Tierney.
From Oct. 19: **THE SEARCH;** and "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.



Colonial, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through Oct. 19: "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn, Sydney Greenstreet; and "Race Street," George Raft.
From Oct. 20: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival; and "The Noose Hangs High," Abbott and Costello.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (TR 4-9132)
Through Oct. 16: **THE INVADERS,** revival; and "Commandos Strike at Dawn," revival, Paul Muni, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.
Oct. 17-19: "The Fuller Brush Man," Red Skelton, Janet Blair; and "Coroner Creek," Randolph Scott, Marguerite Chapman.
From Oct. 20: **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE;** and "Four Faces West," Joel McCrea, Frances Dee.

77th Street, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through Oct. 16: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.
Oct. 17-19: "Holiday in Mexico," revival, Walter Pidgeon, Ilona Massey; and "Lady in the Lake," revival, Robert Montgomery.
From Oct. 20: "The Walls of Jericho," Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde; and "Deep Waters," Jean Peters, Dana Andrews.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 19: **EASTER PARADE;** and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Willard Parker.
From Oct. 20: "Christmas Eve," revival, George Raft, Joan Blondell; and "On Our Merry Way," revival, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith.

Yorktown, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through Oct. 16: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.
Oct. 17-19: **TORMENT,** revival; and "Passionnelle" (in French).
From Oct. 20: "The Walls of Jericho," Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde; and "Deep Waters," Jean Peters, Dana Andrews.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 17: **THE BAKER'S WIFE,** revival; and **FARREBIQUE,** revival.
From Oct. 18: "The Barge-Keeper's Daughter" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Antoine and Antoinette" (in French).

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Oct. 19: "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn, Sydney Greenstreet; and "Race Street," George Raft.
From Oct. 20: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival; and "The Noose Hangs High," Abbott and Costello.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Oct. 14: **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT,** revival; and "One Night of Love," revival, Grace Moore.
Oct. 15-18: "The Sainted Sisters," Veronica Lake, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald; and "Albuquerque," Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton.
From Oct. 19: "Two Guys from Texas," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Oct. 19: **EASTER PARADE;** and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Willard Parker.
From Oct. 20: "Christmas Eve," revival, George Raft, Joan Blondell; and "On Our Merry Way," revival, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Oct. 19: "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn, Sydney Greenstreet; and "Race Street," George Raft.
From Oct. 20: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival; and "The Noose Hangs High," Abbott and Costello.

Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through Oct. 19: **EASTER PARADE;** and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Willard Parker.
From Oct. 20: "Christmas Eve," revival, George Raft, Joan Blondell; and "On Our Merry Way," revival, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Oct. 19: "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn, Sydney Greenstreet; and "Race Street," George Raft.
From Oct. 20: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival; and "The Noose Hangs High," Abbott and Costello.

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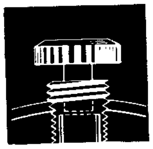

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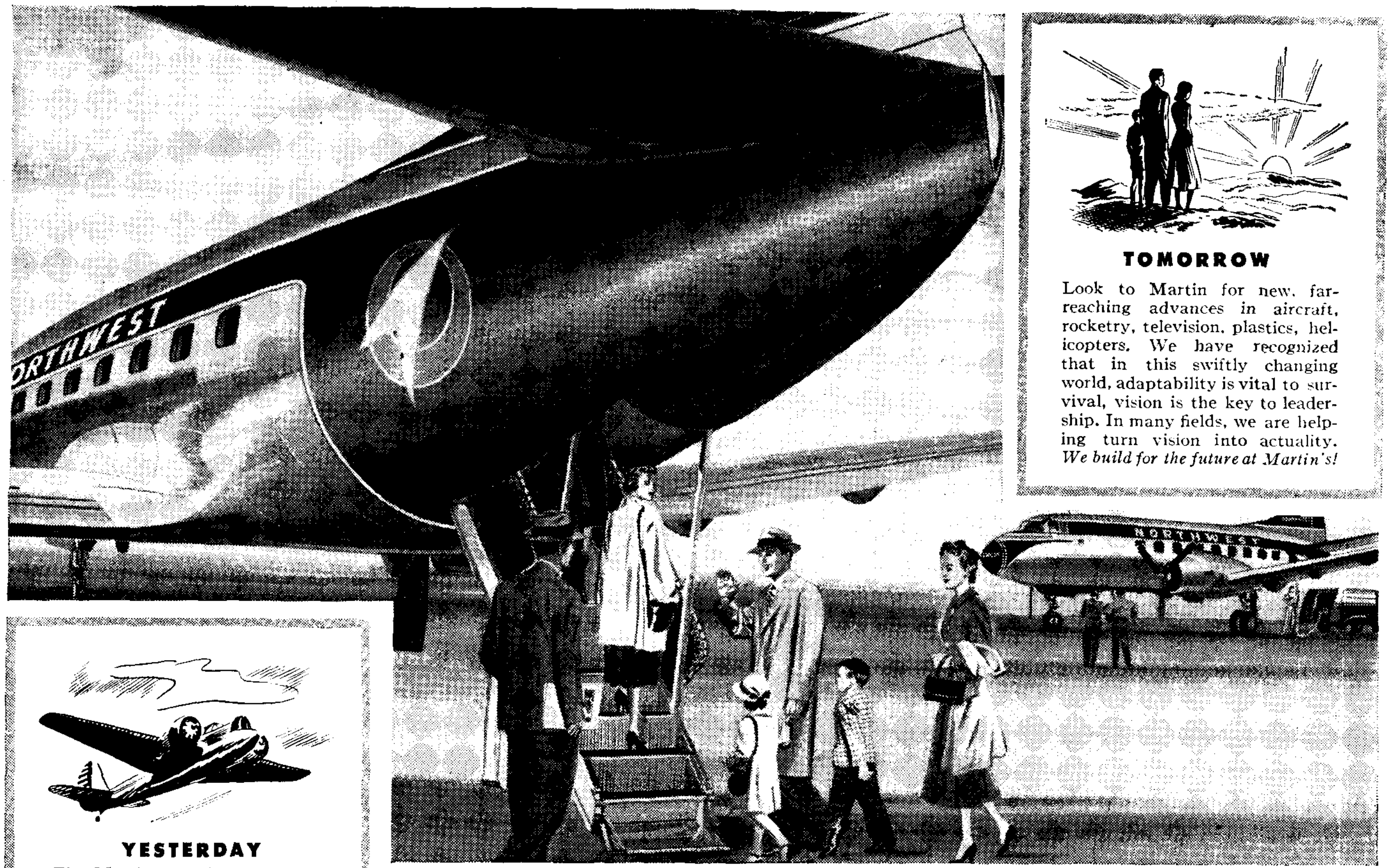

TOMORROW

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YESTERDAY

The Martin B-10 bomber, faster by 100 m.p.h. than the best bombardment aircraft of its day and speedier than most pursuit ships, won the 1932 Collier Trophy for Glenn L. Martin. Ten years later, these tough old-timers, serving with the Netherlands East Indies Air Force, sank several Jap ships and shot down a number of modern Jap fighters.

Stairway to Speed

The 2·0·2 Airliner...

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SPEED . . . to cruise 100 m.p.h. faster than the twin-engine planes it replaces. SPEED . . . to gain *time, time, time* for business or pleasure.

And this modern Martin airliner ranks high in comfort, too . . . with cloud-soft seats, modern heating and ventilating, extra-large non-fogging windows. Ranks high in dependability . . . with heated ice-free wings and tail surfaces, rubber fuel tanks. Ranks high in service . . . its short landing and take-off distances enable the 2-0-2 to bring high-speed luxury service to smaller airports as well as large cities.

Record-breaking performance . . . yes! But setting new aviation standards is a Martin habit! From the Martin-built plane which made the first over-ocean flight in 1912 . . . through the Martin B-10 which obsoleted all other bombers in 1931 . . . to the 30-ton Martin PBM-5A Mariner, world's largest amphibian . . . Martin has continually broken through aviation's frontiers! Ever upward—ever onward—ever seeking to develop the legacy of flight—for you, your children and your children's children! That is Martin's performance in the *past* and promise for the *future!* The Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore 3, Maryland.

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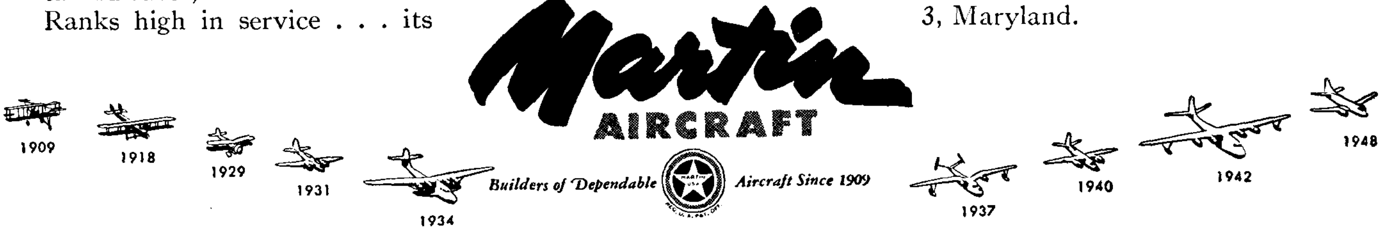

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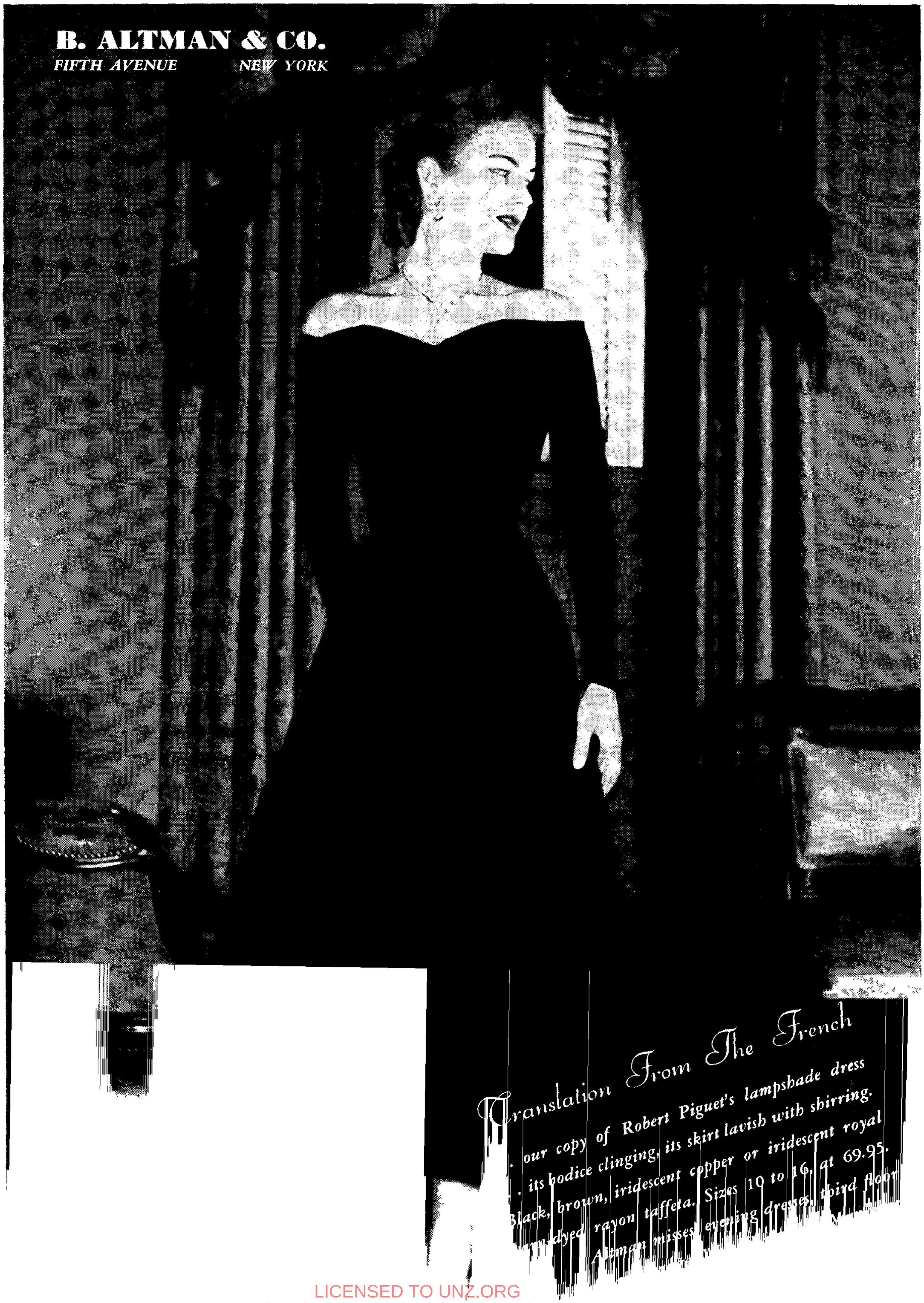

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. . its bodice clinging, its skirt lavish with shirring.
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

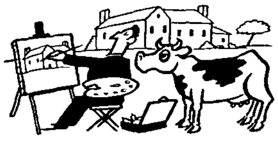
WE found the corpse of a praying mantis on our wife's dressing table the other day and were more than commonly interested in the discovery, since we have been praying lately ourself, and if we were to die suddenly, our remains would probably look as comical in supplication, as dry and light. The mantis (a female) measured three and five-eighths inches from eye to tip of folded wing—a truly formidable bug. Her legs and the leading edge of her wings still held their beautiful grass-green color, and her thorax was the rich, ruddy-brown color of cornstalks. In fact, the mantis, in her desiccated condition, was curiously vegetable-like, a sort of animated twig (animated in retrospect, that is). Her arms were still in the attitude of prayer, her chin resting on one hand in perfect piety. We cannot guess what she prayed for, what she asked: possibly that a dressing table in a city apartment might prove to be a suitable place for depositing eggs. Our own prayers have been of great violence recently; we have implored God to strike down evil persons who are deliberately stirring up a rumpus and creating situations of incalculable mischief for the world. These are idle prayers, or at least badly conceived, and, like the mantis, we may die praying; but many people are muttering such prayers these days, and earnestly. In prayer, we feel more angry than religious.

IN a recent issue of *The New Yorker*, an advertisement of Oshkosh luggage mentioned that prices ranged "from $25 to $5,000." It seemed like a sweet range, so we wrote Oshkosh and asked which unit they were holding for five thousand dollars. We got back a nice letter saying that it is a special trunk made of alligators and goats. It has thirty-two hangers. Bottom slats are hickory. Covering is alligator. Hardware is triple gold-plated. Lining is imported goatskin, color of Dubonnet. Oshkosh didn't say where the goatskins are from, but we assume they're from Greece, from the original Raymond Duncan milking herd. The trunk enjoys the following equipment, and so would you if you owned the trunk: gold-plated rib-rod trolley, electric iron, ironing board, tilting shoe boxes, corduroy laundry bag, silk curtains, built-in radio with self-charging battery, and a small bar. Every rivet is gold-plated, and the best thing of all is that the trunk has twelve ball-bearing roller casters. "A child can push it around." Oshkosh introduced this child rather suddenly and we didn't catch the little fellow's name, but we can see him at his deadly work—pushing the trunk around and around the room in Shepheard's Hotel while the trunk's radio blares the latest news of inflation in America and the child's father tries to overtake the trunk's bar so that he can pour himself a drink and the child's mother stands in the vortex wondering whether they hadn't better try to sell the trunk to a Cairo dentist for the gold there is in it.

House Portraitist

THE problems of a painter who specializes in portraits of houses engaged our attention the other afternoon, when we had a talk with Felix Kelly, a visiting Britisher who is doing just that. Kelly is a dark-haired young bachelor who at eighteen exchanged his native New Zealand for England and soon got to painting such stately homes as Cliveden House and the country seats of Lords Brownlow, Faringdon, and Grantley—generally in an imaginative way, with huge urns, dead boughs, and ethereal figures on the lawn. His pictures came to the notice of the ladies who run Portraits, Inc., and a few months ago, perhaps stretching a nomenclatural point, they showed some of them in their gallery. The exhibit led to a number of American commissions for Mr. Kelly (from Clarence Dillon, Charles G. Payson, and others), so he was emboldened to come over here for a protracted stay. His work has so far taken him to Long Island, Bar Harbor, Baltimore, and Wilmington. His houses are architecturally realistic, but his topography often reflects license; he moves trees and shrubs around to suit his fancy, which is poetic. "In England, I sometimes had to invent foliage to conceal architectural excrescences, such as Grandfather's Wings—additions in the Victorian manner, you know," he told us. "And after the war, when historic places were run down, I had to sort of mow the lawns with my brush." Kelly served with the R.A.F. for five years, both as a flier and as a radar expert. He told us that in America, where he expects to stay another four months, wives sometimes ask him to paint portraits of their houses as surprise gifts for their husbands. "They send me telegrams saying, 'Could you come week-end of the third? My husband away then on business,' " he said, raising his eyebrows. "Some people ask me to show two adjacent sides of a house in one picture, 'in a naturalistic way.' Impossible, of course."

"What else?" we asked, and Mr. Kelly said, "Painting houses on the site



can be very alarming, especially in England, where livestock often come right up to the drawing-room windows, unless there is a ha-ha. Deer always stay at a safe and self-consciously paintable distance, but cows are overfriendly, breathing heavily on one's neck, occasionally licking the canvas, and sometimes completely blocking the view. Swans are the devil. An easel infuriates them. Several times, *I have had to grab my canvas and* run, leaving the easel to be attacked and beaten by those wretched birds." Kelly usually spends a few days around a house making sketches, then does the actual painting in a studio he occupies at 1061 Park Avenue, and returns to the sitter for a final checkup. He also does purely imaginative landscapes, more or less reminiscent of Turner, Chirico, and Dali. His father, who was a civil engineer in Auckland, wanted him to be an architect, and he served an architectural apprenticeship in New Zealand, hating every minute of it. "They just put up buildings that could resist earthquakes," he said. "Father was furious when I began to paint in England. He was afraid I'd become a remittance man in reverse, but I made out all right, and he ended up very pleased. I feel it's important to make a record of great homes, both here and in England, before grim things happen to them."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Out in Garden City, there's a house of worship called the Third Church of the Four Leaf Clover.

The Fiesta, a restaurant on K Street, Washington, D.C., specializes in Chinese-American dishes.

Fergus Falls, Minnesota, has just concluded its observance of Know Your Own Strength Week.

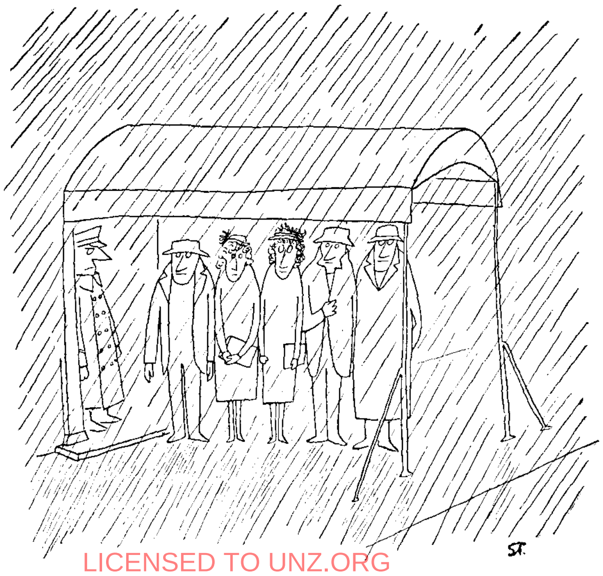
Seven-Pound Baby

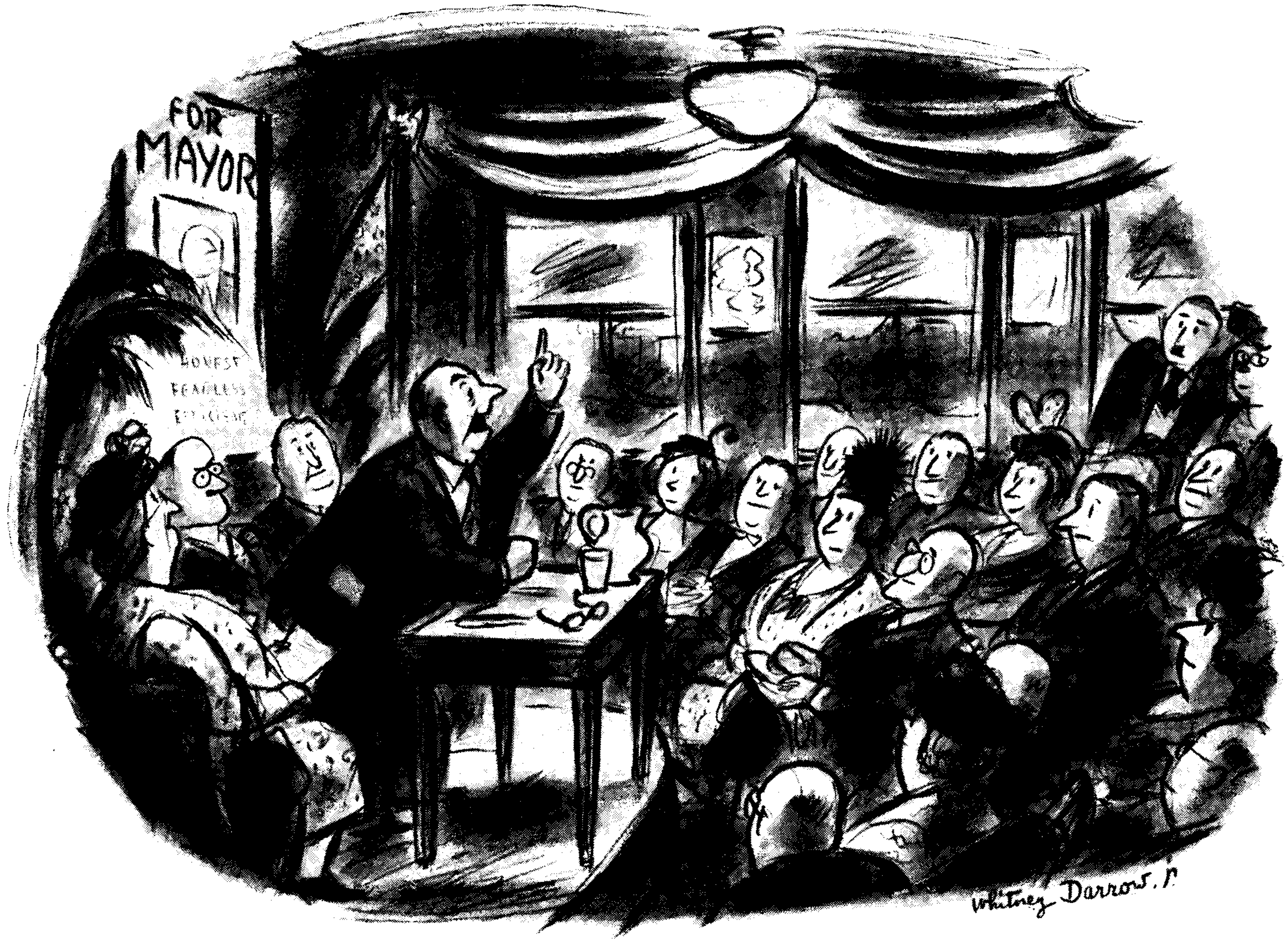
WITH incredulity doubtless betrayed by every one of our features, we have for several weeks been absorbing the reports on *Nation's Heritage*, the new bi-monthly pictorial magazine, with a subscription rate of a hundred and fifty dollars a year. Well, we've now had a talk with the founder and publisher of the magazine, Mr. Malcolm S. Forbes, and are convinced that there is indeed such a project and that it is well under way. The first twenty-five-dollar issue will be out January 15th—two hundred and twenty twelve-by-fifteen-inch pages, containing sets of pictures on the American melting pot, the oil business, Thomas Edison, life in America just before the Civil War, Princeton, skiing, and the "Midwest Trinity" (Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton, John Steuart Curry), and a foreword by Thomas D'Arcy Brophy, president of the advertising firm of Kenyon & Eckhardt. The publisher's announcement states, in part, "The single-minded objective of *Nation's Heritage* is . . . to make as vivid as a memory out of personal experience the sweep and throb of our nation's past and present. . . . Its pages will throb with color." Mr. Forbes, who is a serious, enthusiastic man of twenty-nine, told us that the public's interest in the Freedom Train helped encourage him in his venture. "If all those people stood in line to see the Freedom Train's examples of their heritage," he said, "there must be a place for a magazine devoted to their heritage. We hope to give, in pictures and captions, a rounded, vivid, and dramatic picture of America: the slums, the country estates, the Middletowns. No think pieces, no ideology—big plates, lots of color."

Mr. Forbes, who is assistant publisher of *Forbes Magazine* (a four-dollar-a-year semi-monthly published by his father and owned by Forbes Senior, Malcolm, and three other sons), has been at some pains to explain to one and all that his baby will not be a spokesman for business, or any other special group. "I told this to an assembly of historians at Williamsburg," he said. "They suspected we might be planning to peddle capitalistic propaganda. Allan Nevins is on our board of advisers. We will have a history section in every issue. Before publication, we will ask Nevins, 'Is the history interpretation the McCoy?' The magazine will not be a phony. If it were, it would be a dead turkey."

Mr. Forbes handed us a press release containing prepublication encomiums (based on a prospectus) from Bernard Gimbel, Eddie Rickenbacker, Harry P. Davison, and others, and advised us that he had spent two months making calls on various bigwigs, soliciting charter subscriptions. "Of the more than a hundred men I saw, seven out of every ten took from one to ten subscriptions for their firms," he said. "Winthrop Aldrich ordered a couple for the Chase Bank. As I left his office, he peered at me and said, 'But I'm glad the Chase Bank is not financing this venture.'" Mr. Forbes hopes for five thousand subscriptions the first year and for a hundred thousand by the end of the fourth year, by which time he plans to have cut the subscription rate to a hundred dollars. As most copies will be placed in company libraries, he expects that they will be looked at by a large number of people. "The book is not aimed at those who can afford it," he said, and added, "We hope eventually to send photographer-writer teams to cover the route of Lewis and Clark's expedition to the West, and so on, and thus work in both the past and the present."

The editor of *Nation's Heritage* is Robert K. Heimann, a former Army Air Forces captain and a recent Princeton graduate, who at college edited the *Nassau Sovereign*, an undergraduate monthly founded ten years ago by Forbes, Princeton '41. Forbes subsequently published two weekly newspapers in Lancaster, Ohio, then volunteered for the infantry. He was severely wounded leading a heavy-weapons platoon near Aachen; as a result, one of his legs is an inch and a half shorter than the other. He and Heimann selected Princeton as one of the feature subjects for *Heritage's* first issue because they know their way around there. Other colleges will be treated later. "We've hired the Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf for January 12th," Forbes told us, "and expect to fill it with tables, bearing six hundred copies of the magazine. The public will be invited to inspect them and to have soft drinks." *Nation's Heritage* will carry no advertising. Each issue will weigh seven pounds and will





"... and, furthermore, I give you my solemn promise that if I am elected, I'll pay off every debt I owe in this town, one hundred cents on the dollar."

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have a stiff cover. This means it can't be mailed second-class. It won't be able to travel at book rates, either, because it's a periodical. It will have to go parcel post.

Old Autumnal Tale

A SUFFOLK COUNTY gentleman tells us that he was taking a canter along a wooded lane near his place last Sunday afternoon when he came upon a comfortable sedan, with New York license plates, parked beside the roadway. A man, a woman, and three children were returning to the car after a foray among the trees, all of them carefree and gay, all of them carrying double armfuls of beautiful, scarlet poison ivy.

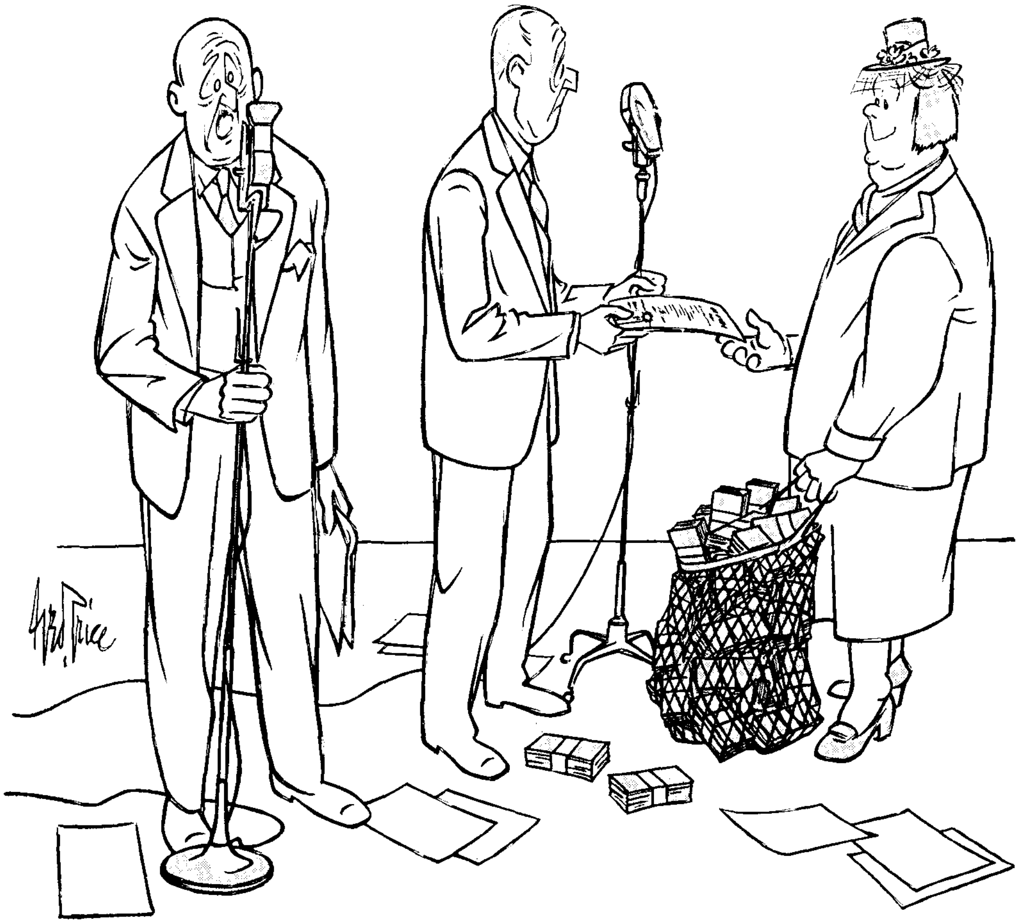
Click, Click

THERE are approximately nine hundred thousand locks (not including the ones on the public baggage lockers) in Grand Central Terminal and in the adjacent buildings belonging to the New York Central Railroad, and the locksmith who is expected to keep them in order, and to unlock doors for office tenants who happen to have left their keys on the bureau back home in Scarsdale, is a deft, patient fellow named Rodney Cole, on whom, one fine morning not long ago, we paid a state visit. No use trying to see him on a rainy day; too many locks become jammed in bad weather, owing to the effect of moisture on the dust in them, and his emergency calls, which normally number four or five a day, then soar to eighteen or twenty. We found Mr. Cole to be a short, round-faced, middle-aged man with octagonal glasses, a distinguished pompadour, and an unmistakable air of affection for his work. He became a locksmith, he told us, partly because even as a child he'd had a way with locks, and partly because it seemed such a nice, safe way to earn a living. As a civilian aviation mechanic, during the first World War, he was once forced to bail out of a rickety old plane in a rickety old parachute, and on landing broke both ankles; after the war, on getting a job as a steeple jack, he slipped, fell three stories, and broke both legs. That was enough for him. He opened a locksmith shop, ran it for ten years, and was then summoned to his lifework by the Grand Central people, for whom he's been opening locks for sixteen years now.

To date, only about fifty locked doors have absolutely stumped him. In most of these cases, the inside of the lock had rusted to a point where the rotating bar that controls the releasing mechanism wouldn't turn or had been damaged by some prowler's attempts to jimmy it. "Once an amateur has had a shot at a lock with a jimmying tool, you might as well throw in the sponge," Mr. Cole said with good-natured contempt. "It's like a piano mover taking out a man's appendix. When I open locks, I use either a master key, dentist's tools, or buttonhooks that I've specially filed down, or strips of steel. I've never known of a lock's being opened just with a hairpin, no matter *what* they tell you." When really stumped by a lock, Mr. Cole takes it to the carpentry shop in the Terminal building, where he keeps a supply of gasoline (handy for washing out the mixture of dust and oil that gradually accumulates and hardens inside a lock), a rotary file, and a jeweller's glass, and dissects it there. If worst comes to worst, he takes it home and fusses with it overnight.

"When I approach a lock with a view to opening it," Mr. Cole told us solemnly, "I have to visualize its inner workings. We've got Eagle locks, Sargent locks, Russwin locks, Slaymaker locks, Yale locks, and Corbin locks. Some are warded locks, some are cylinder locks, and some are lever-tumbler locks. We've got locks on offices, on employees' lockers, on desks, filing cabinets, and money-change boxes. A man has to have a pretty good memory for the insides of locks to get by in this line." A while ago, a lady who was escorting a group of Hindus through Grand Central to put them on a train to Chicago found that she'd misplaced the keys to the satchel that held their tickets. A redcap summoned Mr. Cole, known around the Terminal, in the Dick Tracy tradition, simply as "Keys." "I opened it in jig time—click, click—with a strip of steel," Mr. Cole told us. "They acted like I was a magician."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Cole was frequently called on for assistance by the late magician Harry Houdini, as well as by the late Jimmy Walker. "The Mayor was a natural-born key-forgetter," Mr. Cole said. "He'd have a lot of trunks standing around, and no keys. He'd send for me, and I'd come roaring up to his place in the sidecar of a police motorcycle and open them up for him. He gave me five dollars for every lock I opened. As for Houdini, he had several trunks with trick locks that could be opened from the inside without the use of keys. Each lock had a little spring in it, and when Houdini touched the spring with a tiny steel pick he carried in his mouth, the lock sprang open. He and I were always careful to replace the spring before it got worn or rusty. He couldn't afford to take a chance on those locks' not working. He made a big thing of being locked in a trunk and dropped into a tank of water, and he *had* to get out fast."



"With this broadcast, ladies and gentlemen, the present makers of Super-Glo are forced to conclude their sponsorship of this program, Mrs. McCurdy having, by correctly answering the last question, acquired control of the corporation."

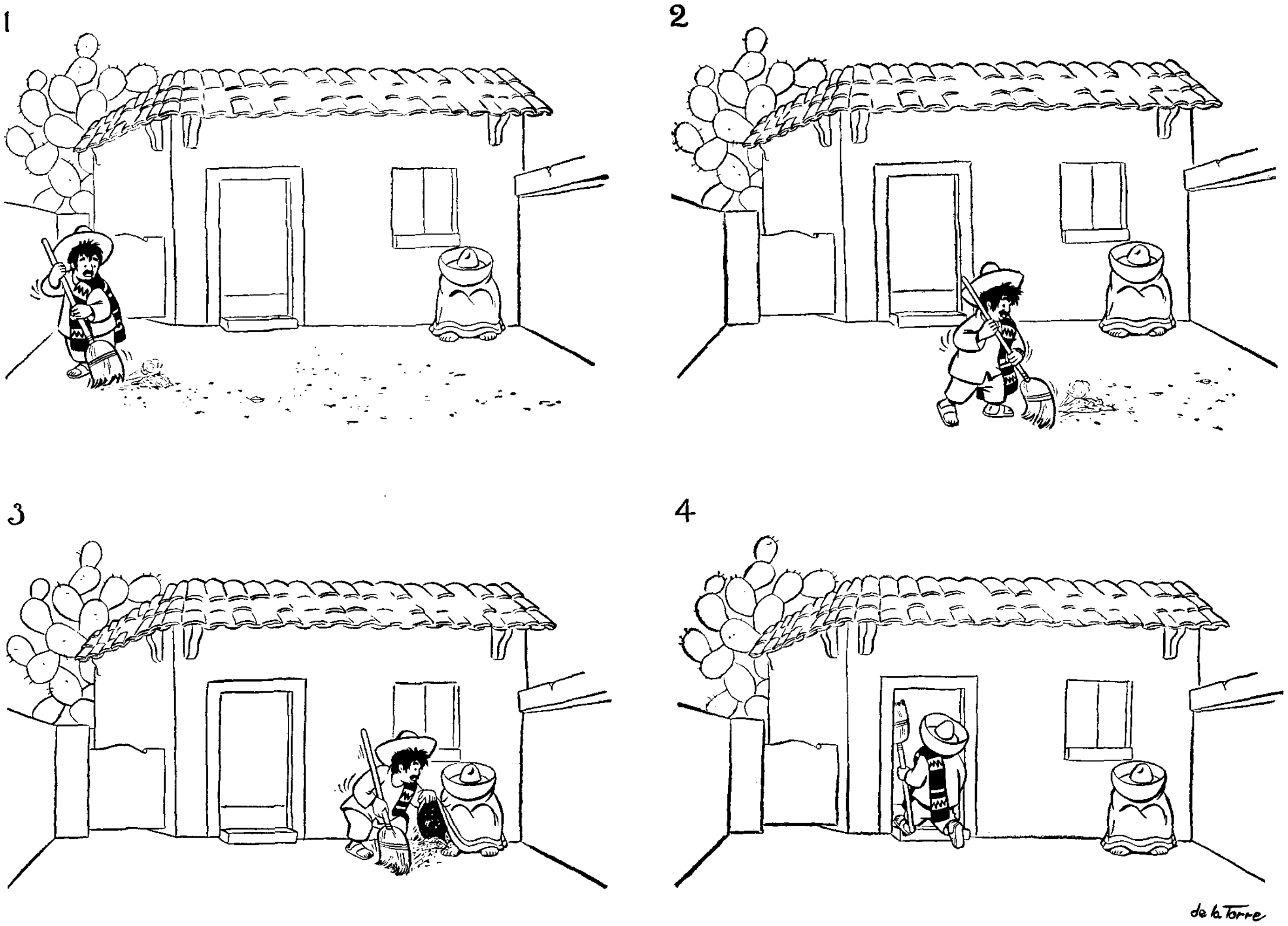
Tribute

WE'VE just heard about a charitable East Side lady who volunteered to take a group of children from the public school near her home on a Saturday visit to the Bronx Zoo. Seventeen pulling, pushing, pinching little ones showed up, and in every respect the trip proved as harrowing as the lady had thought it might. At first, getting about among the animals seemed a relief after the difficulties of the subway, and then it seemed worse when her flock developed a strong tendency to fly apart in seventeen directions at once. The lady paused for refuelling and remobilization at a soft-drink stand, and a perceptive lad of nine came up to her, took her hand, and murmured, "I like you." Her despair momentarily tempered, she asked him *why* he liked her. "Because you're so nervous," he said.

Podunk River

A PIECE on the town, or towns, of Podunk, printed on other pages of this magazine two or three weeks ago, encouraged a New England scholar to come forth with the information that there is also a Podunk River and that it empties into the Connecticut River just northeast of Hartford. We got to mulling over this startling news and in the end decided that an exploration by our man Stanley was called for, and, being eagerly agreeable, he set forth one morning last week in his trusted 1940 Chevrolet, with a friend's kayak strapped to the roof, his bedroll on the front seat beside him, and a picnic hamper in back, full of bright trinkets for the natives. He returned a scant twenty-four hours later, covered with thistledown and burrs, his shoes scuffed, his face scratched, and his trousers stuffed with till. That's right, till. He submitted the following report, scrawled on a scroll of birch bark:

"Hazards of political rallies nothing to this. Warn future explorers against undertaking such task singlehanded. Trip to Hartford deceptively uneventful, save for detour through New Haven, where encountered tribe of



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Yales going through autumn ritual dances outside stone tomb on High Street. Local divinity apparently goes by name Harry Rosey. Arrived Hartford, the insurance city. Parked car in business district, calked kayak, ate lunch in diner. Short-order cook recommended I take out twenty-year endowment policy. Rejected suggestion. Never get too friendly with natives. Leaving diner, accosted venerable passerby, inquired how to get to Podunk River. Man a fount of information. He said Podunk could also be spelled Potunk, Potuncke, and Potaecke, and pointed out barn in which Washington foddered his horse. Wanted to know if I wanted to see pistol with four barrels and pistol with hatchet attachment. Said no, must get to Podunk River. He then pointed out bridge across Connecticut River and said to cross it and proceed north.

"Crossed Connecticut River to East Hartford. Connecticut River magnificent body of water. Then up Route 5 to sign at bridge, 'Podunk River' (evidently official spelling). Pulled to side of roadway, stopped car, dragged kayak off roof, hoisted kayak on back, and descended embankment, discovering red stone culvert of a single-track railroad (belong to brick factory on Route 5?) spanning stream about six feet wide. This, disappointingly, Podunk River. Stream 8.2 inches deep, full of dead leaves. Getting too shallow for kayak. Decided against downstream explorations afoot. Ascended embankment with kayak and restored it to roof of car. Leaving car, walked upstream. River rapidly gets smaller. Succeeded in progressing eighty-nine feet through jungle of alders, raspberries, chokecherry, hardhack, and thistles. Fought way back. Then, in car, crisscrossed South Windsor countryside, hoping to run across source. Snaky-type river. Found at least five likely sources after deep penetrations into brush. Back down Route 5, through East Hartford, to Connecticut River. Asked kindly lady in nearby house if could go through tobacco fields to where Podunk River joins Connecticut. Kindly lady said no, suggested alternative route around tobacco fields. Reached dike bordering Connecticut River and walked along bank through reeds and weeds. At last, reached mouth of Podunk. Ten feet wide and badly silted. Old shoe in mouth of river. General summation: Podunk River exists, but barely. Warning: Surrounding country difficult. Recommendation: Forget it."

Reward

A SCIENTIST on the local staff of the Atomic Energy Commission not long ago received the inevitable summons to appear before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, in Washington. He went down, answered a few simple questions, and was dismissed. He figured he'd been given a clean bill of health, but he's not so sure of that now, for he is in receipt of a check from the office of the clerk of the House of Representatives, reimbursing him for his travel expenses, along with a covering letter reading, "Inclosed please find check on United States Treasurer, payable to your order, being the amount due you from this Office on account of Un-American Activities."

MORTAR AND PESTLE

Scene: The office of Bruce Hyssop, general manager of the Condor Pharmacies, a chain of Los Angeles drugstores. This is a handsome oval room sixty feet long with spun-glass fibre walls, carpeted in Turkey-red vicuña; from the production standpoint, a ruinously expensive set which would tax the facilities of the Radio City Music Hall or La Scala in Milan, but don't let's start by pinching pennies. At center, strung from the ceiling by two wires of unequal length, is the executive's nonobjective desk, a vast slab of Philippine mahogany that vibrates capriciously at the slightest touch. Since it contains no drawers and its surface is so tilted that pencils and mail promptly slide off, its value is debatable, but not with Hyssop, who conceived it and whose arrival is momentarily expected as the curtain rises. Facing the desk, and exquisitely uncomfortable in their nonrepresentational chairs, are three of his lieutenants—Swickard, Thimig, and Miss Fackenthal.

MISS FACKENTHAL: You really ought to try their food, Cyprian. That is, if you like something on the unusual side.

SWICKARD: What's the name of it again?

MISS F.: Frenzi's Fish Grotto. It's out in North Hollywood, just this side of that big musical hypodermic that advertises the hospital plan.

THIMIG: Oh, yes, I've seen it. It's shaped like a casserole.

MISS F.: No, it's shaped like a restaurant. It's a kind of novel idea.

SWICKARD: Say, that's a new twist. Food's good, eh?

MISS F.: Yummy. They take these big Idaho potatoes—honestly, they're almost two feet long—scoop out the inside, and fill them with macaroni. You'd swear you were eating potatoes.

THIMIG: What do they do with the part they scoop out?

MISS F.: They serve it in an eggnog with sour cream, and it's simply heavenly. Ricky and I were so full by the time we got to the Friendly Fevers we could hardly climb up into our trays.

SWICKARD: I've always meant to drop into that fever spot. A lot of picture people go there, I understand.

MISS F.: It's packed. Lauren Bacall's cousin was right in the next oven to me, and she was so gracious and democratic, she couldn't be sweeter. Believe me, when they finish baking out the in your body. And *hungry!* On the way home, we stopped at a Chinese drive-in and had two whole dishes of pork fooyoung.

SWICKARD: Sounds first-rate, Thimig. Let's make up a party some night.

THIMIG: Well, Bedraglia and I haven't stepped out much since we bought our ranch in the Valley. She likes to stick pretty close to her ouija board, you know, and after I rake up the grounds, it's practically bedtime.

SWICKARD: Seems to me you spend half your life raking that place.

THIMIG: I have to. There's an apricot ranch alongside us, and the fruit keeps piling up in our patio and attracting flies.

MISS F.: That's the trouble with those small ranches. You don't have any privacy.

THIMIG: No, ours is good-sized. We've got a forty-foot frontage. But it's the incinerator that makes the property. You'll have to come out some Sunday and taste our ribs.

SWICKARD: How do you fix them?

THIMIG: It's very simple. All you do is mix the barbecue sauce, paint it on, and then, when it's almost dry, lick it off. We got the recipe from an old Spanish hidalgo in Santa Monica.

MISS F.: Gee, I wonder what's holding up Mr. Hyssop. He's usually on the dot.

THIMIG: He went over to inspect the new store in Pasadena. Probably delayed in traffic.

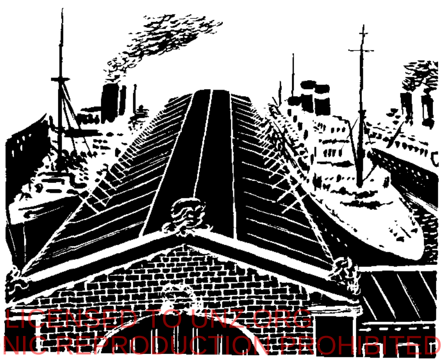
SWICKARD: I wish he'd get a move on. I was planning to have my blood pressure tested before lunch.

THIMIG: Where do you go? Over on South Hill Street?

SWICKARD: Yes, the open-air stand across from where they sell the goat glands. They charge a quarter, but they validate your parking check.

THIMIG: A *quarter*? Most of them do it for fifteen cents.

SWICKARD: Listen, brother, it doesn't pay to skimp on your health. So it costs a little extra at least you know where you stand. (*Hyssop enters, petulance visible on his plump, sallow face. His aides greet him deferentially.*)



OMNES: How did the sneak preview go last night, B. H.? Did we get a hand on the citrate of magnesia? How many bolts of linoleum did we sell?

HYSSOP (*frowning*): It needs work. From the reaction cards, it looks as if my hunch were right. The average public isn't ready for phone booths in the front of the store.

SWICKARD: Remember my prediction, Bruce? I said it would confuse them!

THIMIG: I experienced dubiety anent it, too. You've got to hide telephones in the back, among the cigarette cartons.

MISS F.: Or down a good, dark stairway, so you can use a neon arrow. Dramatize it—appeal to their sense of adventure, of the unknown.

HYSSOP (*nodding*): Correct. Now, myself, I like the front of our stores kept severe, even a shade Spartan. Just a few airplane tires on a counter, some electric pads, money belts, facial tissues, or so. That whets people's interest and tempts them to browse. (*They all vigorously echo his sentiments. Meanwhile, the desk before him sways erratically, dumping the papers and fountain pen he has placed on it on the floor. As Swickard and Thimig scramble to retrieve them, Hyssop's brow darkens.*) Have any of you been fiddling with these wires?

THIMIG: Gosh, no, Bruce! (*Unthinking.*) You see, the damp weather causes them to expand and contract, and consequently—

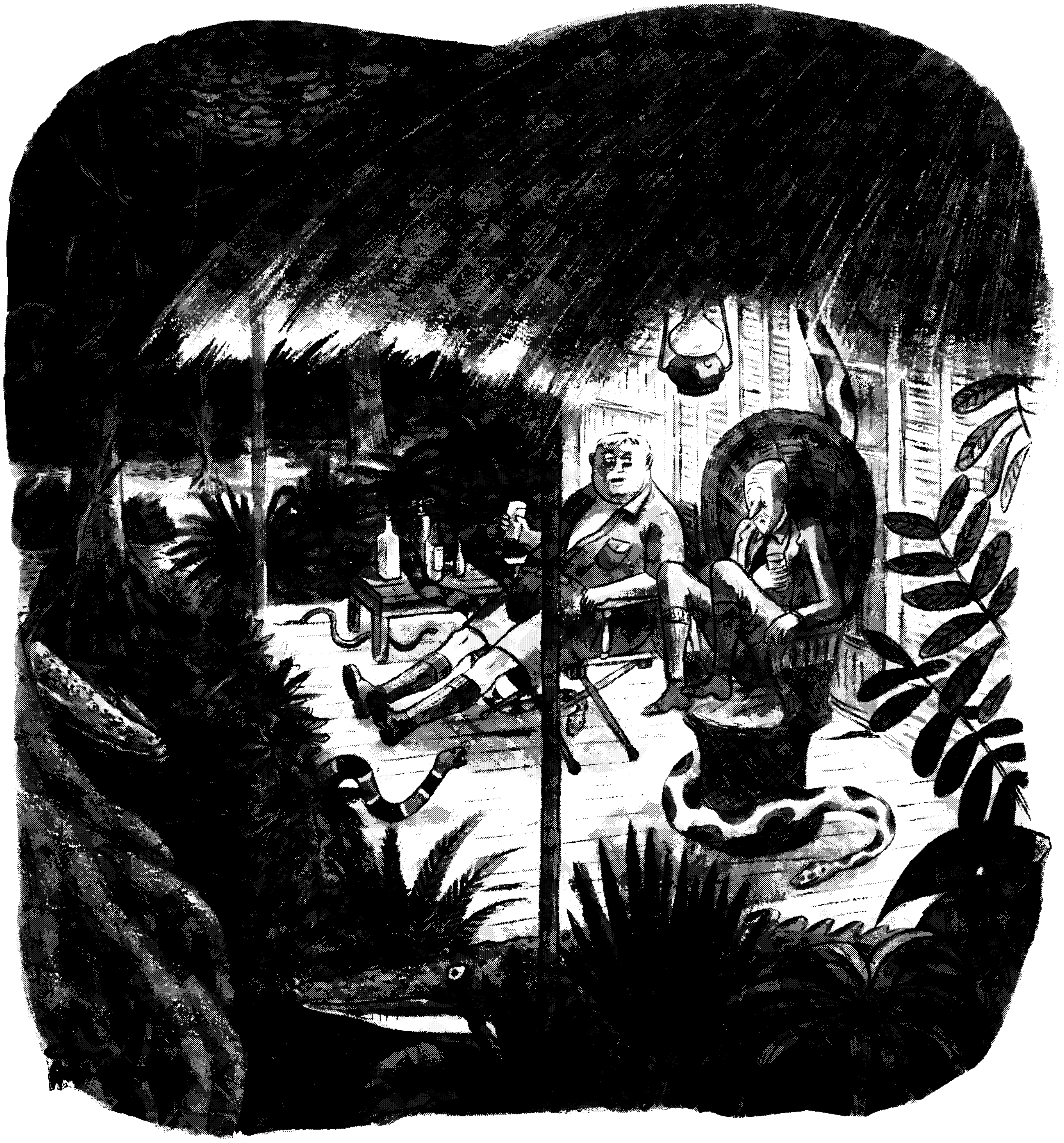
HYSSOP (*instantly*): What's that? Aren't you satisfied with our southern-California climate?

THIMIG (*anguished*): Me? I'm wild about it! I'd rather be dead here than alive in Cedar Rapids—you know that, Bruce!

HYSSOP: You're an Easterner, Thimig. Sooner or later, they always sell you out. (*Thimig demonstrates his loyalty by producing an aerial view of Cedar Rapids, tearing it to shreds, and grinding them under his heel. Hyssop relents.*) All right, but better watch your step hereafter. Well, let's hear the weekly suggestions. Anything promising come in?

MISS F.: There's one from the manager of the Beverly Hills branch. They get a studio-type clientele, mostly, in their fountain, individuals with an acid condition and nervous indigestion.

HYSSOP (*impatiently*): We went in-



"Bothered me a bit, too, at first, until I discovered they were real."

• •

to all that last fall. It isn't feasible to spray the customers with cocaine.

Miss F.: No, this is another approach. He says why not add pepsin to some of the ready dishes and feature a line of heartburn specials.

Hyssop: There's no royal road to stomach relief. Seymour Erstweil is a real go-getter, but he doesn't grasp the basic psychology. The patron *wants* to feel distress coming on, so he can counteract it with the proper medication. Take that away and half the pleasure of eating is gone. You follow?

Swickard: I never thought it through before, but you've put your finger on the crux of the matter.

Thimig (*sotto voce*): Has that man got a gift for congealing the whole thing in a nutshell! It's spooky.

Hyssop (*modestly*): My mind runs that way. Ever since I'm a tad, why, I've had a restless impulse to probe beneath the surface, to constantly analyze, analyze, analyze.

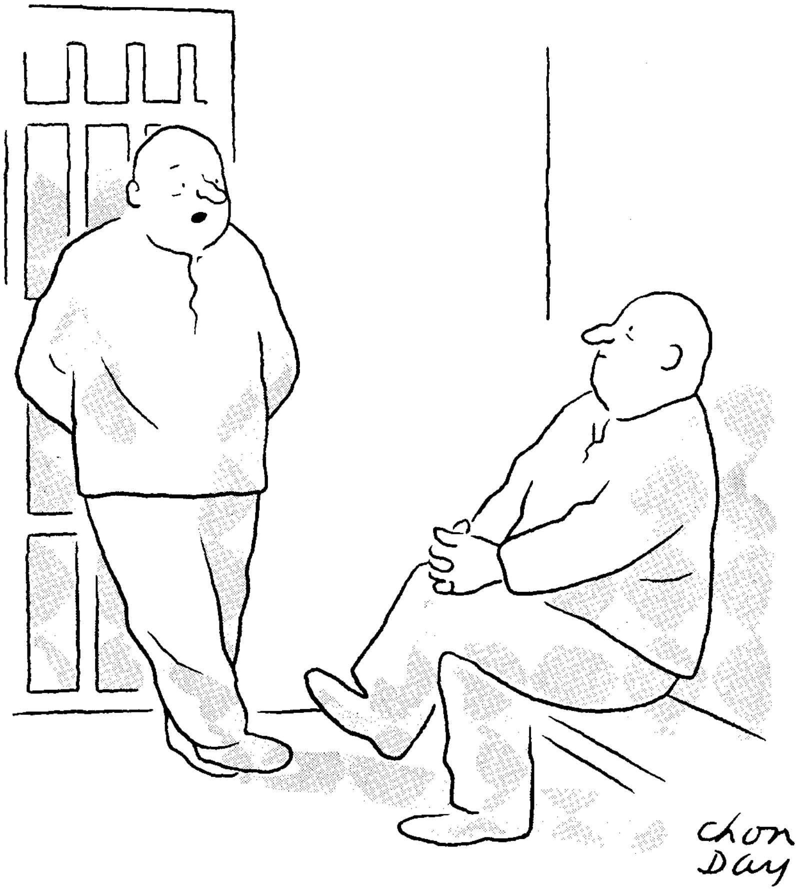
Swickard: Which it's the hallmark of every industrial wizard worth a hoot.

Thimig: You can say *that* again. (*Swickard starts to say it again, trails off as Hyssop rises and stands plunged in thought.*)

Hyssop: For instance, the lighting in our stores. I don't know what's wrong, but the clerks still look too normal. They're not waxy enough.

Miss F.: We installed the pistachio-tinted bulbs you wanted.

Hyssop: Uh, uh, it's



"It was the old, old story—wine, women, song, and the F.B.I."

• •

phorescent glow in their skins that I'm after. Unearthly, so to speak.

THIMIG: Would it help any to pipe in organ recitals? Maybe if we slowed down the tempo, we'd get a more trancelike effect.

HYSSOP: No, I guess I'm just reaching for the moon. I only cite this as an example of how the over-all organization could be improved. You can't be petty. You've got to set new horizons on your thinking. I believe Swickard made the point a moment ago that my attack was global. That pleased me.

SWICKARD (*blushing with pleasure*): Thanks, Bruce. In line with that, I've been cuddling my wits for some solution as regards our triple-decker sandwiches. Why can't we make the doily an essential part of the whole, thus luring the diner to consume it along with his repast?

HYSSOP: By George, I think you're on the right track. An edible doily.

SWICKARD: Made out of the same brake lining we use for the toast and the filling. That way, we wouldn't sacrifice the ungainliness we have to retain and there wouldn't be any disgusting leftovers on the dish.

HYSSOP: I like your plate conception there, Swickard, but it's earthbound. The plate should be edible too.

THIMIG: And the forks, and the spoons! Why not the whole fountain?

HYSSOP: No, no. One thing at a time. It's vital to keep a line of demarcation between the food and the fixtures.

THIMIG: I was just trying to think globally, Bruce.

HYSSOP: I'll take up the plate idea with the lab. It mustn't be too tasty; it should duplicate the cardboard flavor of the plates we're using at present. Now, was there anything else?

MISS F.: Well, B. H., I've had my ear to the ground lately and I hear a lot of criticism of our soda dispensers. Everyone says they look drab.

HYSSOP: I thought I gave orders to put epaulets and frogs on their tunics.

MISS F.: We did. We even changed their forage caps to bearskins like the Coldstream Guards wear, but the novelty wore off and the patrons are muttering again.

SWICKARD: Boss, can I voice a proposal that it might floor you with its boldness, albeit it's freighted with the germ of an arresting idea?

H [illegible] fingertips): Sketch in the outlines, however nebulous.

SWICKARD: Why not caparison our dispensers in a different costume each week, so as to typify various current fiestas and sports events in the public eye?

HYSSOP: Hm-m. It's a meaty concept. You mean like during the Rose Bowl tourney they would be accoutred in nose guards and moleskins, during the Santa Ana baby parade in rompers and bibs, and so forth?

SWICKARD: Yes, only made out of crêpe paper in attractive pastel shades; viz., orange, lilac, and puce. Can you visualize how that would pep up the personnel if bathed in a pink spotlight to boot?

HYSSOP: I like it, Swickard. There's a nice lilt to it. Naturally, it's a speck humdrum as it stands—we've got to put wings on it—but it's a beginning. You agree, Miss Fackenthal?

MISS F.: Bruce, I'm crazy for it. Speaking as a woman, it slakes my feminine thirst for color.

THIMIG: Personally, I'd like to see it carried over into the drug department, too. Couldn't our pharmacists wear a conical hat like Nostradamus—you know, embroidered with planets and signs of the zodiac?

HYSSOP (*dangerously*): Why don't you go the whole hog, Thimig? Maybe you'd like us to fill our prescriptions with newts and salamanders.

THIMIG (*involuntarily*): They'd probably do the trick as well as those pills and powders we stock. (*He turns deadly pale as Hyssop's eyes bore into him.*) That is, I mean—

HYSSOP: Yes? Was there something you wished to add?

THIMIG: No, I—er—I was just thinking of the spirit message my wife got the other night. It said a change was impending. I—guess she meant a change of garb.

HYSSOP: That depends on how you interpret it. (*Swickard and Miss Fackenthal fade swiftly out. Hyssop's smile gleams like a scimitar and his voice sinks to a coo; his morning is made.*) You know, Thimig, for some time now I've had the feeling you were homesick for Cedar Rapids.

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

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Mrs. W—— arrived home from the Rochester clinic Thursday morning 3 weeks after the removal of her garter.

—*Cassville (Mo.) Democrat.*

A decent interval

A BOX OF GINGER

FIVE stories below, the hot white pavements sent the air shimmering upward. From the false dusk of the awning, Kinny, leaning out to watch the iridescent black top of the funeral car, smelled the indeterminate summer smell of freshly ironed linen and dust. Below, he could see his father help the aunts into the car and stumble in after them, and the car roll away to join the others at the cemetery. The winter before, at the funeral of his father's other brother, everything had left from here, hearse and all. The house had been crowded with people who had entered without ringing and had seated themselves soundlessly in the parlor, greeting each other with a nod or a sidewise shake of the head, and for days there had been a straggling procession of long-faced callers, who had clasped hands with his father and mother and had been conducted, after a decent interval, to his grandmother's rooms, where she lived somewhat apart from the rest of the family. They had all come out clucking, "She's a wonderful woman, a won-der-ful old woman!," had been given coffee, and had gone away. Today, there was no one, and the wide glaring street was blank with light.

"Kinny, where are you?"

"I'm in the parlor."

"How many times have I told you to say 'living room'? Parlor!" His mother clicked her tongue as she came into the room. "Why didn't you go to the Park?" She walked toward him and looked at him squarely, something he had noticed grown people almost never seemed to have time to do.

"Listen, Kinny!" Her voice had the conspiratorial tone that made him uncomfortable. "You're not to let on to Grandma anything—anything about the funeral. It's a terrible thing to grow to a great age and see your children go before you." Her gaze had already shifted back to normal, slightly to the right of him and just above his head. "Don't lean so far out that window!" She turned and went into the kitchen to help Josie, the maid. His family never sat down to a dinner for just themselves; there were always the aunts, or the innumerable cousins, who came to pay their short devoirs to Grandma and stayed interminably at her daughter-in-law's table.

He wandered back into the room, dawdling. It *was* a parlor, very unlike the Frenchy living rooms of his friends. Opposite him, the wall was half covered by a tremendous needle-point picture, framed in thick, curdled gilt, of Moses striking the rock and bringing forth water at Meribah. "And Moses lifted up his hand," it said in the big Doré Bible, "and with his rod he smote the rock twice: and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also." The faces of Moses and the Israelites were done in such tiny stitches that they looked painted, and there was a little dog lapping at the gush of water, which had minute, glistening beads worked into it. Diagonally across the room from the picture, the wreathed cherubim of a Vernis-Martin cabinet were flanked by a green marble column, on which poised an anonymous metal girl, arms outflung against a verdigrised apple tree, which sprouted electric-light bulbs.

He went over and fingered the Victrola, the only relatively new thing in the room. Slanting back on its lemon-oiled shelves lay all the newly acquired Red Seal records: Galli-Curci in the sextet from "Lucia;" the Flonzaley Quartet, whose sprigged mustachios he knew well from the Victor catalogue; and Alma Gluck, singing "From the la-and of the sky-ee blue" and then "wa̍wtah" very quick. He would have liked to play that one, or "Cohen on the Telephone," but he was sure that he would not be allowed to today.

WINDEX
KoVarsky

Walking into the hot, brassy clutter of the kitchen, he stopped at the icebox and drew himself a glass of water from a pipe that ran back into the ice chamber—a fixture in which his mother took pride but which he thought overrated.

"Can I have some of Dad's French Vichy?" He wasn't even sure that he liked its flat, mineral taste, but it was something of a feat to get it.

"No, you can't," said his mother, gingerly taking a tray of prune pockets out of the oven. "I can't be sending to the drugstore all the time. Catering to the fads and fancies of a lot of— A boarding house, that's what I'm running! You'd think they all *lived* here!"

"Mother, what did Uncle Aaron die of?" he said idly.

He already knew the answer. He rarely needed to ask an explicit question about family affairs. By picking up crumbs and overtones at the endless family gatherings, he had amassed his information. His Uncle Aaron had had pneumonia and had been convalescing on an upstate farm all spring. But his mother said, "Of old age, I guess," and gazed past him. Kinny's father, years older than she, was only a decade younger than the dead uncle. The family was getting down. His father had only sisters now. Kinny began to eat a prune pocket.

"You wait till you get to the table. One of these days, you'll burst!"

"Hattie!" a sharp, high voice called. "Hattie!" Then a small bell tinkled insistently.

"Go in and see what Grandma wants," his mother said. "Tell her the optician's man will be in this afternoon. And if she asks about a letter from Aaron, for goodness' sakes don't say anything!" She sighed. "I'm sure I don't know what they're going to tell her *this* time."

HE idled slowly down the hall to his grandmother's bedroom, although he knew she had already been helped to her sitting room, where she spent most of the day. Light filtered through the half-drawn shades over the huge bed, with its wide panel of burled Circassian walnut, topped by a two-foot pediment of acanthus leaves. He swung himself onto the broad footboard, high as his shoulder. Up to it swelled the feather bed for which his mother was always wanting to substitute a hair mattress. Everything was big here—the looming wardrobe, where he had sometimes hidden, choking, among the tight-packed camphored clothes; the long chests, with their stretches of cold, fatty-looking brown marble; the towering, grim-latched trunks.

On his confirmation day, just past, when one of the trunks had been opened for the presentation of a gold watch with a remote, scrolled face, he had been allowed to finger a drawerful of Virginia Treasury notes with the serial numbers marked by hand in brown ink, and a miniature envelope, addressed in long-essed script—his grandmother's wedding invitation, dated 1852. Still in her twenties, his grandmother had married a man well past fifty, and her youngest son, Kinny's father, had waited for marriage until he, too, was almost fifty, so if you figured back, here was he, Kinny Elkin, in 1924, with a grandfather, sunken in the ciphers of time, who had been born in the eighteenth century. In his mind, he saw the generations as single people walking a catwalk, each with a hand clutching a long supporting rope that passed from one to another but disappeared into mist at either end.

"Kinny! Grandma wants you!" From the sitting room down the hall he heard the familiar clank-clank of the gadrooned brass handles on the sideboard. Grandma would be standing stiffly with the yellow box of preserved ginger, uglily lettered in black, clutched in one knuckled hand, waiting for the small afternoon ceremony that had been her only apparent notice of him for as long as he could remember. Reluctantly, he opened the door and went down the hall.

She stood there just as he had known she would, a dainty death's head no taller than he, in the black silk uniform of age, one hand wavering on her cane, the other tight on the yellow box. The sparse hair, dressed so closely on the skull, enlarged the effect of the ears and the high nose with its long nostrils; the mouth, a mere boundary line for tributary wrinkles, firmed itself now and again. She was neat as old vellum, and though time had shrunk her to waxwork, it had left her free of the warts and hairs and pendulous dewlaps he saw on other old people. Her admitted age was ninety-three, but the family was of the opinion that she had concealed a few years, out of vanity.

"Here I am, Grandma." He moved toward her.

"Come here, child." Steadying her hand with his, she fumblingly placed in his palm a few tawny sugared slices of ginger. Under her waiting gaze, he placed a slice in his mouth and chewed. There was a small, acrid explosion in his throat; his eyes pinkened, but he swallowed obediently, knowing that she thought she was giving him a confection of which he was fond.

"Thank you, Grandma," he said thickly, his mouth on fire.

"All right, now." It was time for the other part of the ceremony. Slowly she leaned on his arm and he guided her steps across the room to the wicker armchair, into which she tottered, bearing down heavily on his shoulder and sending the cane in a rasping slide to the floor. Feeling in a pocket at one side of the chair, she brought up her glasses, polished the lenses with a bright-pink cloth, and put them on. Opening a folded afternoon paper, she began to read the headlines with the aid of a handled magnifying glass the size of a small saucer. The ritual was over. After supper, Kinny's father would read her the articles she asked for, or, in his absence, Kinny would declaim them with careful dignity.

Dangling his legs from the dark old couch, he tried to place just what pulled at him so strongly in Grandma's rooms. Here in the sitting room, there were only a few steel engravings of Biblical scenes and a big, dark cloisonné pot stuffed with some brackish moss that never seemed to grow or die. Everything was still, but if he sat long enough, he felt the dim waves of history lapping at him, a moving, continuous stream that culminated in him.

He went restlessly toward the window and mooned out at the river. Maybe he could call for Bert, and they could go out and get some isinglass from the rocks that stuck out all over the ground across Riverside Drive. Bert maintained that if you could peel a whole clear sheet of it, it could be sold, like tinfoil.

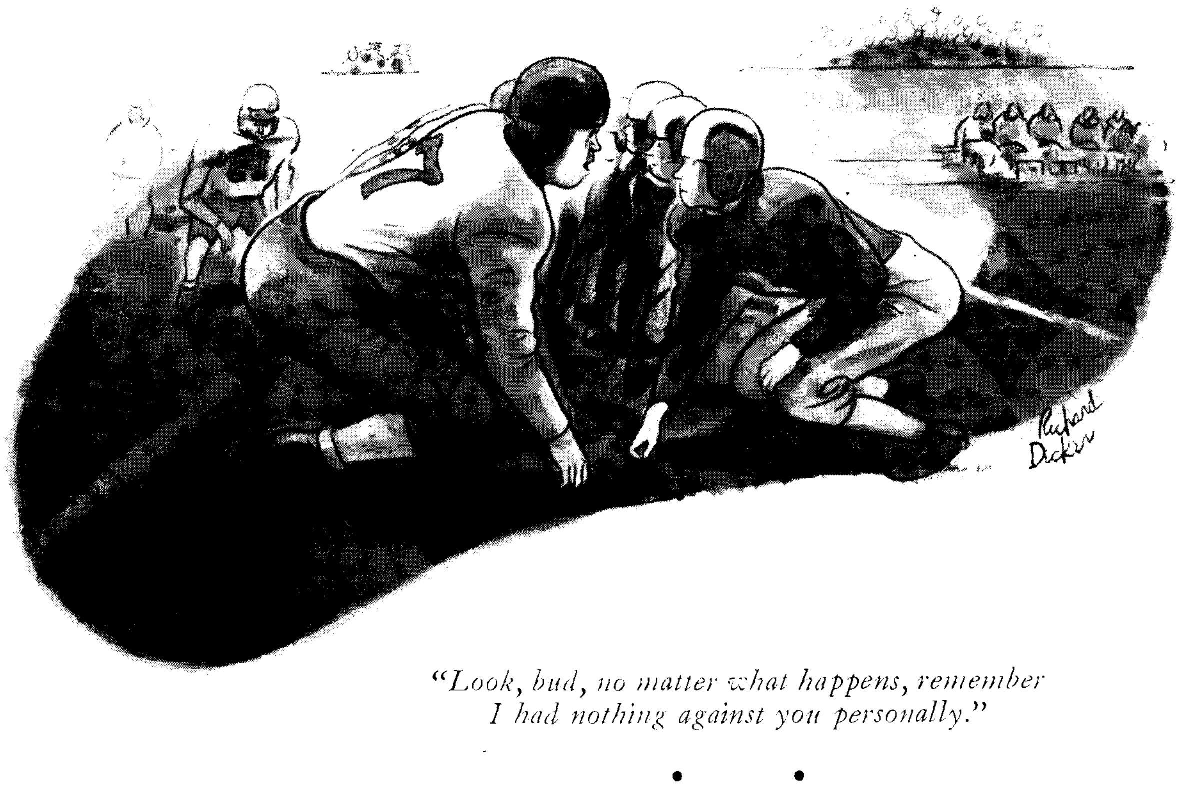
"Call Hattie," said his grandmother fretfully. "Ask her if that optician man is coming." He had never heard her speak of the steady contraction of her sight, or of any other physical drawback, but Mr. Goldwasser came once a month and carefully did something—a plucking or trimming of the short, stiff eyelashes that tended to mat in the corners—which she thought beneficial.

"Mother said to tell you he's coming."

In the kitchen, his mother was discarding her apron.

"Here they come," she said. "Kinny, get away from

that table." She brushed past him. Under Josie's reproachful, bovine stare, he took another prune pocket and stood at the head of the hall, watching.



"Look, bud, no matter what happens, remember I had nothing against you personally."

KINNY's father, Aunt Flora and Aunt Amy, and his father's cousin Selena, old as the aunts, came in from the foyer. He thought that they looked furtive, as if they'd been doing something they shouldn't and were glad that it was over. Amy's face, wry and puckered now under her great bird's nest of iron-gray hair, was tiny and aquiline, with a short arc of mouth, and was supposed to be very like that of her mother as a young woman, but she had none of her mother's cameo neatness, and was always leaving untidy packages and having to come back for them, so that "something Amy left" had become a byword in the house.

"I think I dropped my gloves at the —" she said tremulously, and stopped. Nobody said the usual "Oh, A-amy!" His father groaned and walked heavily to the sideboard. Rooting in one of the compartments, he brought out the decanter.

"Now, Joe, do you think you'd better?" said his mother. "Come on, everybody. It'll do you good to eat something."

"Oh, leave him alone, Hattie," said Aunt Flora testily, jerking back the white pompadour that reared high over her rouged beak of face. Her inimical glance seemed to concentrate the momentary feeling of the others. Hattie hadn't just been through what they had.

Flora was the first to sit down at the table. Food, poker, and having the last word were her passions, in that order. "Come on, Amy, Selena," she said.

Usually, Selena wore puce or mustard or reseda green, but today she wore muddy brown, underlining the mud tints in her equine face.

Kinny's father sat at the head of the table kneading his gray curls while the others ate, in silence. Kinny stole into the kitchen and got out the bottle of Vichy. Tiptoeing into the dining room, he placed the green bottle at his father's elbow. He heard the doorbell ring and Josie ushering somebody into the parlor. She came to the dining-room door.

"Is here the eye doctor, Mrs. Elkin," she said.

"Take him on back to Grandma, Josie," said his mother.

His father stirred and groaned again. "What in God's name am I going to tell Maw? I haven't the heart. I haven't the heart, so soon after Nat."

"Never thought she should have been told about Nat," said Flora, brushing the crumbs from her black, bugled front.

"What? Maw?" said Amy heatedly. "She seemed to catch on almost as soon as it happened. She sits there half blind and part deaf, and she hasn't been outdoors in ten years, but try and fool her about anything in the family!"

Selena leaned forward with a faint flush. "You've been fooling her about Aaron's letters, haven't you?" she asked. "Hasn't Joe been writing them and mailing them ever since Aaron went into a coma?" She looked around the table avidly.

"Aaron and I write—wrote—a lot alike," his father said. "I just wanted to keep her from worrying at not seeing him. I told her he might have to go out West." He turned down his mouth wryly.

Selena leaned forward again, triumphant. "Well, why don't you just go on writing them?"

"It's a ghoulish thing to do." He rose and moved to the window. Pulling up the awning, he wound the cord hard around the hooked prong in the casement and stood looking out. It was as if someone had suddenly thrown yards of blue soft stuff into all the corners of the room and veils had settled on the furniture. The white cloth gleamed. Across the wide avenue, the people in the building opposite had already turned on their yellow squares of light.

"She asked me four or five times yesterday," said his mother gently. "The last letter you had mailed from the farm is here, but I didn't know what to do."

The optician's man came to the door and peered at them obsequiously. "Er-hmm. I'm finished now." He held a little black bag in one hand and a round black bowler at his chest.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Goldwasser." His father turned from the window, reaching into his pocket for his wallet. "I'll see you to the door."

"Just a minute, Joe!" said Flora. She pushed back the dish in front of her and swivelled around in her chair. "Mr. Goldwasser."

"Yes?" He blinked at her politely.

"Can you tell us—how much can my mother see?"

"See?" He paused. "Why, she hasn't had an eye test in years, Mrs. Harris. It's hard to say. The lenses she has are the strongest made, and she's had them a good, long time." He shrugged. "She's lucky not to have a cataract, at her years. She sees enough to eat, does she not, and get around a little?

only makes her more comfortable, you know."

"Could she read, do you think?" Amy faltered, one of her bone hairpins sliding into her lap, where she worked at it nervously.

"Read!" He seemed surprised. "I can hardly think—maybe a block letter or two. You mean she still tries?" He shook his head admiringly. "A wonderful woman. Well!" He bowed and left them, followed by Kinny's father.

SPORTING GOODS

"They never will come right out with anything. Doctors!" Flora snapped.

"He's not a doctor, Flora," said Kinny's father wearily, returning to the room. He slumped into a chair. "I'm all worn out."

His mother was at the *secrétaire*. She held an envelope in her hand. "Better to get it over with, Joe, or she'll surely catch on. She complained about Amy and Flora not stopping in today."

Amy looked up vaguely and dabbed at her eyes with a napkin. "I just can't face her without showing something. I know I can't."

"Oh, Amy, be practical," said Flora. "How do you think we all feel? She's too old to suffer another shock like that. We'll have to warn everyone who comes in to see her. Go on, Joe."

"I'm no good at that sort of thing," he said, choking. "Not today, of all days."

"You've always been the one to read to her," said Kinny's mother. "She'd think it strange if any of us—"

Kinny found his voice, with a croak. "I—I read to her sometimes." He looked hastily around the table and then down at his shoes. Selena switched around in her chair and raised her brows at him.

"Why, Kinny!" said his mother in a slow, pleased way.

"I won't embroil the child in this!" said his father angrily.

"Little pitchers have big ears," said Selena with a caustic smile.

"I'm not a child." He hung his head and looked at his father sidewise. "She's used to me. I can do it." His voice trailed off weakly.

"After all, I was the one who had to go in and tell her about Nat," said his mother bitterly. "All of you avoid anything unpleasant."

"Maybe the child *could* do it," said Flora hurriedly.

His mother came around the table and thrust the envelope into his hand. "That's a good idea, Kinny. Just read

"All right. All right, all of you," muttered his father, not looking at him. "Just be careful, Kinny."

Now that their collective eyes, raw and ashamed, seemed to be pushing him out of the room, he felt uneasy. Carefully, he straightened the silver on his plate. There were several large crumbs on the floor next to his chair. With a prim show of industry, he picked them up, one by one, and put them on the cloth. Grinding his shoulder blades together, he left the room.

In the hall, he pressed his face against the cold, stippled wall. There were too many dark-angled halls in this apartment. He wished that the family would leave soon for the summer place, and thought with relief of the house, where you could dash straight through from back to front, out into the sunshine, slamming the door behind you. Stacked at a corner of the hall, rolled-up carpets wrapped in tar paper waited to be stored, giving out a drugged, attic smell. He flicked each one as he went by, rattling the paper in drum time.

Outside his grandmother's sitting-room door, there were several pictures that had been taken down and swathed in cheesecloth. He spent some time peering at these, trying to make out which was the one of the old bookshop and which the red-coated dragoon and his bride. Through the half-shut door he could see his grandmother in the unlit room. She was snoring softly, head back.

"Grandma," he said, his voice cutting the cobwebs. "It's me, Kinny." He went up and touched her lightly on the arm.

"Ah—oh. Yes?" The folded newspaper slid off her lap and she blinked up at him. Turning on the lamp beside the old cloisonné bowl, he laid the letter in her hand.

"A letter for you. Shall I read it?" It seemed to him that she hunched into herself like an old bird, listening.

"Where's your father? Where's Amy and Flora?"

"In the—in the dining room." He rocked back and forth on his ankle. "Can I use your paper cutter?"

She nodded, drawing her shawl around her, although the dank heat in the room made his lip bead. He got out the paper cutter, rubbing his thumb against the ivory hair of the girl on the handle, and slit the envelope. In the uninflected drone taught in the grade schools, he began to read his father's high, knotted script.

"My dear Mother: Trust this finds you well and in good spirits. Everything is fine here. The meals are good and the rooms are nice and clean. I miss seeing you and my dear family, but the doctor says that everything is going as well as can be expected, though he still would like to see me go out West this fall. Please God, we will all see each other before then. Keep well and do not worry if I write seldom, as there is very little news here. Your affectionate son, Aaron."

Rubbing the ball of one thumb ceaselessly in the palm of the other hand, his grandmother looked straight through him. He'd never noticed before how her head shook a little, as if blown by a slight, steady current from behind. "Read it again, Kinny," she whispered.

He read it again, more quickly, thinking that its phrases sounded a lot like the letters his father sent home from his travels—"please God" and "trust you are well," and signed always "Yrs. aff., Joe."

"Let me have the letter." Searching shakily in the side pocket of the chair, she brought out the thick, bevelled magnifying glass. Holding it almost under her nose, she inched it slowly along the letter, then the envelope, then back to the letter again. She sat for a long time with the letter in her lap; then a sharp movement of her arm sent the magnifying glass across the room, where it hit the couch and spun to the floor with the dull, rubbling sound of a top but did not break. He pressed his knees together, listening to the echo.

He saw that she was feeling for the cane. Frightened, he thrust it under her hand, but was reassured by the familiar heavy way she rested on him and pulled herself up in three marionette jerks. The two of them made their way to the sideboard. As she bent over the drawer, he saw the moisture from her eyes run six ways down the channels in her cheeks and fall into the drawer. Turning, she let her sticks of fingers brush his face in a dry gesture.

"Thank you," she whispered. "You were good to try." Thrusting the box into his hand, but not releasing it finally, she held her hands cupped around his, and for a moment, they rocked back and forth together, in a movement of complicity and love.

—Hortense Calisher

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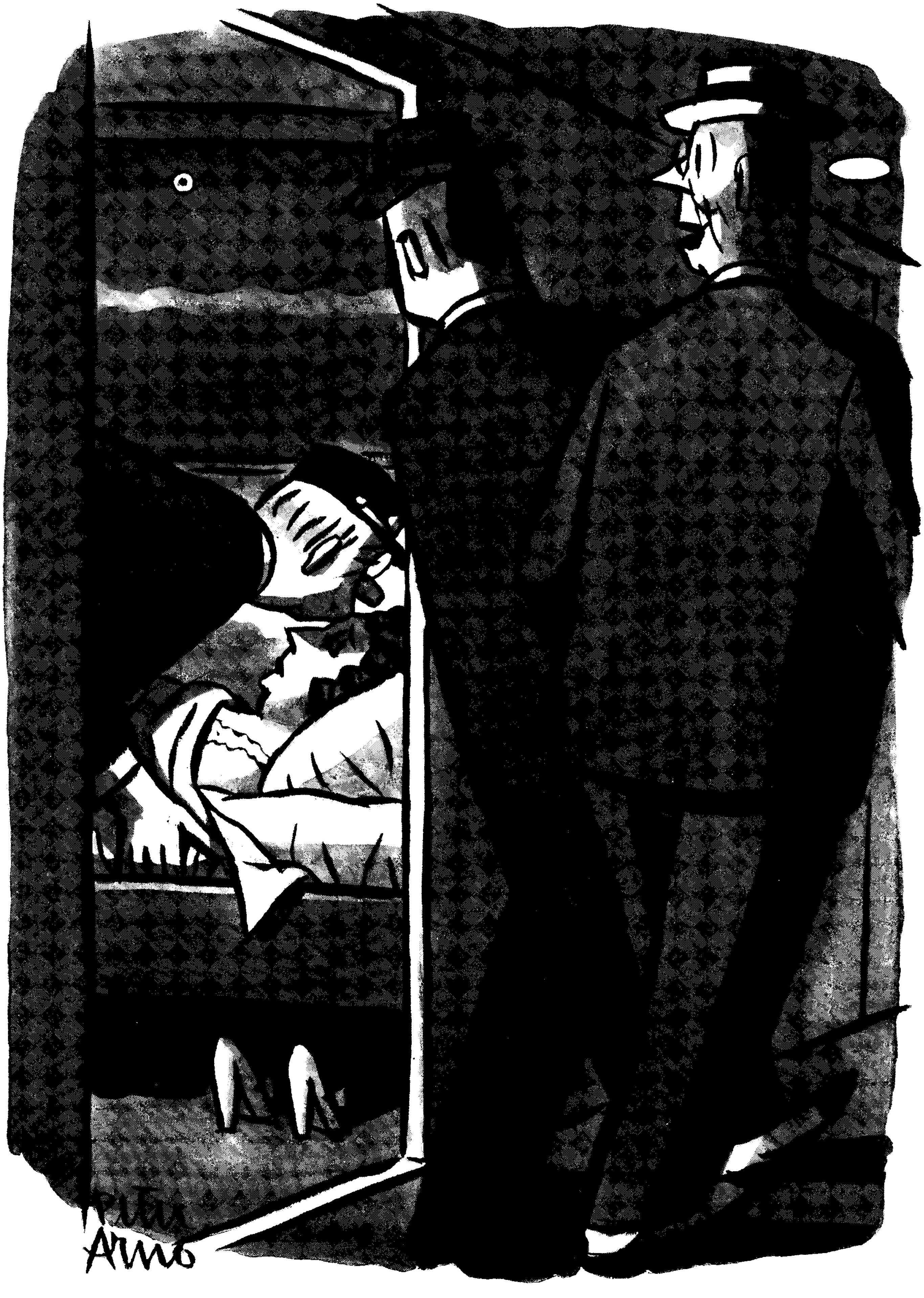
Powden's Jewelry store—good time to have your watch repaired. Jeweler at home now for a while.—*Adv. in the Bristol (N.H.) Enterprise.*

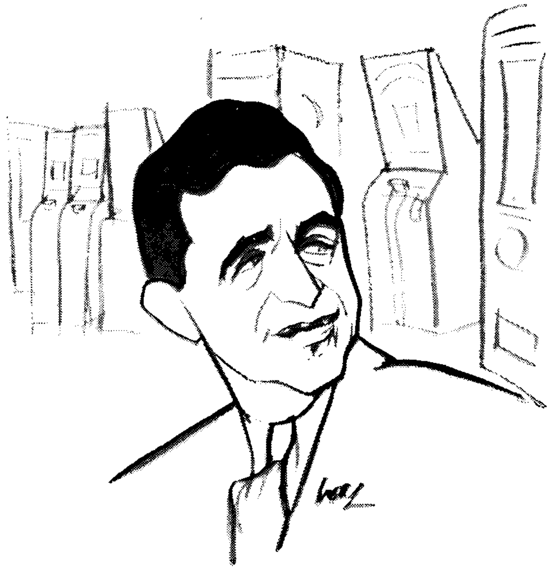
Sounds like the perfect moment.



"By George, the other railroads certainly have a lot to learn from the Chesapeake and Ohio."

PROFILES

PENNY-ARCADE PHILANTHROPIST



William Rabkin, president and owner of the International Mutoscope Corporation, an organization that for fifty-three years has been devoted to the manufacture of coin-operated amusement machines, is a tolerant man. Among the activities from which he derives little or no pleasure are testing his back muscles; shooting down imitation airplanes with an imitation machine gun; cutting a phonograph record of himself singing "Always" or saying hello to Ma; attempting to discover whether his disposition vis-à-vis the opposite sex is furious, mild, shy, jealous, cold, careful, modest, or loving; watching one-minute motion pictures entitled "What Girls Do When Alone" and "Life of Rudolph Valentino;" having a 2⅝-inch-by-3⅛-inch metal-framed photograph of himself printed and delivered forty-five seconds after it is taken; and buying a card reading "Heaven protects the working girl, but who protects the guy she's working?" or a three-color picture captioned "Slip Off Shore," which depicts a young lady wading ankle-deep in what looks like Manhasset Bay with her skirt hoisted well above her knees. Given about eighty cents' worth of pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters in the right proportion, Rabkin could, if he wanted, do all these things, in the order named, by visiting any penny arcade or, for that matter, his own showroom, and applying himself successively to a Lift-O-Graph, a Sky Fighter, a Voice-O-Graph, a Love Pilot, a Mutoscope, a Photomatic, and a Victory De Luxe Lite-Up Top Card Vendor, which are only seven of several dozen amusement machines manufactured, now or in the past, by his company. Rabkin prefers works of Madame Blavatsky. Fortunately for him, however, he is not dogmatic about his tastes. As a man whose machines are standard equipment in arcades from here to the Malay Peninsula, he is happy that opinions differ as to what is entertaining and what isn't.

So energetically tolerant has Rabkin been, in fact, that International Mutoscope, a forlorn hope when he became interested in it, in 1920, now has over two hundred employees, grosses better than two million dollars in most years, and is, as its owner enjoys pointing out, the largest manufacturer of amusement machines—as opposed to vending machines, the other principal division of the coin-machine industry—east of North Tonawanda, New York, where the mighty Wurlitzer juke-box factory stands. Juke-box manufacturers excepted, Mutoscope is the largest amusement-machine outfit this side of Chicago, the center of the coin-machine industry and the home of such giant concerns as Mills, Gottlieb, Bally, Genco, Rock-Ola, and Seeburg, which turn out, by the thousand, not only juke boxes and penny-arcade contrivances but slot machines and pin-ball—and, lately, "roll-down"—games. In New York, the manufacture of gambling devices is forbidden by law, and the law regards pin-ball games as gambling devices. The roll-downs, in which the balls are set in motion directly by hand, instead of by a plunger, and which their sponsors therefore claim are games of skill, are also looked upon with disapproval locally, and all but the most innocuous of them have been outlawed.

People whose only contact with the world of coin machines is Rabkin find it difficult to understand why an industry in which such an obviously respectable citizen earns a living is so frequently regarded with suspicion by the police. Rabkin does not wear hand-painted neckties, does not address anyone except his two brothers as "Brother," does not attempt to bribe law officers or avoid paying his debts; he is generous with his money, and he enjoys attending the annual conventions of the Coin Machine Industries, the trade association of his business, in the company of his wife,

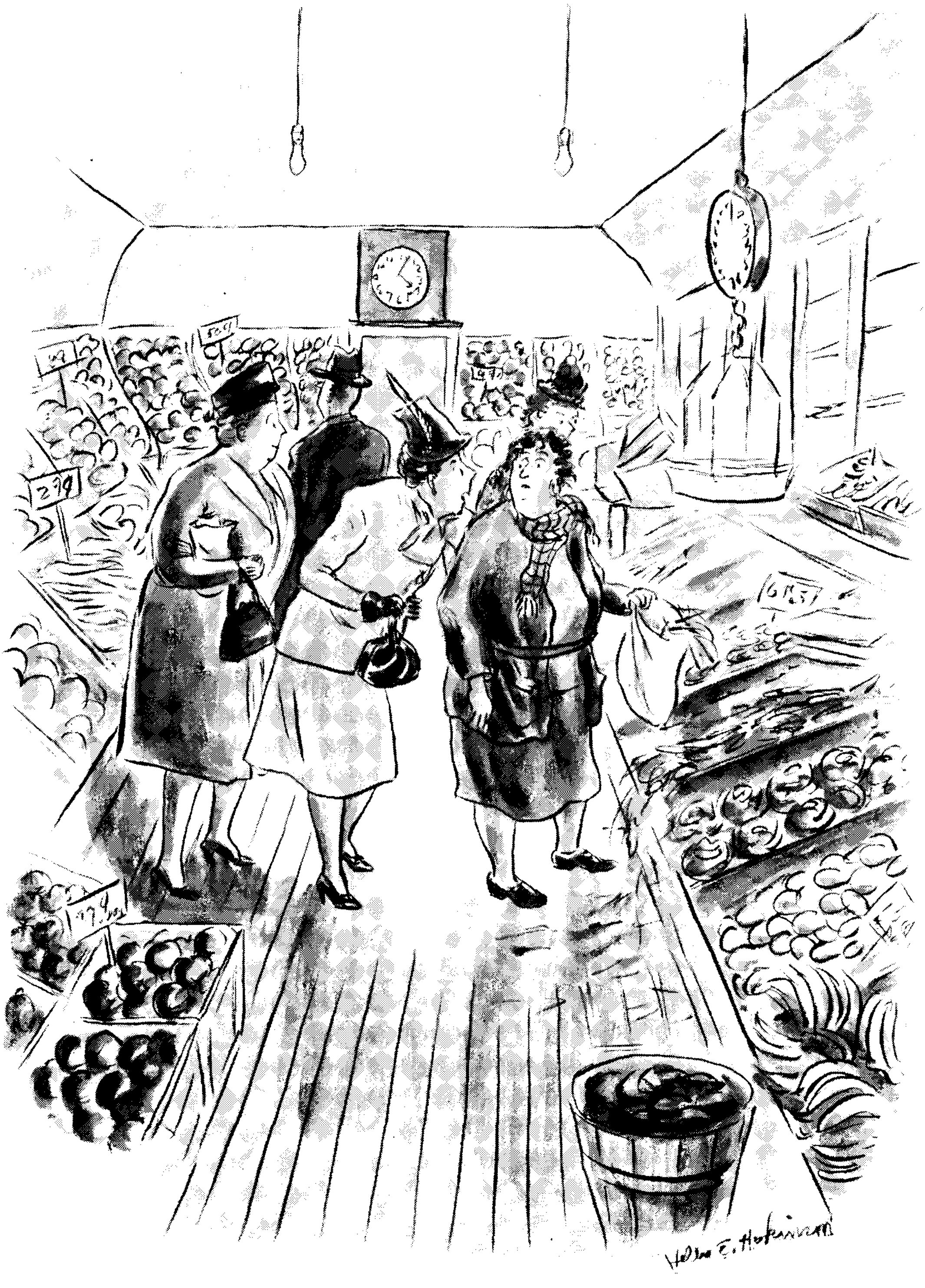
delegates, if they pause long enough between blondes to give it any thought at all, consider shocking. He is a resolute man, a Russian by birth and long since naturalized, with a square, robust build, a voluble but unemphatic manner of speech, and a mournful expression, which some of his associates attribute to the blows that have been dealt, during his years in the amusement-machine business, to his deep conviction that man is a noble creature. Several of Mutoscope's most successful machines, it pains Rabkin to realize, are based on the assumption that mankind is anything but noble and is, instead, a willing host to such traits as vanity (the Photomatic, the Punch-A-Bag), love of destruction (the Sky Fighter), desire to get something for nothing (the Electric Travelling Crane), lack of self-confidence (the Love Pilot), and sexual frustration (the Mutoscope and the Victory De Luxe Lite-Up Top Card Vendor, both of which stress pictures of ladies without many clothes on). In addition, as an occasional misanthrope has pointed out to Rabkin, amusement machines are cannily designed so that no detachable parts are exposed, built to withstand violent kicks and blows, and equipped with burglarproof locks and sturdy contrivances calculated to foil the phony-nickel crowd. Continual contemplation of a public that would seem to consist largely of egotists, vandals, and scallawags has curdled the good will of many men. Rabkin, however, is determinedly mellow. "People don't mean any harm by it," he often says. "There's just something about a coin machine that makes them act up."

There is nothing about a coin machine that makes Rabkin act up. His contribution to what virtue there is in the world is substantial. Tucked away in his desk in his factory, in Long Island City, where it is immediately accessible to him whenever, as is often the case, he feels the need of its support, is a card on which is printed:

I shall pass through this world but once.
Any good, therefore, I can do,
Or any kindness that I can show
To any human being,
Let me do it now. Let me not
Defer it or neglect it, for
I shall not pass this way again.
Author Unknown

By this admirable and difficult precept, Rabkin endeavors to govern his life. His courtesy and the tranquillity of his disposition are regarded at Mutoscope with an awe that sometimes approaches incredulity, and so high-principled is he in his business dealings that he frequently alarms his associates and occasionally makes even his wife uneasy. For most companies engaged in the manufacture of amusement machines, the period just after the end of the war was grim enough, what with reconversion problems, rising costs, and slow delivery of materials; it was stark horror for Mutoscope, which also had to put up with Rabkin's unwillingness to lay off factory hands even though he had no work for them, his refusal to deal in the gray market, and his insistence on selling several hundred Photomatics at a loss rather than renege on the figure he had quoted on them when he thought price controls had a future. Partly as a result of Rabkin's integrity and partly because he is often shy of working capital, Mutoscope, despite its fairly large gross income, has scraped bottom on a couple of occasions—in 1936 and again last year. During the 1947 crisis, his creditors held him in such high esteem that they granted him, in effect, a moratorium on his debts. Because they believed Rabkin to be the man best able to handle the situation, he continues to run the company, at the discretion of a court-approved creditors' committee and with the sanction of a referee in bankruptcy. Under the circumstances, Rabkin did not feel that he was entitled to the twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year salary that he had been receiving from his company and proposed that it be reduced to fifteen thousand, a figure which the court approved as fair compensation. That doesn't represent Rabkin's entire yearly take, however, since he is also the owner of three prosperous corporations that operate coin-machine concessions, a less uncertain field, apparently, than manufacturing the machines themselves. They are the Elnomar Corporation, which runs the arcade at Playland, in Rye; the National Photomatic Corporation, which holds the concessions for automatic picture-taking machines in Pennsylvania Station, Grand Central, the Capitol Bus Terminal, the Staten Island Ferry terminals, the Museum of Science and Industry, and other congested spots in the metropolitan area; and the Voice-O-Graph Company, which operates automatic recording machines in the same locations. Even though Rabkin's favorite, Mutoscope, is in difficulties these days, his income probably approaches fifty thousand a year.

Things at Mutoscope were at their worst last December, when Rabkin and his wife sat down with pencil and paper in the living room of their apartment on Central Park West and set about determining, as they do annually, what their contribution would be to the Grace and William Rabkin Foundation, a philanthropic organization they set up five years ago to dispense their dona-



"Now, remember what I told you, Mrs. Locatelli—Mr. Dewey is really an Italian at heart."

tions to charity, which always considerably exceed the fifteen per cent of income for which a tax deduction may be taken. Mrs. Rabkin timidly suggested that since their income was lower than usual, they should cut down their contribution by a proportionate amount. Rabkin refused to entertain such a notion, and he had his way. His wife remembers his saying, "It's very easy to keep up your standard of living by cutting down your standard of giving. But if you keep up your standard of giving by keeping down your standard of living, that makes you uncomfortable, and when you're uncomfortable, you work harder, and when you work harder, you make more money, and when you make more money, you don't have to cut down on anything. Besides, if we gave less this year, with the world the way it is, I couldn't sleep nights." The possibility of being unable to sleep nights has troubled Rabkin for years. Whenever he has been faced with a difficult ethical choice, he has made it by calculating the likely effect of the alternatives upon his insomnia. The fact that his insomnia is entirely hypothetical, and always has been, is of no matter.

Although Rabkin's colleagues grow fearful for the future of the business whenever the boss feels his insomnia coming on, there isn't much they can do about it. Rabkin derives moral authority from having built the company up, singlehanded, from the debilitated concern that he and a long-since-departed partner purchased twenty-eight years ago, for a borrowed ten thousand dollars, to its present relationship to North Tonawanda; he also has the material authority that derives from owning one hundred per cent of his company's stock. As a matter of fact, whenever his associates become distressed, they can reassure themselves with the knowledge that his acquisitive instinct is almost as powerful as his conscience, and the latter has never got him into a fix that the former couldn't get him out of. His trouble last December was the result of owing six hundred thousand dollars more than he had the cash to pay. Since his inventory was comfortably larger than that, however, and since many of his creditors had been through a similar crisis with him in the thirties (from which he emerged paying a hundred cents on the dollar after they had offered to settle for forty), they agreed to the peculiarly liberal arrangement that leaves him in full control of the business. Last May, in a move nicely timed to coincide with the

Rabkin expressed his appreciation of their confidence by bringing out two new arcade devices—Silver Gloves and Fishing Well—and he has two more coming out this fall, to be called Drop-kick and Cross Country Race, as well as a machine called Pick-A-Book, which will dispense paper-bound books for a quarter apiece. The sales of the newcomers have been gratifying, and he has been liquidating his debts at a rate that his creditors find soothing.

Silver Gloves is fairly typical of a Rabkin penny-arcade piece. An up-to-date version of the standard prizefight machine, it is so designed that two customers with a nickel to spend between them can, by twiddling levers, manipulate two little mechanical men through a slugging match. In the old machines, the game goes on until a knockout blow to the chin is delivered, at which time the stricken fighter falls on his back and stays there until he is resuscitated by another nickel. In Mutoscope's variation, the game lasts just forty-five seconds,

but knockdowns are much easier to make, and each time a fighter is toppled he struggles back to his feet amid a furious clangor of gongs and the clack-clack of a scoring apparatus that keeps track of the knockdowns. Rabkin is an expert operator of all the machines he sells, and when he demonstrates Silver Gloves to a potential customer, he sportingly manages to have his man get knocked down seven or eight times in the forty-five seconds, a remarkable sacrifice of the will to win in the interest of sales as well as a consummate exhibition of sheer craftsmanship.

Rabkin started his career as a machinist, and, in Mutoscope, machinery is still his principal interest, rather than such aspects of the business as bookkeeping and sales promotion. He feels responsible for all the details of design and construction of all his coin machines, and the majority of the fifty-odd patents Mutoscope owns cover inventions that are his. To meet competition, a modern amusement machine must be such an intricate conglomeration of flashing lights, ringing bells, revolving cams, fast action, lurid backgrounds, electric circuits, shafts, rods, pistons, scoring mechanisms, and coin receptacles that developing a new one calls for a rare mixture of creative imagination and technical ability. Mutoscope maintains an experimen-

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EPITHALAMIUM

On this October morning I
Sit in the sun to write you this:
My wishes sear across the sky
And would forever now dismiss
All clouds of error where they fly,
Carrying messages of bliss.

May the voyage on which you verge
Be kind and pleasing to you both;
May your happinesses merge
East and West and North and South,
The example of your laughter purge
A world that diets on an oath.

Today, the October sun shines down
On those together and those apart,
On those who smile and those who frown,
Those who finish and those who start;
You in the country or you in the town
Can bask in the sunshine of the heart.

Let all the phases of the moon embrace
The lovers with their lingering light,
And where it shines, let every place
Know of their happiness and delight,
And let the calm stars always grace
Their opening morning and their closing night.

—RUTHVEN TODD

• •

tal department, in which four or five engineers and a half-dozen machinists, under oath not to reveal what they are up to, labor behind locked doors on ideas for new machines. All that Rabkin will say about the activities there right now is that the boys are designing a machine to be called Radar Rocket or, alternatively, A Trip to the Moon, and that it is bound to be a moneymaker.

"*It may be an apple green, but it certainly isn't a* pleasant *apple green.*"

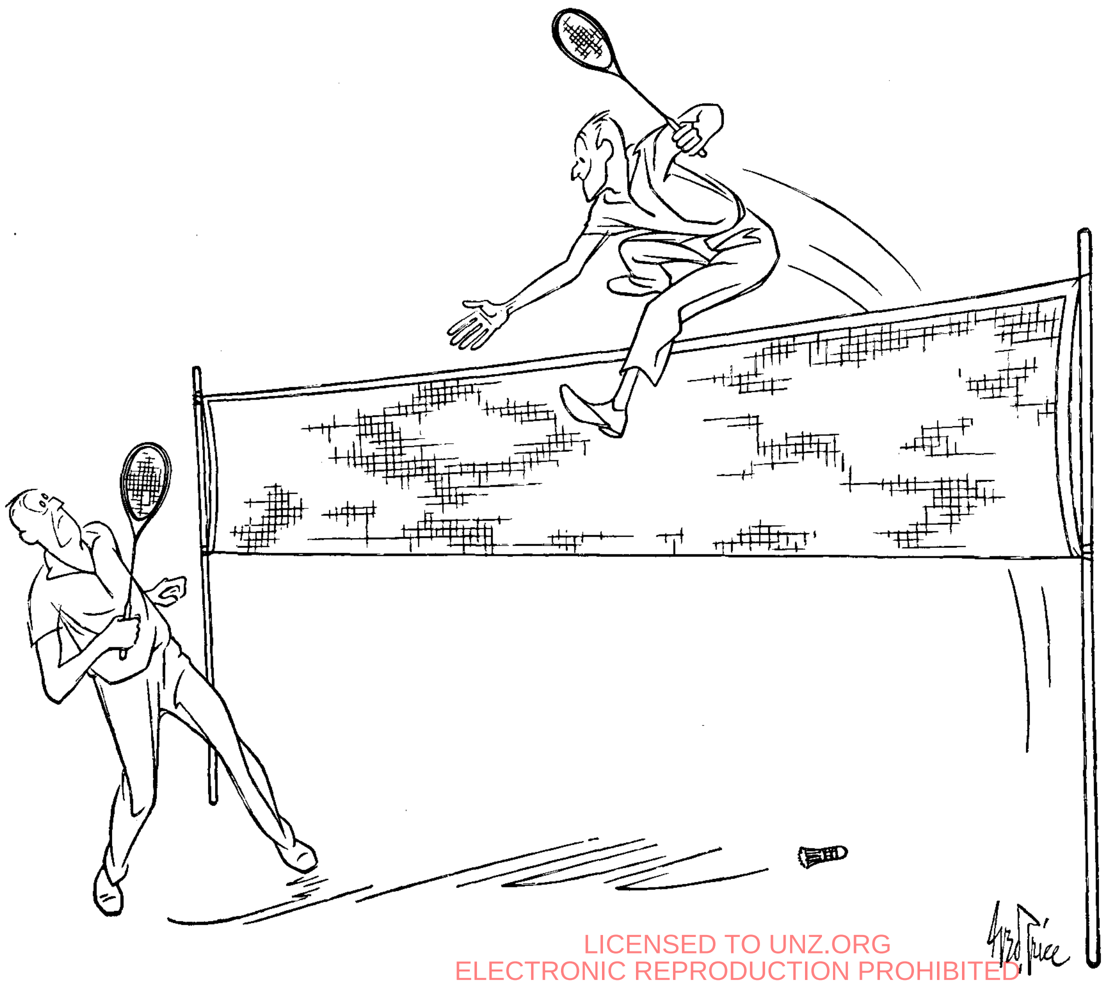
• •

WHEN Rabkin falls into a reminiscent mood, as he sometimes does after a fruitful day among his coin machines, he is likely to remark that he owes a good deal more to the educational advantages afforded by the town of his birth than do most Europeans who came to this country as youngsters around the time he did. The oldest of six children, he was born fifty-four years ago in Bobruisk, a city of forty thousand, near Minsk, in what was then White Russia. His father was a moderately successful wholesaler of farm produce, a line of business in which the boy, who was happiest when tinkering with the machinery in an uncle's sawmill, was not especially interested. When he was twelve, William, or Welvel, as Rabkin was called until the immigration authorities in New York chose to fill out his papers with a name they considered a name, entered a trade school in Bobruisk. He took a machinist's course and set about learning his trade the German, or hard, way. His recollection of this course is understandably vivid. On the first day, he was given a chunk of steel and a couple of files and told to file it square. This took a month—four hours a day, five days a week. Next, he was given a hammer and cold chisel and told to cut parallel grooves in the block. This took a week, at the end of which Rabkin's thumb was bloody from misaimed hammer blows. Then it was the file again, and then the chisel, and so it went for three months. "At the end of that time," says Rabkin, "I felt on fairly familiar terms with a file and chisel."

Rabkin spent three years in the school, gradually working up from files and chisels to lathes, shapers, milling machines, and drill presses, and studying English on the side. Meanwhile, a warehouse fire had bankrupted his father, who had then departed for New York, planning to send for his wife and children as soon as he had the money. After several years, in 1909, the hoped-for word arrived, and the family said goodbye to Bobruisk. Arriving here, they found that the father had a job as a presser in a garment factory and that he had rented what his friends considered a rather stylish cold-water flat at Tenth Street and Avenue B, facing Tompkins Square, one of the old lower East Side's few patches of greenery. A week or two later, the father was delighted to discover a plumber who was willing to take William on as an apprentice at the standard salary, under the circumstances, of nothing a week. This job lasted only briefly. It ended one Saturday afternoon, when Rabkin's boss became so pleased with his helper's progress that he offered him fifty cents for his week's work. "If he'd kept on giving me nothing, I'd probably be a plumber right this minute," Rabkin says. "Or if he'd given me a dollar. But fifty cents hurt my feelings." Rabkin's second job was as an electrician's helper and was a distinct improvement. He got a dollar a week to start and was earning three dollars a week when he quit, five months later, in another outbreak of moral indignation. This time, he couldn't tolerate his boss's habit of making his customers think that everything they asked him to do was more complicated, and therefore more expensive, than it actually was, an American folkway Rabkin still deplores. His third job landed him where he really wanted to be. It was in a machine shop, among the lathes and drill presses that have long been a mark of Centre Street. He began to take a more cheerful view of the world, and when he presently moved on again, it was only to another machine shop on Centre Street, which paid more. He was there three or four years, and then he and a partner opened their own machine shop, on Broome Street. In 1920, they quarrelled and Rabkin sold out. He started looking around for another business involving machines. What he found was Mutoscope.

THE history of Mutoscope goes back almost to the beginning of the motion-picture business, of which it is an offshoot. The company, first known as the K.M.C.D. Syndicate, was founded at Canastota, New York, near Syracuse, in 1895, by a young inventor named William Kennedy Laurie Dickson, together with three associates. Dickson had just left the employ of Thomas Edi who six years earlier had invented the motion-picture camera, which he called the Kinetograph. Edison was now putting on the market a peepshow contrivance, called the Kinetoscope, for exhibiting the pictures he made with it. A spectator peering into a Kinetoscope would push a button, and a fifty-foot strip of film would pass between a light and a rapidly revolving shutter and thus produce a small and very flickering motion picture. Dickson discovered that he could improve on the effect by printing, in sequence, the photographs constituting a strip of motion-picture film on cards, and attaching the bottom of the cards to a small drum. When the drum, or reel, as it was called, was revolved, the cards were riffled, and looking at the set of pictures gave the illusion of motion. Dickson named the device the Mutoscope, and he at once found himself in difficulty with it, for Edison, not surprisingly, declined to share his films with a would-be rival firm. Dickson and his colleagues were obliged, therefore, to invent the motion-picture camera all over again. This was a great deal easier for them than it would have been for a group of men that didn't include Dickson, since, as a result of his experience in the Edison laboratories, he knew all the things that couldn't be done because they were technically impossible, as well as all the things that couldn't be done without infringing on the Edison patents. Within a few months, K.M.C.D. produced the Mutograph, a camera that weighed a ton and was, as someone has since remarked, "as unlike the Edison machine as ingenuity could make it." Changing its name to the American Mutoscope Company, the syndicate lent Mutoscopes to penny arcades and provided reels of pictures at a daily rental of five cents apiece. The Mutoscope justified its sponsors' faith in it, and before long the Kinetoscope had been all but driven out of business. Dickson's backers had planned to keep the standard of Mutoscope productions on a high cultural level (Joseph Jefferson was a stockholder in the company, and among the early reels were several of the actor doing bits from "Rip Van Winkle"), but it soon became apparent that what the peepshow clientele was really interested in was excitement—sports, slapstick, gunplay, and, most especially, items with titles like "Girl Climbing Apple Tree." The pattern for the industry was set there and then, and through the years it has not varied much.

K.M.C.D. followed up its triumphant Mutoscope with the Biograph, a machine that projected moving pictures on a screen. This was even more successful, so successful, in fact, that Mutoscope soon was little more than a sideline, and at about the start of the century the firm's name was again changed, this time to American Mutoscope and Biograph Company. American Biograph (people quickly forgot all about the Mutoscope end of the business) almost at once began to show a preference for film-making rather than camera manufacture, and before long became the most enterprising of the pioneer motion-picture organizations. It made Mary Pickford and the Gish sisters famous, it sheltered D. W. Griffith in his early years, and it started motion pictures on the way to becoming a major industry. As Biographs flourished, Mutoscopes kept on declining. In 1906, in the interest of economy, the company switched from the Mutograph, which required a wide, costly film, to a camera of Edison make and discontinued the manufacture of Mutoscopes and the production of reels for them. Thousands of Mutoscopes remained in operation, but until Rabkin took over, fourteen years later, not one new reel was produced for the bemusement of the people all over the country who continued to peer hopefully into them. The company simply rented out its old reels and kept the machines in repair. Shortly before the United States entered the first World War, Biograph began to languish, and by 1920 the company was dormant. That was when Rabkin and another man scraped together ten thousand dollars and acquired Biograph's Mutoscope division.



RABKIN spent his first months as part owner of Mutoscope trying to figure out what to do with it. He knew nothing about show business and here he was in it, or at least on the fringes of it. His center of operations as an impresario was a Hoboken warehouse where Biograph had stored its equipment. The partner soon grew restless, and Rabkin, borrowing again, bought him out. His initial decision as a businessman was to try to sell Mutoscopes to operators, not just lend them. He

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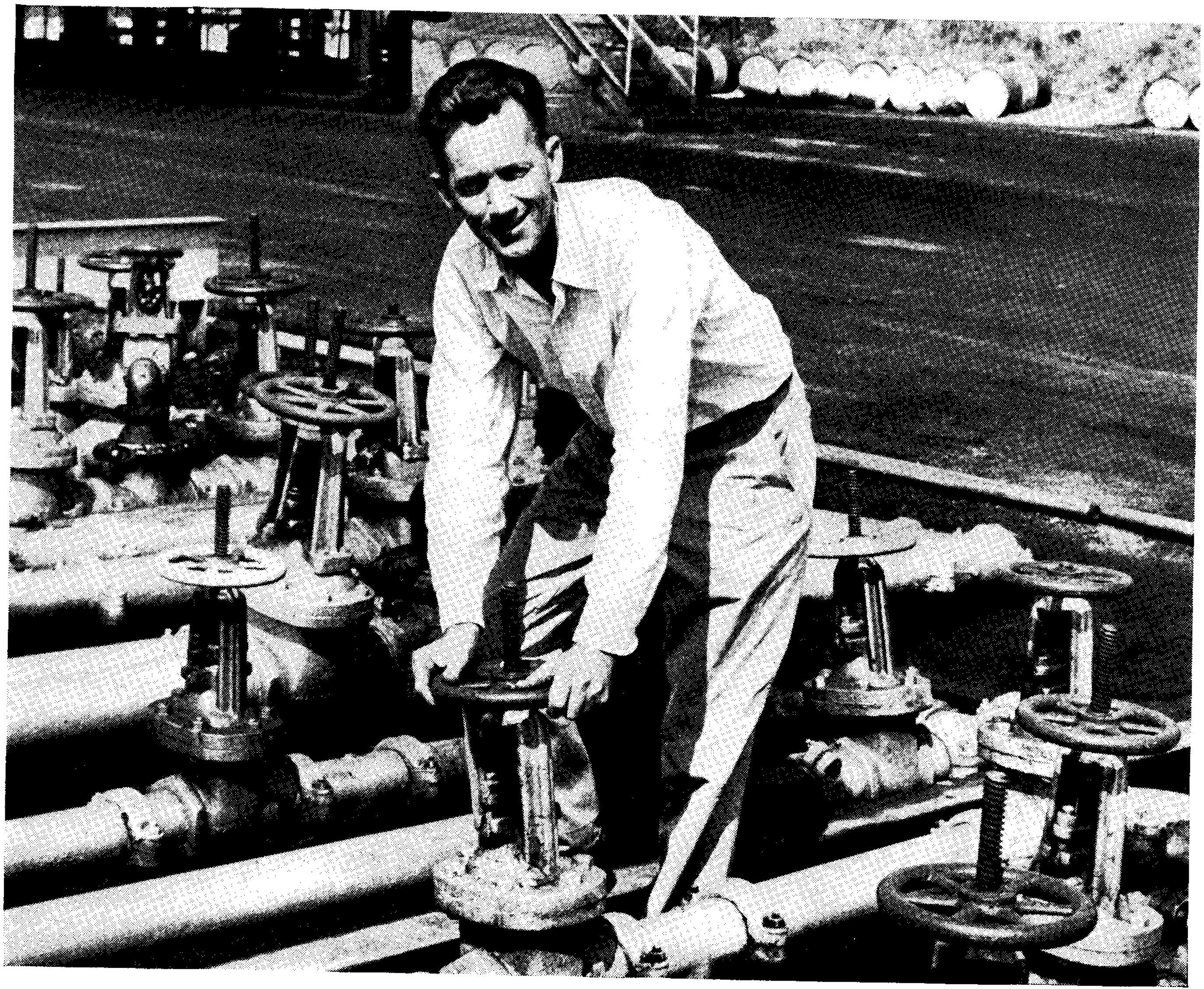
moved the moribund firm to Manhattan, hired a secretary named Grace Baron, and began to make Mutoscopes. There was nothing wrong with them as Mutoscopes, but there wasn't much of a market for them, because arcade operators didn't like the idea of paying for them and the only pictures Rabkin could supply were very old. He resolved to make some pictures, and in 1924, a momentous year for him, moved the business back to Jersey, to a big building in Union City, attractively situated between a cemetery and a crematorium. He rented the place only after the owner had agreed to let him cut a hole in the roof to provide a skylight to illuminate the film studio he was planning. Rabkin thinks that it cost him something like twenty thousand dollars to make his first reel and he knows for a certainty that, whatever the sum, he was able to put up very little of it himself. He prepared for the task by studying a batch of catalogues that Mutoscope had compiled in the nineties. His first presentation, true to the "Girl Climbing Apple Tree" tradition, was called "Artists and Models." It portrayed an artist experiencing intense aesthetic pleasure when a nude he has just painted comes to life and does a cooch dance for him. Rabkin still blushes when he thinks of it. Upon completing this film, Rabkin made a farsighted move. To avoid any possible police action against his offerings on the ground of indecency, he got in touch with John S. Sumner, then, as now, New York's big anti-vice man, and asked if he would be kind enough to pass on all Mutoscope releases before they were made available to the public. Unaccustomed to having his opinion sought in such circumstances, Sumner was delighted. Mutoscope's pictures have never run into trouble with the law, although about a third of them are of the supposedly racy variety.

Between 1924, when Rabkin actually got into production, and 1933, he turned out about five hundred reels. He hasn't made any at all since 1933. Some eight hundred titles are presented in Mutoscope's catalogue, and he feels that is sufficient. The reels are classified by subject matter in a dozen categories, the largest of which is headed "Spicy Picture Section" and contains nearly three hundred entries, all of them, like "Artists and Models," Rabkin productions. The next largest is the "Comic Section," in which about [illegible] listed. The others, many of them made from sequences bought from motion-picture and newsreel companies, include "Westerns" ("Ten Seconds in a Bar Room!," "Desperadoes of Red Gulch!"); "Sports" ("Firpo Puts Dempsey Thru Ropes," "Ali Baba Runs Amuck"); "Drama" ("The Stolen Locomotive, a Railroad Thriller," "Tarzan to the Rescue"); "Educational" ("Human Flies Climb N.Y. Skyscrapers," "How to Make Money"); "Scenic" ("Coney Island, New York," "Egypt, Land of Mystery"); "War" ("At Château-Thierry"); and "Hi-Lights" ("Lindbergh's Reception in New York," "Mountain Climbing in Switzerland," "Snake Eats Pigs"). There are still thousands of Mutoscopes in operation all over the world, and every year Rabkin makes a few more. The 1948 model has a streamlined red body—or console, as the trade calls it—instead of the bulbous silver one that was mounted on legs of ornamental wrought iron, and it sells for a hundred and fifty dollars, but otherwise it differs in no important respect from the original Canastota product.

RABKIN had barely settled down under his skylight in Union City when he heard that out on the West Coast the motion-picture industry was getting fed up with the sunshine that had attracted it to California ten years earlier. It seemed that artificial light was the coming thing for making motion pictures. Rabkin gazed up at the outmoded sun through the smoke from the crematorium and pondered on the large number of rainy days in Union City and the reluctance of the more attractive Manhattan burlesque queens, on whom he relied for his acting talent, to traipse way over to Jersey, even at ten dollars a trip. He decided to return to town, and accordingly rented space in a loft building on Forty-third Street near Eleventh Avenue. This proved to be a location satisfactory not only to burlesque queens but to chorus girls from the "Scandals" and "Vanities," and, in consequence, the artistic standards of his reels rose appreciably. He operated his studio at odd hours, mostly from midnight on, after his dramatic talent had finished their regular performances elsewhere. Mutoscope's picture-making was on a small scale, but it was highly workmanlike. Rabkin's staff consisted of a photographer named Joseph Ruttenberg, who has since achieved professional distinction in Hollywood; Miss Baron, who re-



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The reasons he now has all this go back over 30 years. At that time, this company set up a "good jobs policy" to work and plan by. It was based on the belief that people are the most important thing a business has—and that good jobs would get and hold good people. This policy has made history in industrial America.

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vealed an unsuspected literary talent in writing the scripts that the "Scandals" and "Vanities" girls enacted so winningly; a makeup man named Eddie Senz, who has since made a place for himself in the movies; two electricians; and two stagehands. Occasionally, Rabkin even had a director, although Ruttenberg was adept enough at putting the casts through their not too complex paces. A Mutoscope reel requires only fifty feet of film, but, true to Hollywood tradition, a couple of hundred feet were usually shot. Rabkin did his own cutting, with the help of Miss Baron and Ruttenberg, and also spent a lot of time on the road, calling on penny-arcade operators in the role of Mutoscope salesman and repairman.

The going was exceedingly hard the first five years after Rabkin acquired Mutoscope. Frequently, he did not have enough money to meet his modest payroll, which, in addition to his studio workers, consisted of only a couple of machinists and a mechanic or two. His trouble was—as it still is—that he had too much of his money tied up in his plant and inventory. Nevertheless, he appears to have earned a better reputation as a financial risk by being eternally short of cash than have many men who have never had to borrow a penny; whenever he has been in debt in the past, he has always managed to get out of it again. It wasn't until 1926, however, that he was able to abandon hand-to-mouth finance and to feel, with a reasonable degree of confidence, that his company had a future. In that year, the British discovered Mutoscope and became avid customers. Orders came in from England in such quantities that Rabkin had to work overtime equipping machines with coin slots large enough to accommodate the big British pennies.

The reception that the British gave Mutoscopes changed the course of Rabkin's private life as well as of his business. In 1927, he decided to go to England to inspect his new field of operations. He booked passage on the Mauretania, and when the ship put in at New York on the crossing prior to the one he was to make, he decided to go down to the pier to have a look at her. He invited Miss Baron to come along. She was enchanted by the vessel and said that she wished she were going to sail on it, too. Rabkin said that she had needed a vacation for some time and, then and there making up his mind about a matter he had been considering for quite a while, asked her to marry him. They spent a

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ing Mutoscopes. Mrs. Rabkin has since taken enough time off from Mutoscope to bear and raise three children, the oldest of whom is presently away at school, but she has never been able to separate herself from the business for long and is now secretary of the corporation. She has a desk in the Mutoscope offices and shows up there two or three times a week to write new predictions for fortune-telling cards, answer her husband's mail, and remind him of the first names and idiosyncrasies of the penny-arcade owners from all over the country who, during the off-season winter months, drop in on him for a chat, a drink, and a look at Mutoscope's latest offerings. Mrs. Rabkin also supervises the penny arcade at Playland, which she and her husband regard as an invaluable proving ground for machines still in the experimental stage.

The English windfall gave Rabkin the necessary confidence and capital to branch out. In 1926, just before his jaunt abroad, he had designed and produced the first all-Rabkin machine, the Shootoscope. It was a device in which the player loaded a penny into a pistol and fired it at a target. If the penny hit the bull's-eye, it fell into a chute that carried it back to the player. The Shootoscope, which the earnings from abroad helped to finance, flourished for years, and then, as so often happens, the public tired of it. Long before that, though, Rabkin had brought out Grandmother Predictions, another machine of his own invention. This consists of a waxwork bust of an old lady enclosed in a glass case, her head swathed in a bandanna and her shoulders wrapped in a shawl. Upon the insertion of a coin, wheels whir, Grandmother nods, heaves, gesticulates, and rolls her eyes, and the machine emits a card on which the patron's future, composed by Mrs. Rabkin, is predicted. In 1928, when Grandmother made her appearance, she was a trim and benevolent-looking old soul, but now, after twenty years in the penny arcades, she is usually a seedy, if not sinister, character.

The Shootoscope and Grandmother were as nothing, however, compared to the Electric Travelling Crane, or, as it soon became better known, the Digger, which Rabkin also invented in 1928. The idea of the Digger, one of the most brilliant inspirations in amusement-machine history, was a belated product of his apprentice days on Centre Street. His lunch-hour diversion down there was watching a steam shovel excavating to make the basement of the Municipal Building He noted not only how the

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shovel worked but the fact that hundreds of other people seemed to be as interested in it as he was. The machine he built fifteen years later, as a result of these observations, became almost as familiar a sight in public places as weighing machines and automatic cigarette dispensers. Its principal features are, of course, a glass-enclosed electric crane with a boom and a claw, whose movements can be controlled to a limited extent by turning a crank, and a chute down which the claw can drop whatever it picks up into the hands of the customer. Rabkin covered the floor of the case with a layer of sea shells and gravel, with the idea that the customers would find it entertaining to try to extricate the sea shells from the gravel. He sent a trial model out to Coney Island to see how the public liked it. The public, to his dismay, liked it hardly at all. Then someone—he thinks it may have been his wife—suggested that instead of sea shells and gravel he put candy in the case. That did it. It wasn't long before arcade operators had progressed to scattering wallets, compacts, and cigarette lighters on the candy and challenging the patrons to pick *them* up with the claw. The machine caught on so well that special arcades just for Digger fans were opened here and there. Aided by the depression, which broke down the prejudice of a lot of hotel owners against having amusement machines in their lobbies, the Digger was a huge success almost from the time it was invented until 1936, when the stigma of being a gambling device fell upon it and Rabkin stopped making it. Over twenty-five thousand Diggers, an enormous number for an arcade piece, were sold in the eight years the machine was on the market. In the post-Digger era, the Mutoscope company has been pushing its Photomatic and Voice-O-Graph, both old inventions improved by Rabkin and both based on a sound economic principle—that profit lies in the creation of a constant demand on the company for reorders. A Photomatic in a reasonably good location will be called upon to take about ten thousand pictures of customers a year. Mutoscope supplies the chemicals, paper, and frames needed to make these pictures to some three thousand Photomatics at an average annual net profit of about thirty dollars a machine, and does a comparable business servicing Voice-O-Graphs with recording discs.

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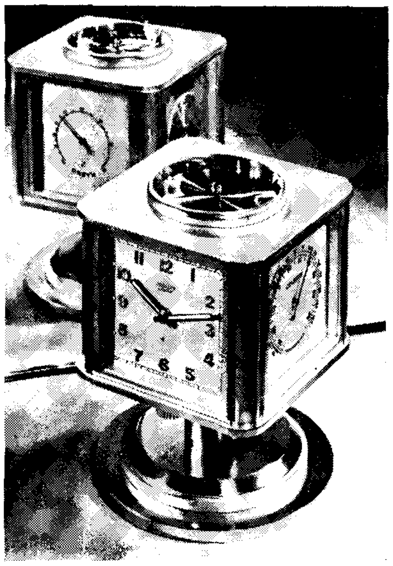

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through the Times Square region and other furlough centers until the end of the war. The company was working on plans for further bellicose games when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The manufacture of amusement machines was halted forthwith, and Rabkin soon found himself making parts for Grumman airplanes, instruments for tanks, and radar equipment. At the end of the war, Rabkin hastily came out with a machine called Atomic Bomber, but the public, evidently fed up with that sort of thing, showed little interest. He redesigned it, and it is now doing business as Fishing Well, one of the two successful numbers he put on the market last spring.

UNLESS smoking several fifty-cent cigars daily and being a member in good standing of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine are to be regarded as moral lapses, Rabkin's private life is every bit as virtuous as his business one. Weekdays, he arises at six-thirty and breakfasts at seven. Mutoscope's factory and offices are now in Long Island City, where they occupy a five-story building that covers almost a whole city block. Rabkin arrives there, in his Chrysler four-door sedan, at eight. He has a large, pine-panelled private office, guarded by a secretary, but he doesn't feel at home in it and prefers a desk in a cell right off a corridor, whose door, labelled "Export Department," he never closes. (When the export manager's duties were combined with those of the general sales manager a while back, Rabkin simply set up shop in the former's office.) After scanning his mail, which, owing to his interest in charities, is always very large and usually very dull, he takes a walk through the factory. Then he returns to his desk, removes his jacket, sticks a cigar in one side of his mouth, and settles down to work. He keeps his door open because he likes to see what is going on and because he wants to seem accessible to anyone in the office or the factory. His close associates wish he cared more for privacy; important conferences with the boss, they complain, are forever being interrupted by foremen who want to ask trivial questions, buyers who want to say hello, and advertising men who want him to approve layouts for *Billboard*, a journal that amusement-machine men find only slightly less inspirational than Holy Writ, and much more informative.

Rabkin generally stays at the factory until six or seven, and then, except on

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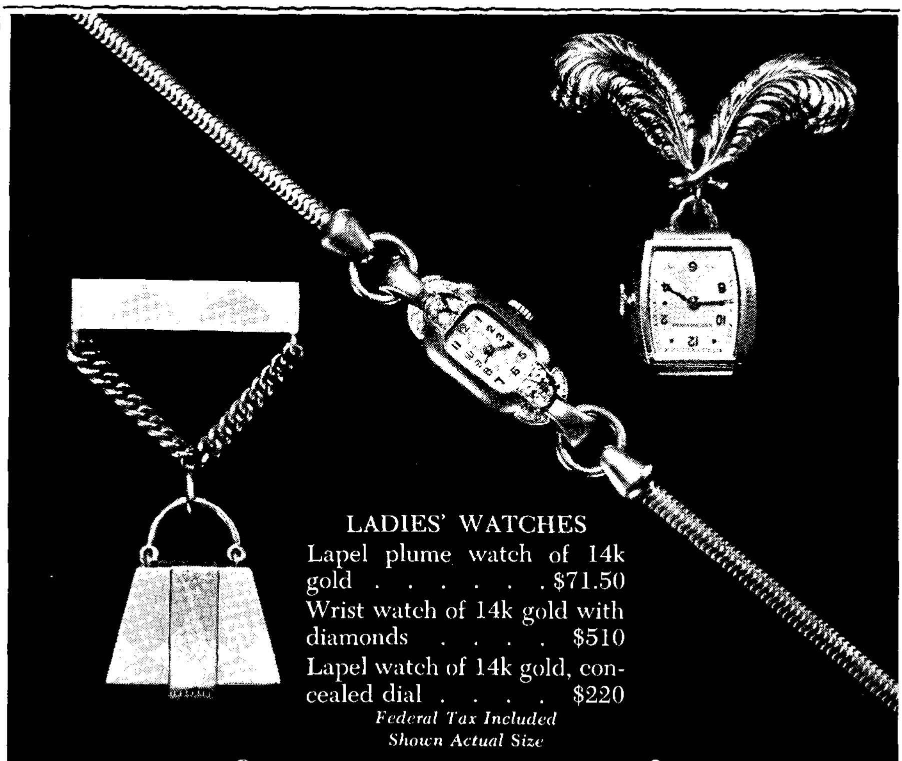

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Vendome	10.00
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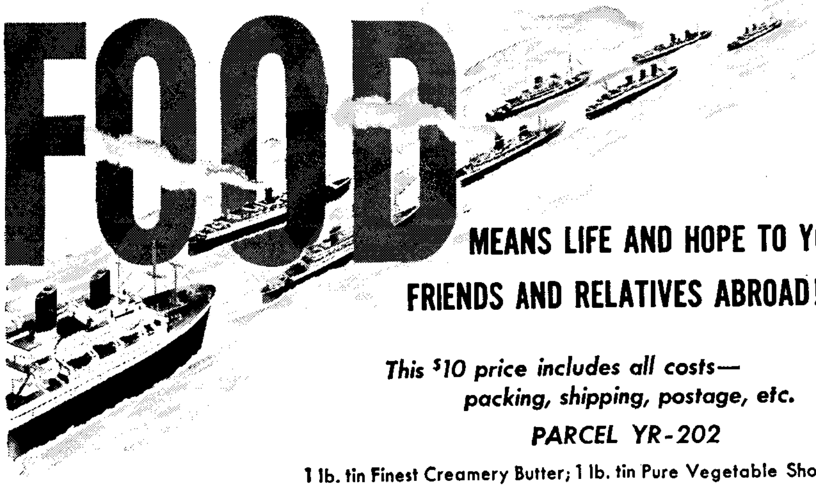

Thursday evenings during the opera season and Friday evenings, when the family usually indulges in an elaborate dinner, he plunges into an exhausting round of committee meetings, lodge meetings, money-raising meetings, and almost any other kind of meeting open to a man who wants to work for a cause. Rabkin has never got around to compiling a list of all his extracurricular activities, but a partial one shows that he is an organizer and president emeritus of the B'nai Brith Victory Lodge and a member of the board of directors of the B'nai Brith in District 1; a past master of the Golden Rule Masonic Lodge, a 32nd Degree Mason, and a Shriner; the associate treasurer of the American Technion Society for the Advancement of the Hebrew Institute of Technology in Haifa; the man in charge of raising money among representatives of the coin-machine industry in the metropolitan area for the United Jewish Appeal, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and the Damon Runyon Fund; a member of the Queens County Grand Jurors Association, the Grand Street Boys Association, the Advertising Club, the Sales Executives Club of New York, the Army Ordnance Association, the Economic Club of New York, the New York State and the Long Island City Chambers of Commerce, the Showmen's League, and the National Showmen's Association; a past president of the American Recreational Equipment Association, which is the engineering division of the National Association of Amusement Parks, Pools, and Beaches; and a member and former director of the Coin Machine Industries. Recently, a friend asked him to enumerate *all* the organizations to which he belongs. He refused. "You'll think I'm a joiner," he said.

By the time Rabkin gets home from his meetings, exchanges a few words with his wife, and reads a chapter or two of some serious contemporary work, it is one-thirty or two. He retires to his bedroom, frets a moment about his insomnia, winds and sets two alarm clocks, one of which he places by his bed and the other across the room, goes to bed, and falls asleep at once. It usually takes both clocks to wake him. He is always grateful for their clamor, for it means that another day is about to begin at Mutoscope. Only two other noises have ever sounded sweeter to him—the rasp of file on steel in the classroom at Bobruisk and the clanging of the bells on his amusement machines on a Saturday night in a penny arcade.

—Robert Rice

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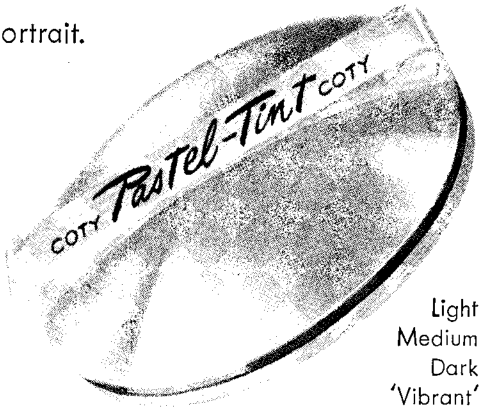

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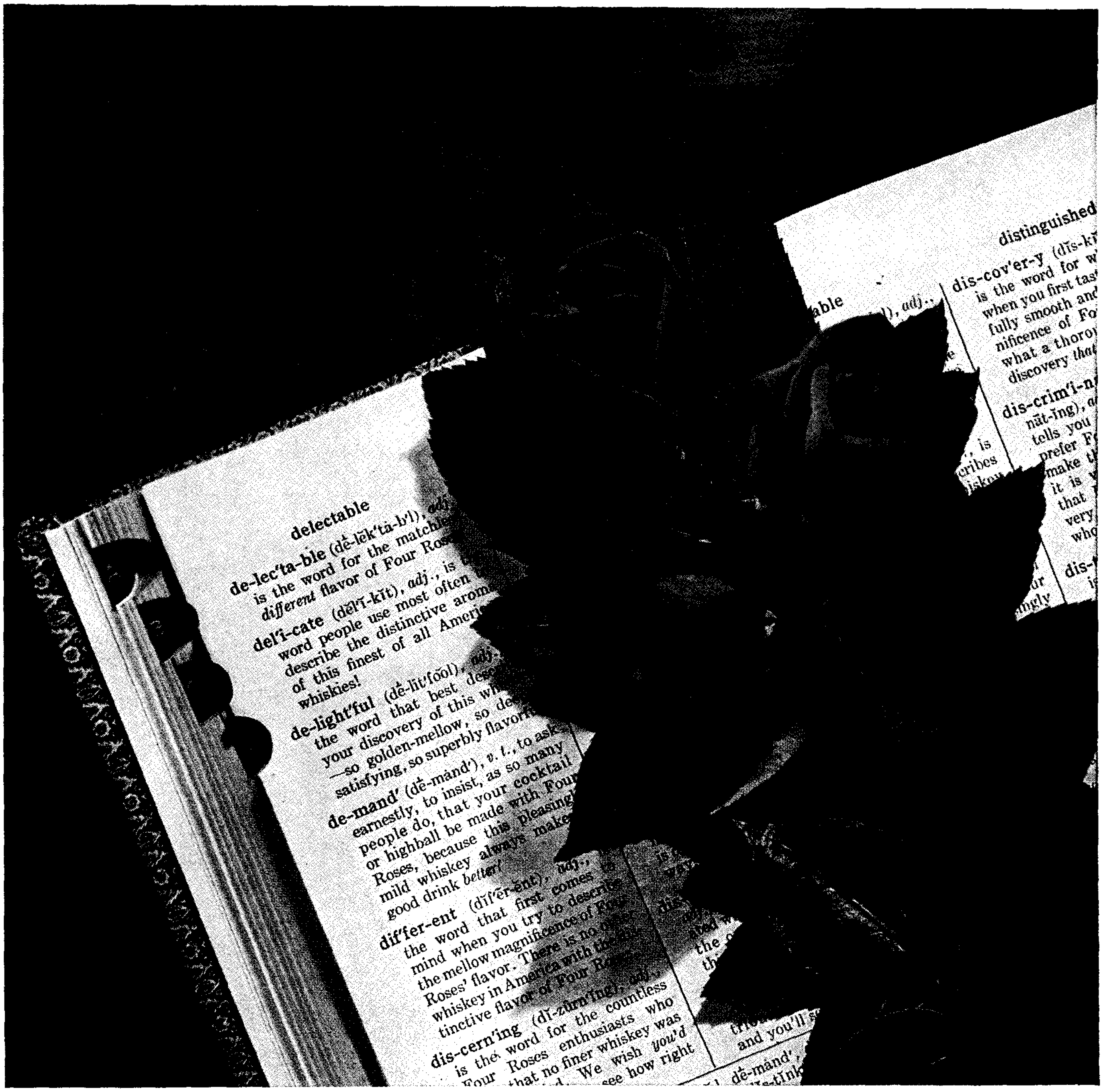

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del'i-cate (dĕl'ĭ-kĭt), adj., is t
word people use most often
describe the distinctive arom
of this finest of all Ameri
whiskies!

de-light'ful (dē-līt'fōōl), adj.,
the word that best des
your discovery of this wh
—so golden-mellow, so de
satisfying, so superbly flavor

de-mand' (dē-mȧnd'), v. t., to ask
earnestly, to insist, as so many
people do, that your cocktail
or highball be made with Four
Roses, because this pleasing
mild whiskey always make
good drink *better!*

dif'fer-ent (dĭf'ẽr-ĕnt), adj.,
the word that first comes to
mind when you try to descri
the mellow magnificence of Fo
Roses' flavor. There is no oth
whiskey in America with the d
tinctive flavor of Four Ro

dis-cern'ing (dĭ-zûrn'ĭng), adj.,
is the word for the countless
Four Roses enthusiasts who
that no finer whiskey was
We wish *you'd*
see how right

distinguished

dis-cov'er-y (dĭs-kŭ
is the word for w
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fully smooth and
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dis-crim'i-na
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dē-mȧnd'

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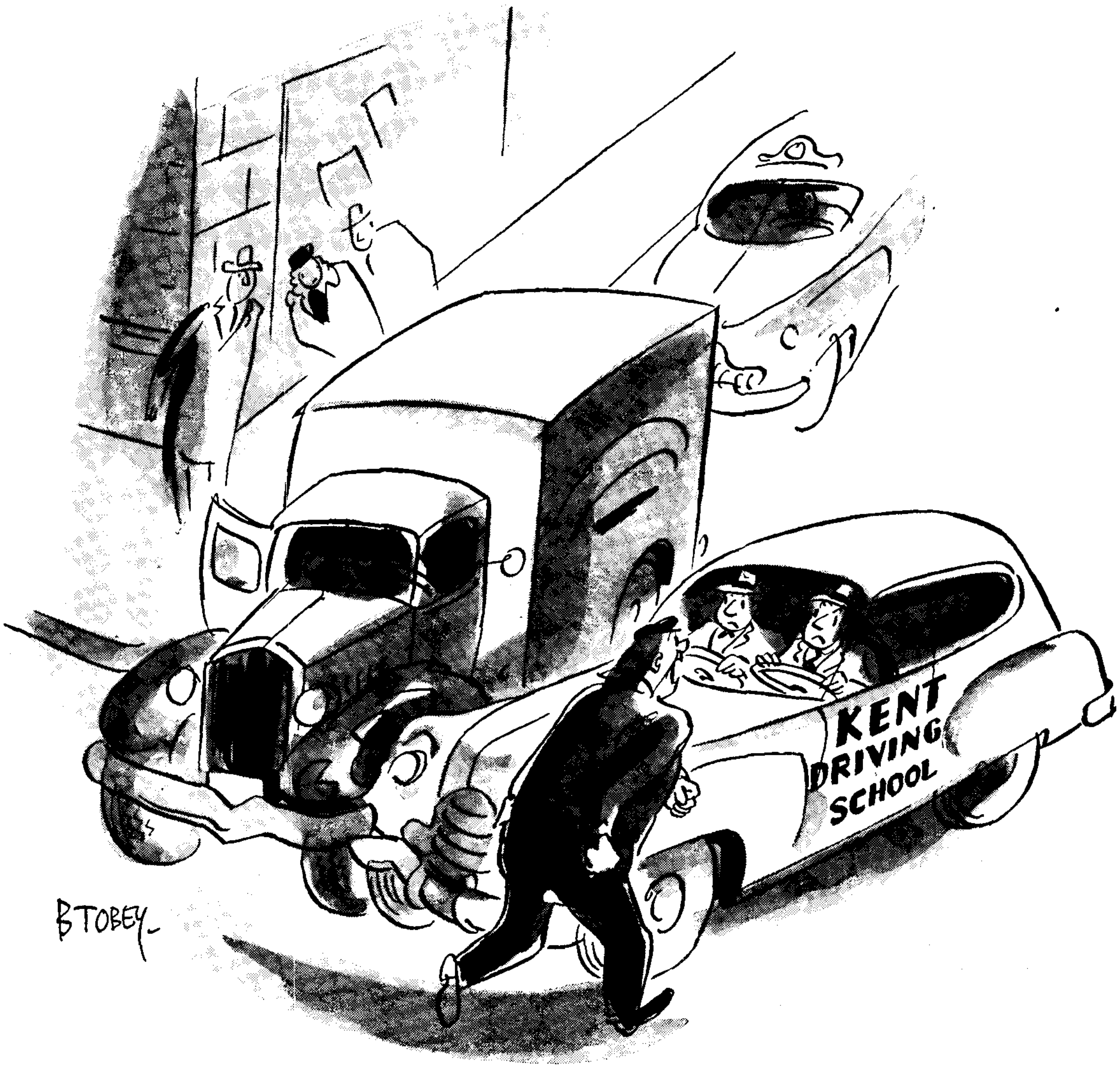
THE THEATRE

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR HAIR

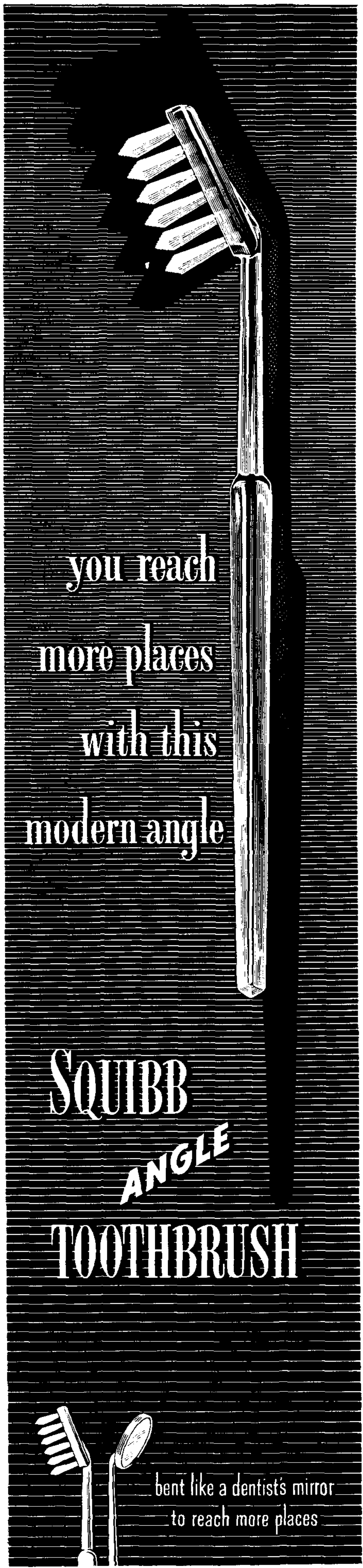
LIKE "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Summer and Smoke," by Tennessee Williams, is laid in the South; it has for its heroine a painfully refined young woman, more or less addled by sex; the conversation in it, at least that of its principal characters, is a rather literary extension of normal speech, frequently assisted by the strains of distant, supernatural music; and Jo Mielziner's scenery, using only a light, graceful framework to indicate walls, so that interiors and exteriors can be shown simultaneously, is remarkably picturesque and ingenious. The resemblance to Mr. Williams' other work ends abruptly right there.

In spite of its generally portentous air, the play that opened last week at the Music Box really has nothing especially interesting to say, and says it in a strangely cloudy and adolescent way, and at almost unendurable length. The girl in it, the daughter of a shadowy minister and his demented wife, is a moderately routine victim of sexual repression, given to imaginary heart attacks, little bleats of high-society laughter whenever her chastity seems menaced, and a good deal of talk about Gothic spires and other not too cryptic symbols. From earliest childhood, she has been in love with her next-door neighbor, a young doctor who drinks heavily and whose approach to sex is as direct as hers is spiritual. This man should be enough to discourage any sensitive girl, since he comments rudely on her accent, flippantly prescribes sleeping pills for her heart, gives her a terribly coarse lecture on anatomy, with the help of an illuminated and gruesomely detailed chart, and even suggests that she accompany him upstairs to bed in a species of bordello-and-gambling-hell. However, although she is alarmed by his goatish behavior, she is irresistibly fascinated by it, and when he seems about to marry his mistress, a big, noisy Mexican, she summons his father, who is off somewhere handling an epidemic, to come home and straighten things out. In the ensuing confusion, the old man is shot, and this tragedy so affects his son that he drops his evil ways, suppresses the epidemic himself so heroically that he wins a silver loving cup from the grateful survivors, and becomes in every sense a model citizen and a fairly imposing bore. The switch, or gimmick, on which the play is based is that by the time the hero has acquired his inhibitions, she has lost hers, so in the final act we find her celebrating the announcement of his engagement to somebody else by sloping off with a travelling salesman, unmistakably identified for the audience by a funny suit and a background of train whistles. The dialogue that accompanies this dubious story is almost a parody of that in both "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire," and I should say that it reaches its peak of poetic imagery when the unhappy heroine refers to the prescription figures on her box of sleeping pills as "God's telephone number," though an argument about whether the human body is stuffed with rose petals or baser materials is very arresting, too.

Margaret Phillips, who has the leading feminine role, is an appealing girl and obviously a sensible actress, and though she occasionally seems a little mystified by her lines and embarrassed by her maniacal giggling, she gives, on the whole, a quiet and extremely touching performance. The other principal, Tod Andrews, has an equally trying assignment, since he is asked for an al-



"All right! Who's the wise guy?"

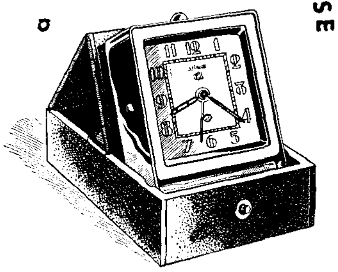


most impossible blending of alcoholism, lechery, tough conversation, and boyish charm, and he, too, I think, behaves with admirable restraint. The rest of the characters are either so vague or so rackingly peculiar that I don't feel equipped to comment on the actors who play them.

STRICTLY speaking, "Love Life," at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is a musical comedy, though it is archly described in the program as "A Vaudeville." Its plot, the work of Alan Jay Lerner, has to do with the history of a marriage that drags on for something like a century and a half, the principal characters, however, persistently remaining the same age, like Mutt and Jeff. Because of industrial changes and natural exhaustion, they begin to get on one another's nerves, at least after the first sixty-six years, and their sempiternal bickering is the main theme of the evening. It is a singularly melancholy inspiration, and we will deal with it as briefly as possible.

In the beginning, in 1791, the protagonists, whose names are Sam and Susan, are conducting a furniture store in a small New England town. They are deeply in love; they have two children, also immune to time; and altogether it is an idyllic scene. By 1821, however, the solitary craftsman has succumbed to mass production, and Sam is obliged to go to work in a factory. He is not happy there, and very soon, in 1857, he turns to railroading, a career that occupies him until 1890 or thereabouts, when he becomes a real-estate salesman, sticking to that until 1920, or the end of Act I. During this period, his domestic situation has deteriorated noticeably, what with his wife's enthusiasm for woman suffrage, his apathy in the bedroom, and, finally, their joint capitulation to the hysteria of the Jazz Age. Act II is laid in the present and shows the total disintegration of their marriage, brought on, apparently, by the fact that Susan now has a career of her own and just wants to put her feet up and listen to the radio when she gets home at night. They are divorced, or, since my mind seems to have wandered a little at this point, perhaps just separated, and it requires all Mr. Lerner's ingenuity to bring them together again for the big finale.

It is unfortunate that "Love Life" is afflicted with such an oppressive book, because otherwise there are some quite satisfactory things about it. Kurt Weill's score offers nothing remotely approaching his "September Song," though



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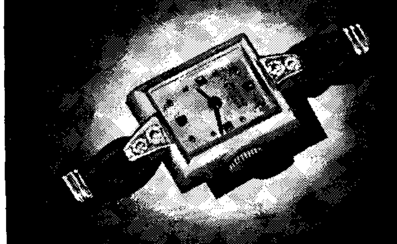

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"Green-Up Time" is an unusually pretty tune, but it is still far more interesting and original than most of the derivations that pass for music these days, and Mr. Lerner has supplemented it with a lot of pleasantly adroit lyrics, especially those in a very funny number called "Economics." Nanette Fabray, who has a more finished comedy style and a better voice than many more celebrated ladies in her trade, is in fine form whenever she is allowed to ignore the plot, and Ray Middleton, though certainly not as happy here as he was in "Annie Get Your Gun," is still both imposing and melodious. Since practically all the scenes focus on these two, the rest of the cast haven't much chance to display their talents, but I remember liking the Negro quartet that sang "Economics," a self-possessed child who played Miss Fabray's son and danced with her in a wonderfully stately fashion, and, for bestial reasons of my own, Holly Harris and Carolyn Maye, a couple of singers, on whom Lucinda Ballard, all of whose costumes are nice, has done a really spectacular job. Incidentally, ballet, which has been responsible for a good share of the suffering in my life, comes up with its crowning lunacy in something I take to be a sociological study of divorce. Earlier in the evening, I thought we had hit bottom when the ladies of the chorus went prancing around in long woollen underwear, but I was mistaken. "Punch and Judy Get a Divorce" made that look like high art.

WHEN Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence appeared in his "Private Lives," some seventeen years ago, it could reasonably be described as a romantic comedy, since its versatile stars managed to suggest a strong, if wayward, attachment for one another in spite of their generally malignant behavior. In the current revival at the Plymouth, however, there are almost no traces of tender sentiment. While it is true that Tallulah Bankhead often nestles in Donald Cook's arms, both horizontally and vertically, her air is always that of a canny prizefighter taking advantage of a clinch to rest up for further atrocities, and while they frequently converse in what would seem to be affectionate terms ("There isn't a particle of you, Amanda, that I don't know, remember, and want"), the punctuation of these remarks with hoarse, derisive laughter and irrelevant gymnastics on Miss Bankhead's part doesn't do much to sustain the illusion of passion. Even Mr. Coward's notorious wit seems

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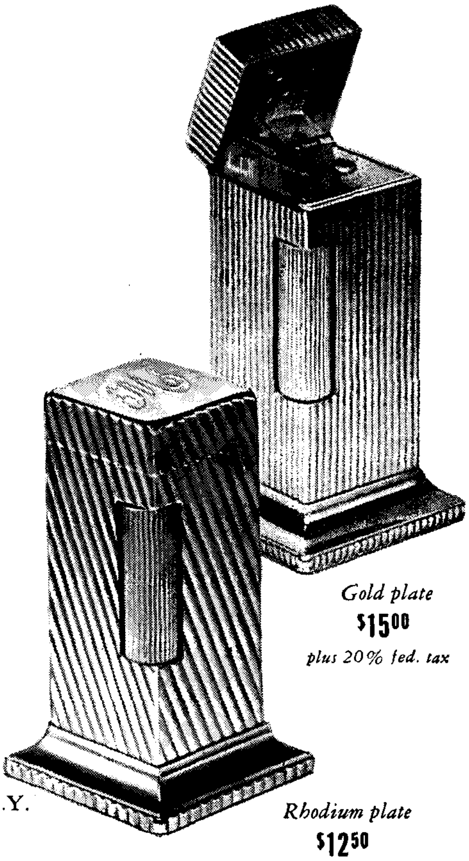

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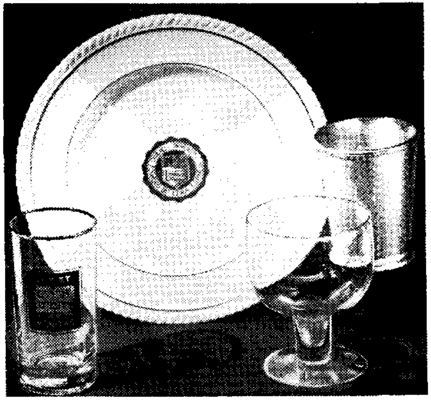

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2. Mint Julep cup—a reproduction of one owned by Patrick Henry—in heavy Silver Plate. Beaded rim and foot. Height 4½ ins.; holds 15 ozs. Frosts perfectly. Each **$8.00**. Also in heavy Sterling Silver, each **$27.50** (both tax included).

3. The new king-size, Hollow-Stem Beer Glass. Holds 16 ozs. of ice-cold, sparkling brew. Golden bubbles spray up from the depths of the hollow stem. Clear blown Crystal. 8 for **$12.00**; 12 for **$18.00**.

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a little blurred and diminished by the outrageous treatment it gets at the Plymouth. The text, as far as I can tell, is intact, but somehow the lines that used to kill audiences back in 1931 ("Certain women should be struck regularly, like gongs," and "It doesn't suit women to be promiscuous"—"It doesn't suit *men* for women to be promiscuous") don't really appear to amuse Miss Bankhead particularly, and she usually feels obliged to augment them with her personal charm, which is enormous, though peculiar.

As a man who had considered "Private Lives" a polite comedy and a good one, I was a bit disconcerted at first to find that its star was under the impression that it was vaudeville and that the best way to play it was to give what looked like a rather damaging impersonation of herself, perhaps as Sabina in "The Skin of Our Teeth." Nevertheless, her performance grew on me, and by the time she was roaring her way through the second act, I was helplessly fascinated, though not, I'm afraid, in precisely the way intended by Mr. Coward, who has seldom taken a worse beating. On the whole, I'm inclined to think that Miss Lawrence was a better—or, anyway, a more rational—Amanda but that Miss Bankhead is a funnier one, and also, in a sense, an acute critic of the author's talent, which she clearly demonstrated to be very delicately balanced on the edge of absurdity. Of Donald Cook's performance as Elyot, I can only say that I was reminded less of his predecessor in the part than of Edward Everett Horton, an accomplished comedian but not much of a hand at the humors of adultery. Barbara Baxley and William Langford, as the young couple who serve mainly to express Mr. Coward's low opinion of people unlike himself, are properly stuffy, and Therese Quadri, a veteran of the original company, is quite spirited as a Gallic maid. The evening, however, belongs almost exclusively to Miss Bankhead, who has never looked livelier.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?
(SMILING COMMENT DIVISION)

Will Harridge, president of the American League, when shown the pictures, only smiled and said:

"Officially he's safe."—*The Times, October 7th.*

Will Harridge, president of the American League, when shown the pictures, only smiled and said:

"Officially he's out."—*The Herald Tribune, same day, same pictures.*

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President, after calling Secretary Marshall back for discussions, dropped the idea of sending Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow for a talk with Stalin. He is relying instead on the time-honored American principle of letting George do it.

•

Vishinsky's solution for the problem of the Berlin blockade at least has the merit of simplicity. He wants the Security Council to pass a law that there isn't any blockade.

•

The Japanese Cabinet has fallen because of a financial scandal of the Teapot Dome type. Americans will not be deceived by this Oriental attempt to flatter us by imitation.

•

Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, has broken with Boss Crump and will cast a reluctant vote for Truman. On the other hand, the Chicago *Tribune* is plumping for Dewey with praise almost too faint for human ears.

•

The Census Bureau reveals that the population of the West Coast states is increasing faster than that of the rest of the nation. Ten million people now live in California, for reasons that they probably consider adequate.

•

The Australian government complains that a number of young women who held wartime United States Army jobs in the Pacific islands have been spirited away to this country. According to the Commonwealth's figures, we owe them twenty-three girls.

•

An architect says it will take a million dollars and half a year's work to put the shaky old White House in safe condition. There's a possibility that even when it's finished the place will be known as Uncle Tom's cabin.

•

Cornell University has demonstrated a giant radio telescope that enables us to hear what is going on in the universe. It may even be able to give us news from some world where the inhabitants are on good terms with themselves.

•

Many political observers would have us believe that both the Wallace party and the Dixiecrats are on the decline. They seem to think, however, that Mr. Truman will be defeated without this help. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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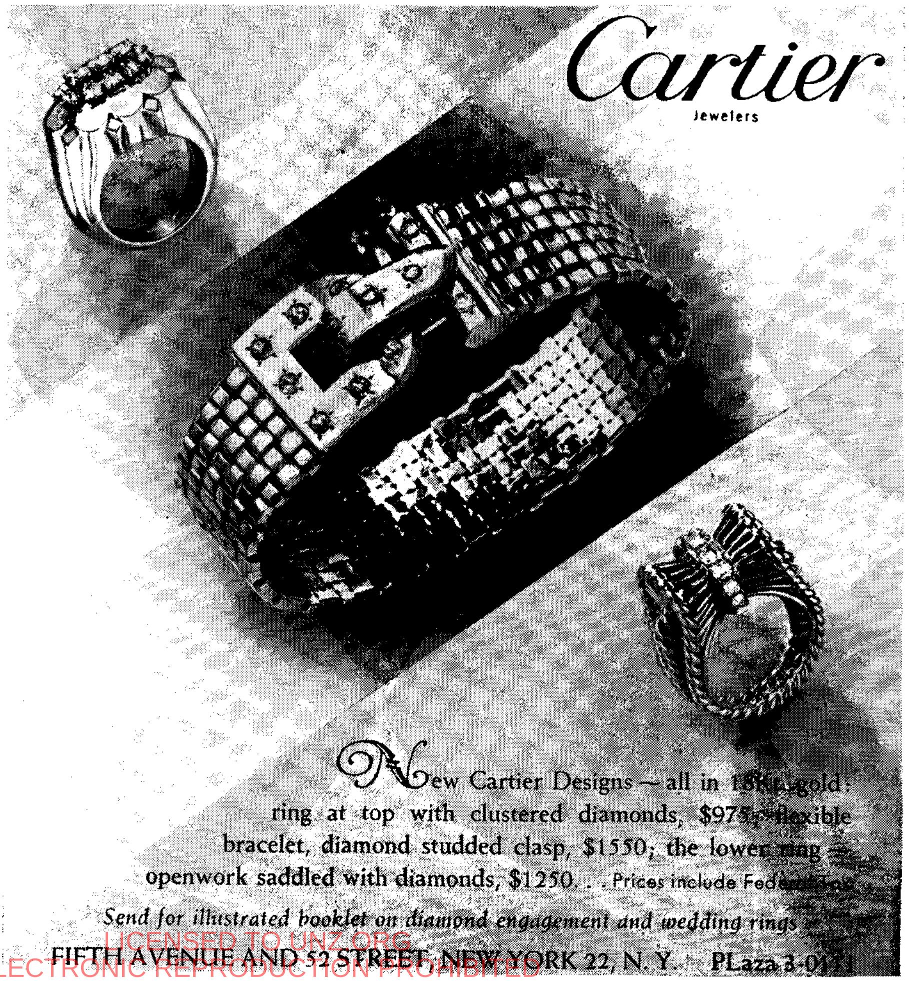

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YOU'RE ALL DEAD

IT was a hot day. The company had left Fort Jackson at 1300 and had been marching for more than an hour. The men straggled along, single file, on both sides of the road, walking at ease. After a time, the motion became automatic. Acting Corporal Weber felt as though he were moving in a dream, that the weight of his helmet, the pressure of the pack cutting into his shoulders, and the slung carbine were all part of him, like his arms or legs.

The road was almost deserted. When a car passed occasionally, the people inside stared curiously at the marching men, although the sight of soldiers this close to a large training camp could not have been unusual. "Boy, did you see that babe?" Private Sloan asked, staring after a sleek station wagon. "The blonde in the sun suit. Brother."

"Yeah," Private Wertz said. "And did you see the guy with her?"

"Sure," Sloan said.

"Well, think of him and take a good look at yourself. Stop worrying."

There was a murmur of laughter. Sloan, who had been overseas in the Quartermaster Corps and had transferred to the infantry after the war, said, "O.K. I've seen better and had better. France and Germany's crawling with babes who'd make her look sick."

"Sure," someone said. "You guys in the Quartermaster Corps over there really made out. We know."

"You're pretty smart," Sloan said.

"Come on, Sloan," someone else called. "Tell us how they busted you from sergeant."

Sloan set his lips. Weber glanced over at him and smiled slightly. The road now ran through a forest, which seemed dark and cool. Weber would have liked to lie down under a tree and fall asleep.

"Where in Christ's name are they taking us?" a private behind him grumbled. No one answered. "The war couldn't have been any worse than this," he said.

"No?" Sloan said. "You ought to take a look at Germany."

Someone else said, "Haven't you heard? They're marching us straight to Siberia. Right down this road. We're going to be a show of force. Impress the Russians."

The column left the road and plunged into the woods on the left, following a clearly defined path. As soon as everyone was in the woods, the company halted. "Take a break," Captain Barker shouted from the head of the column. Wearily, cursing and groaning, the men sank down. Lieutenant Howells, who had been at the rear, walked through the cluster of prostrate men. "Don't drink any of your water. You'll need it later on," he said. "Hold off on your water." He was young, just out of O.C.S., and still unsure of himself. His face was beaded with sweat.

When he got to the head of the column, he found Captain Barker sitting by himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, smoking a cigarette. Barker was twenty-eight, a Regular Army man who had served with the infantry in Europe and had held the temporary rank of major. "They all right?" Barker asked.

"Yes." Howells sat down beside him and lit a cigarette. "Hot," he said.

"Yeah," Barker said. He was a big man with a small, dark clipped mustache. He took off his helmet and ran his hand through his hair.

"Get another letter from Mary?" Howells asked.

"Yeah," Barker said.

"Why don't you marry her?"

"That's a good question," Barker said.

"You've got too much imagination." Howells looked at him. "For a Regular Army man, anyway."

Barker, a few nights before, in a bar in Louisville, when they were both a little drunk, had told Howells all about the third World War. They had started out talking about women. Howells had been telling Barker about his fiancée, back in Ohio, and Barker had told him about Mary, and somehow they had got onto the future.

"It frightens me," Barker had said, putting his glass down, leaning forward, resting one hand heavily on the table. "We'll be out of it. The soldiers, I mean. This is going to be the scientists' war."

Howells had met this familiar proposition with what they had told him at O.C.S. "There will always be infantry,

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to take the ground and hold it," he had quoted.

"Yeah?" Barker had looked down at his glass on the table. "That's what they tell us. They probably thought they'd always have the bow and arrow, too." He had stared intently at Howells. "I'll tell you what," he had said. "They don't believe it. Even I don't believe it."

"What?" Howells had asked.

"The third World War—what it's going to be like." He had described it quickly, his eyes glittering. First, the Bomb, then the breakdown of industrial centers and communication and transportation hubs. "That's the beginning, but only part of it," Barker had said. "Leaving out of consideration gas and new weapons, we'll still have famine, malnutrition, a population swept with disease. That'll really do the damage. Do you think they'll have any control over it? All the major cities in rubble?" He had spoken quickly and eagerly, with conviction. "It won't be the end of the world, but just about. Oh, there'll be survivors. We'll probably even win. But you know who it'll be? The élite—the top-flight generals and politicians and scientists. Not you. Not me. Not Mary and your fiancée. Just the élite."

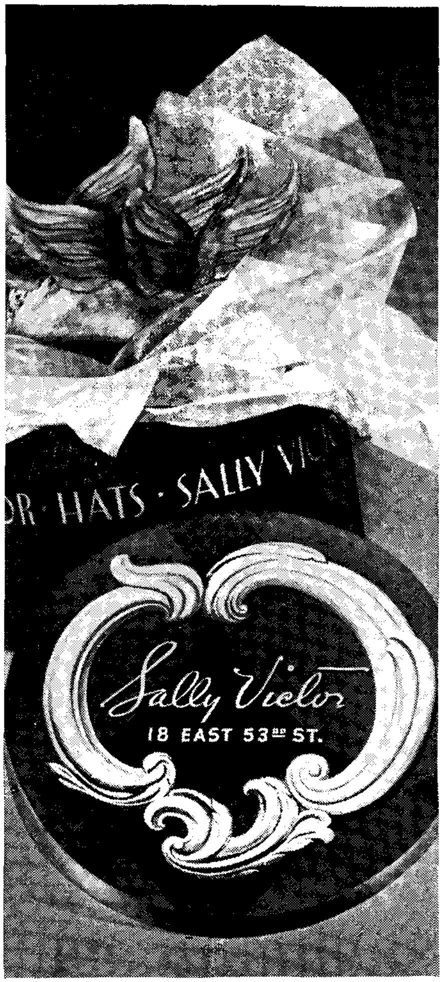
Barker had broken off, grinning crookedly, waiting for Howells to answer.

"It could happen," Howells had said, looking at him.

"Listen, don't tell me you believe it. Don't tell me anyone believes it." Barker had drained his glass. "Even I don't believe it. Intellectually, yes, but emotionally, down inside, no. We can't. We're not made that way. But then I think of when I was in Cologne. That must have seemed pretty fixed and solid, too, before the war. The Germans probably couldn't believe that anything like that could happen to them. It happens whether you believe it or not. And I feel so damn silly training kids for a war they'll never fight, for the last war—rifle, tank, and hand grenade. And I'm scared for Mary, scared to get married." He looked at Howells. "This may sound funny," he had said evenly, "but, you see, I *believe* in war." He reached out and grasped his empty glass. "Not the inevitability of another war, but that they happen. If you can understand that."

Howells had understood, or thought he had. But it wasn't anything to live with.

ACTING CORPORAL WEBER felt the cool moss with his fingers and stared up at the leaves and the huge,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twisted branches high above him. "Never saw a forest like this up North," he said.

Weber was twenty, still a kid—he thought so himself—shy and uncertain about a lot of things, even girls, or maybe especially girls. Sloan and he had become friends in a casual way. Sloan had invited him to go into town with him more than once. "I'll fix you up, kid," he had said. "She's got a friend. The four of us. Nothing to it." Weber had never gone.

Sloan had asked him again for the coming weekend, and he had not made an excuse yet. He thought about a girl, a slim, pretty girl, in the apartment Sloan had talked about. He licked his lips nervously and looked over at Sloan. He was lying on his back, his head propped up on his helmet, his eyes closed. Sloan knew all about women. Sloan had been around. In Weber's mind, the whole thing took shape—the girl, the apartment, Sloan going to one room with his girl . . .

"On your feet. On your feet," Lieutenant Howells shouted, walking back through the group of sprawling soldiers. "Let's go, men."

"Men!" someone said derisively.

In ten minutes they had become stiff, and when they staggered to their feet, their packs seemed heavier.

"Ten-yard interval." The word was passed back. "Keep it ten yards. Watch your interval." As the men began to march, Weber was impressed by the halfhearted imitations of soldiers all around him. No one could ever seriously expect them to fight. Beneath the helmet, his head was sweating. His fatigues were wet with perspiration, and he could feel a blister forming on his foot where his sock was wrinkled. Next to him, Sloan cursed monotonously.

After what seemed like a long time, the forest thinned and the column halted at the edge of a clearing. "Here we are," Sergeant Collins said.

"Well, where are we?" Wertz asked.

"Looks like an old artillery range to me," Collins said.

The men stood on a series of hillocks of a curious black sand, in which long, wiry grass and thin, starved-looking shrubs were growing. The remains of an old concrete emplacement of some sort stood in front of Weber, and a few hundred yards farther on he saw two more. The whole place was depressing.

"All right, men." Captain Barker gestured for them to close in around him. Lieutenant Howells joined him. "You can sit down," the Captain said. "Smoke if you want to." They sat

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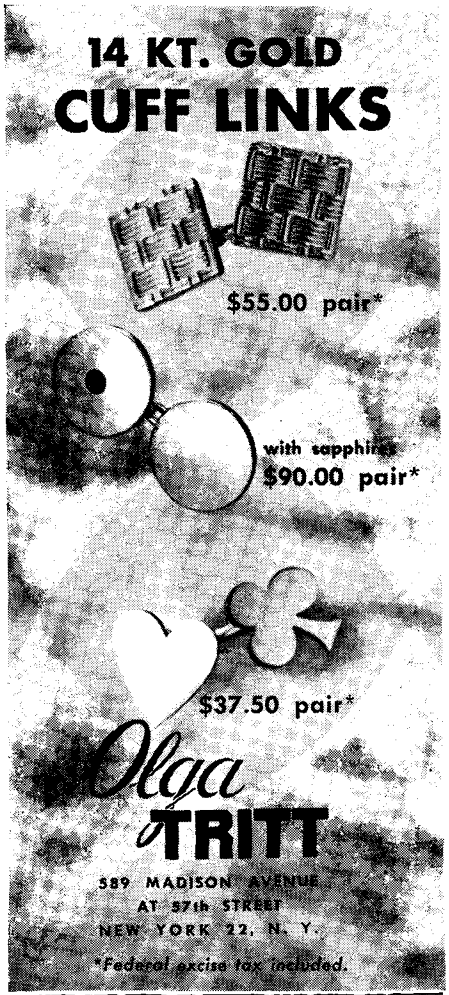
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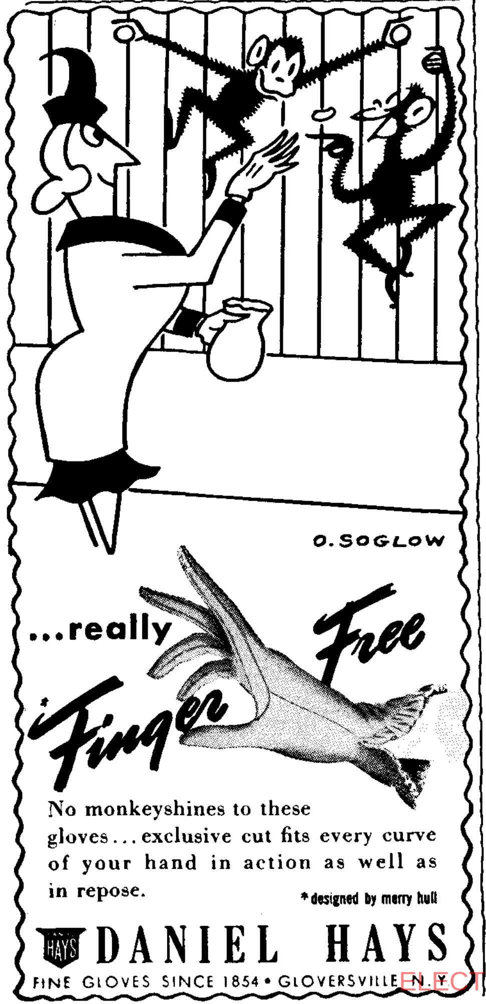

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down; some of them rested on one elbow, letting the ground take the weight of their packs.

"We're going to run through an infantry problem," Captain Barker said. "Not so long ago, men were doing this in earnest. A mistake then was generally fatal." He spoke in a hard, clear voice, trying to put a sense of urgency into his words.

"This is for your own good," he said. "Sometime, possibly in the very near future, *you* may be doing this under much the same conditions, facing a real enemy. We hope not." He waited for the laughter to subside. "Get everything you can out of it. Get over the idea that this is a picnic, that peacetime training is a joke."

Barker had said it often before; they had all heard it time and time again; but he could see that, as always, it made no impression.

"All right. We're going to split you into two groups. Lieutenant Howells will take one and I'll take the other. This embankment right here will represent the position to be defended. I'll take my men through the woods"—he pointed—"to a road about a mile and a half away." He glanced at his watch. "At fifteen hundred, the problem will start. I'll use my own method of attack, and Lieutenant Howells will devise his own defense. This will be largely a matter of infiltration and will give you a chance to use your knowledge of cover. You'll operate in small squads, under the charge of a noncom or of an acting noncom. If you make a mistake and someone draws a bead on you, you're dead. You'll know whether he would have got you or not. All the men who are killed will take off their helmets, so that they can be recognized, and report over there." He indicated a spot some distance away.

He looked around him. "All right, is that understood?"

The men shifted restlessly but no one spoke. The Lieutenant said something softly, and Captain Barker grinned.

"One other thing," he said. "My men will have their sleeves rolled up. Lieutenant Howells' contingent will leave their sleeves rolled down. In that way, there will be no danger of anyone shooting up his own side. And remember—this is a tactical maneuver strictly between friends. No close combat. You don't club one another with the butt of your rifle. Point it. Pull the trigger. If the trigger can't be heard, say 'Bang' or 'You're dead.'" Everyone laughed.

"All right, the first two platoons fall out here. The rest of you form up and

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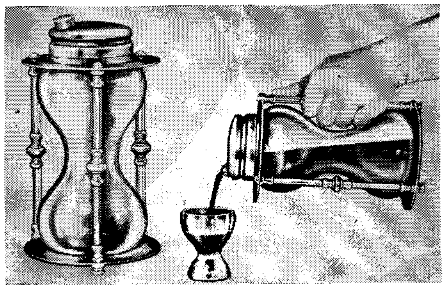

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follow me." He led the way toward the woods, the men behind him laughing and chattering.

"CLOSE in around the edges," Lieutenant Howells called. "Close in so that you can all hear me." The men coalesced into a half circle with the Lieutenant at the center. He removed his helmet and ran his fingers through his hair. "Let's get going," he said. "Noncoms and acting noncoms fall out over here."

Weber rose and joined the small group, aware of Sloan's smile.

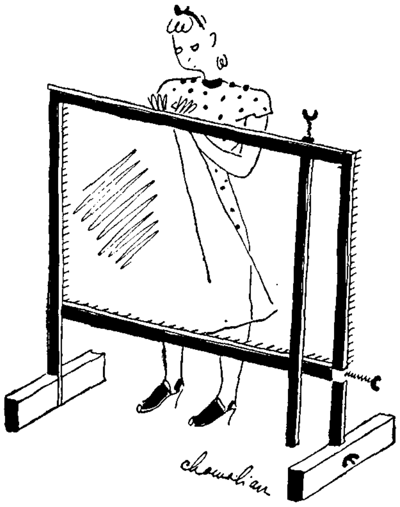
"We're supposed to have two machine guns as the backbone of our defense. We'll mount two rifles here, as if they were machine guns, with small crews to man them." He chose his machine-gun crews. "Noncom? You." He indicated Weber. "I'm going to leave ten men here as a reserve. I want you to take charge of them as well as the machine-gunners." He chose ten men.

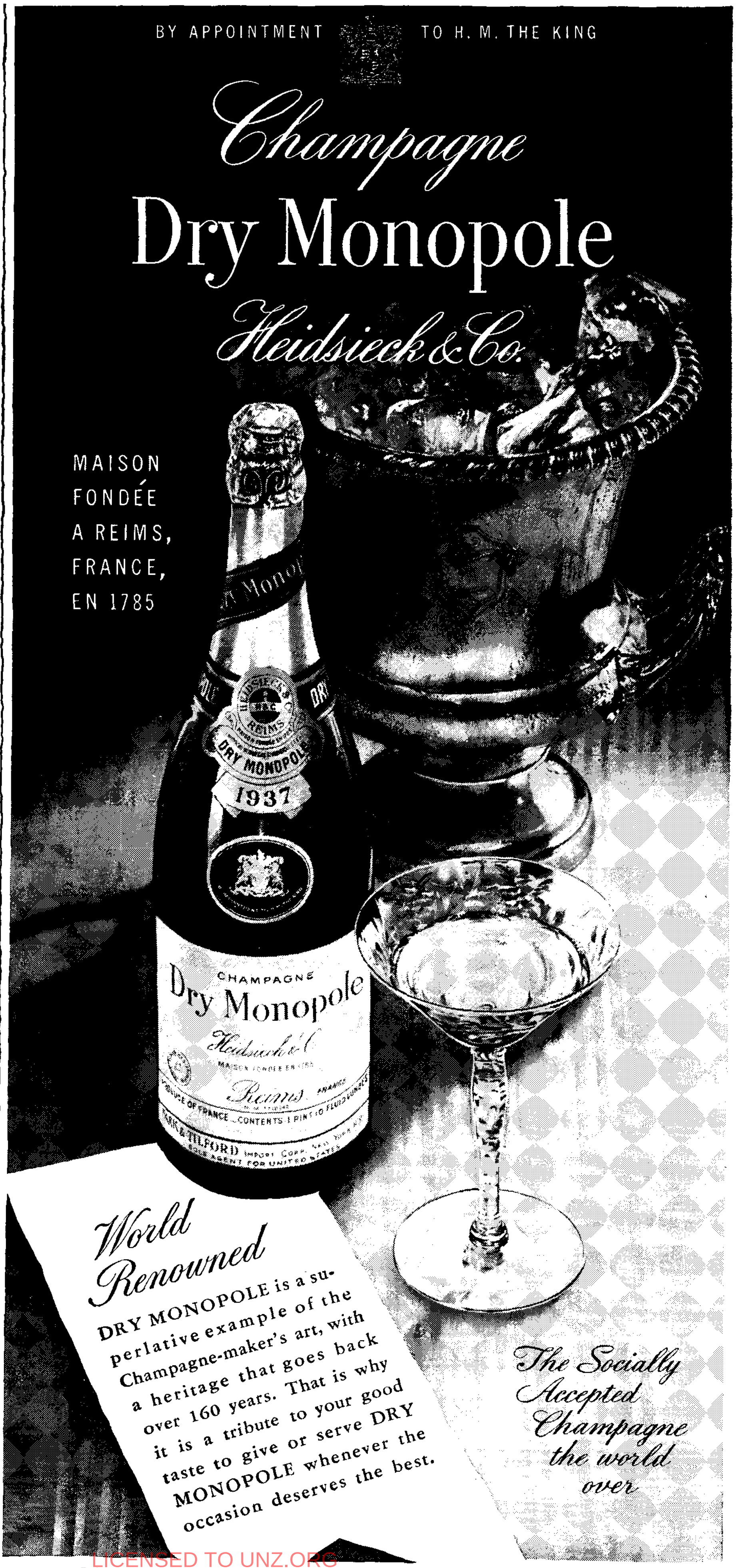
"Now sergeants. I want you to choose scouts. Get them about a hundred and fifty yards out in front of the main groups. Their job is to signal the approach of the enemy. They can warn you by tapping three times on the stock of their rifles—like this." He tapped his helmet three times. "Spread your men out. Take advantage of your cover. We'll meet the Captain's group about halfway to the road and fall back gradually, inflicting as many casualties as possible. My command post will be at the edge of the woods. Assign men as runners to keep me informed of what's going on."

Howells motioned to Weber. "Corporal, I'll signal you by lifting my hand when I want reserves sent. Two men at a time. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"When the reserve's gone, you'll have the machine guns. Now, the Captain's

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men will probably come one of two ways, or both. Around from the woods to our rear or from the right, over there. Keep a machine gun covering both approaches. If you see that they're only coming through at one point, move your other machine gun in support of the one covering that approach. Got it?"

Weber nodded.

"The rest of you men will eventually fall back to this point for a final defense. Remember, if you're killed, remove your helmet and report to where you've been told to. Are there any questions?"

"What time is it?" a sergeant asked.

"Fourteen-forty. Everybody have that?"

The men set their watches. "All right. Let's move out. Corporal, conceal your men as best you can around this ridge." Howells pointed to one of the low hills.

"Yes, sir," said Weber.

The men moved off, this time with a certain purposefulness, slightly tense, taking it all a little more seriously.

Weber surveyed his group. Sloan was one of the reserves. "Here's where we all win a Congressional Medal," Sloan said. "The Battle of Wood 197, or whatever it is."

Weber suddenly felt calm and self-confident. "Machine-gunners," he said. "You three, right here, cover the rear. You three, over there, cover the right. You reserves string out along the ridge and keep your heads down and out of sight."

After the machine-gunners had taken up positions, he moved along the ridge, numbering the reserves. "You're One. You're Two. . . ." When he had finished, he said, "I'll move you out by numbers when the Lieutenant signals. Don't start at the same time, and keep apart—keep low. You know what I mean." He looked toward the Lieutenant over at the edge of the woods. The Lieutenant waved.

WATCHING the scene, Weber was impressed by a sense of desolation; the black clearing was very quiet. The men about him lay still. Most of them had taken their helmets off.

Sloan was smoking a cigarette, and Weber wondered if he should make him put it out. He decided not to. It was only ten minutes to three. Weber was stretched out near the top of the hillock, where he could see the Lieutenant and, at the same time, all the men in the reserve. Time seemed to be passing very

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slowly. It was hot. He felt sweat trickle down his face.

"When does the war start?" Sloan asked.

"In a couple of minutes," Weber said.

A short time later, someone came out of the woods and spoke to the Lieutenant. He nodded, and the man disappeared back into the woods.

"Messenger."

"What?" Sloan asked.

"Messenger just talked to the Lieutenant."

"Oh. I guess it's started," Sloan said. Nothing seemed to have happened. "Peaceful war," he murmured.

"Put out that cigarette," Weber said.

"Why?"

"Put it out."

Sloan ground it out in the sand, grinning at him.

A small group of men came out of the edge of the wood, carrying their helmets.

"Here they come," Weber said.

"Who?"

"The casualties."

"Yeah?" Sloan crawled to the top of the ridge and looked over.

"Keep your head down," Weber said sharply.

The casualties sprawled on the ground. A few minutes passed and the Lieutenant raised his hand and gestured toward the right. "One and Two," Weber said. "Over toward the right."

One started, clutching his rifle at the ready, running in a half crouch. In a moment, Two followed. It looked like something out of the movies.

"Two gone," Sloan said.

"Yeah. You're next."

The Lieutenant was signalling again. "Three and Four follow One and Two."

Sloan started and came back. He had forgotten his helmet. "Damn," Weber said. He could imagine the Lieutenant cursing.

"Congressional Medal," Sloan grunted.

"Go on, go on," Weber barked.

Sloan disappeared.

Steadily the group of men who had emerged from the woods grew larger. The Lieutenant stood up. "All of them!" he shouted. He pointed toward the right.

"Everyone!" Weber said. "Woods on the right. Two men at a time." His voice sounded strange in his own ears. There was an air of urgency and desperate realism about the men racing across the open space before him.

Weber walked over to the machine-

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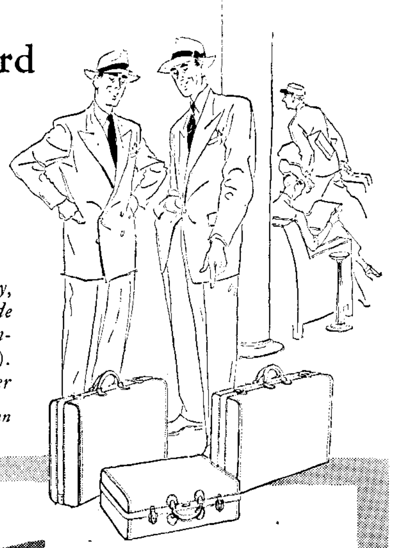

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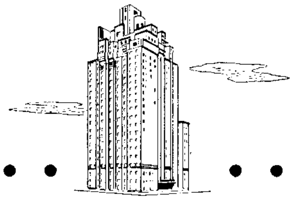
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gun crew on the right; the rifle that acted as a machine gun was pointed toward the menacing woods. "They'll probably come from your direction. Remember, don't fire until all of our men are out of the way. They'll fall back in front of you."

The other machine-gun crew was aware of the situation. "You want us to move?"

"No. Not yet."

With a start, Weber realized that more than an hour had passed. Most of the company seemed to be casualties. Now, quite clearly, from the right, there came a faint sound of men moving. Weber looked for the Lieutenant, but the Lieutenant had disappeared.

"All right. Move that machine gun over here," he said to the crew covering the rear.

The machine-gunners crouched tensely, peering in expectation toward the sound from the forest. "Did you hear a rifle click?" one of them asked.

"Yeah."

Someone shouted from the woods, "You're dead."

A man emerged helmetless. His sleeves were rolled down.

"One of ours," Weber said.

Suddenly, the machine-gunner beside him began to simulate firing by clicking the trigger of his rifle and yelling. A man with his sleeves rolled down appeared at the edge of the woods, crashed back into the bushes, and then reemerged minus his helmet.

"Dammit, I'm on your side."

"Bang-bang-bang-bang—" It came from several points.

"Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta—"

Weber heard someone shout "All right," and the Captain appeared, with Lieutenant Howells at his side. He waved his arms. "All right. It's all over."

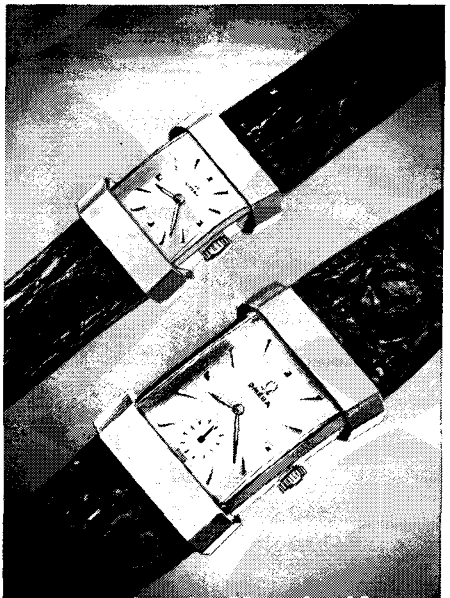
Weber stood up. "Everyone assemble over here," the Captain called. The casualties got to their feet and moved toward him. A few men came from the woods. Weber, followed by the machine-gunners, walked over to the Captain. A few of the men sat down, but most of them stood. They stared curiously at the Captain and Lieutenant Howells. The Captain's uniform was mussed and he looked tired.

"Everyone here?" he asked.

"Here come two more from the woods," Lieutenant Howells said.

Barker waited, his face grim. "Well, men." He paused, let his eyes roam over them, and then said evenly, "You're all dead."

Someone laughed uneasily.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"Everyone who honestly thought he was killed raise his hand," Barker said. Sheepishly, most of the men raised their hands. Sloan's was among them. "You moved like cattle," the Captain said. He stared at them bitterly. "All of you," he said.

There was a moment's silence. "Who won?" a voice asked from the rear.

"Nobody won," Barker said. The group milled uncertainly, guiltily, under his fixed, accusing stare. "All right. Fall in," he barked. "It's a long walk back."

They formed silently. "Keep your interval," Barker shouted. He frowned, studying the men. Then he turned and led the way back along the path they had come. Gradually, the column elongated.

Weber was aware of a dim elation, a conviction that no matter what Barker had said about the maneuver, he himself had done a good job. He looked over at Sloan, marching beside him. He would take him up on that weekend deal, he thought. He felt as though something had happened, something important.

Sloan stumbled and cursed. He gripped the strap of his rifle more tightly. "Bang, bang," he said. "You're *all* dead." He grinned, but there was no response from the other men. "Ah, what the hell," he said.

Up ahead, Captain Barker marched with his vision of the levelled cities, the quick, bursting, flaming destruction. "It doesn't matter," he thought. "We're not the élite. It doesn't really matter." —JOHN CAMPBELL SMITH

•

On the next day Reggie came into the room where Alice Everard lay with his arm in a sling.—*From "The Best of Mr. Fortune Stories," by H. C. Bailey.*

Sentimental sort of girl, apparently.

•

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing!" A lot of knowledge, therefore, is the thing to have.—*From an adv. for the Winston Dictionary.*

Or at any rate enough to know that Pope wrote "a little learning."

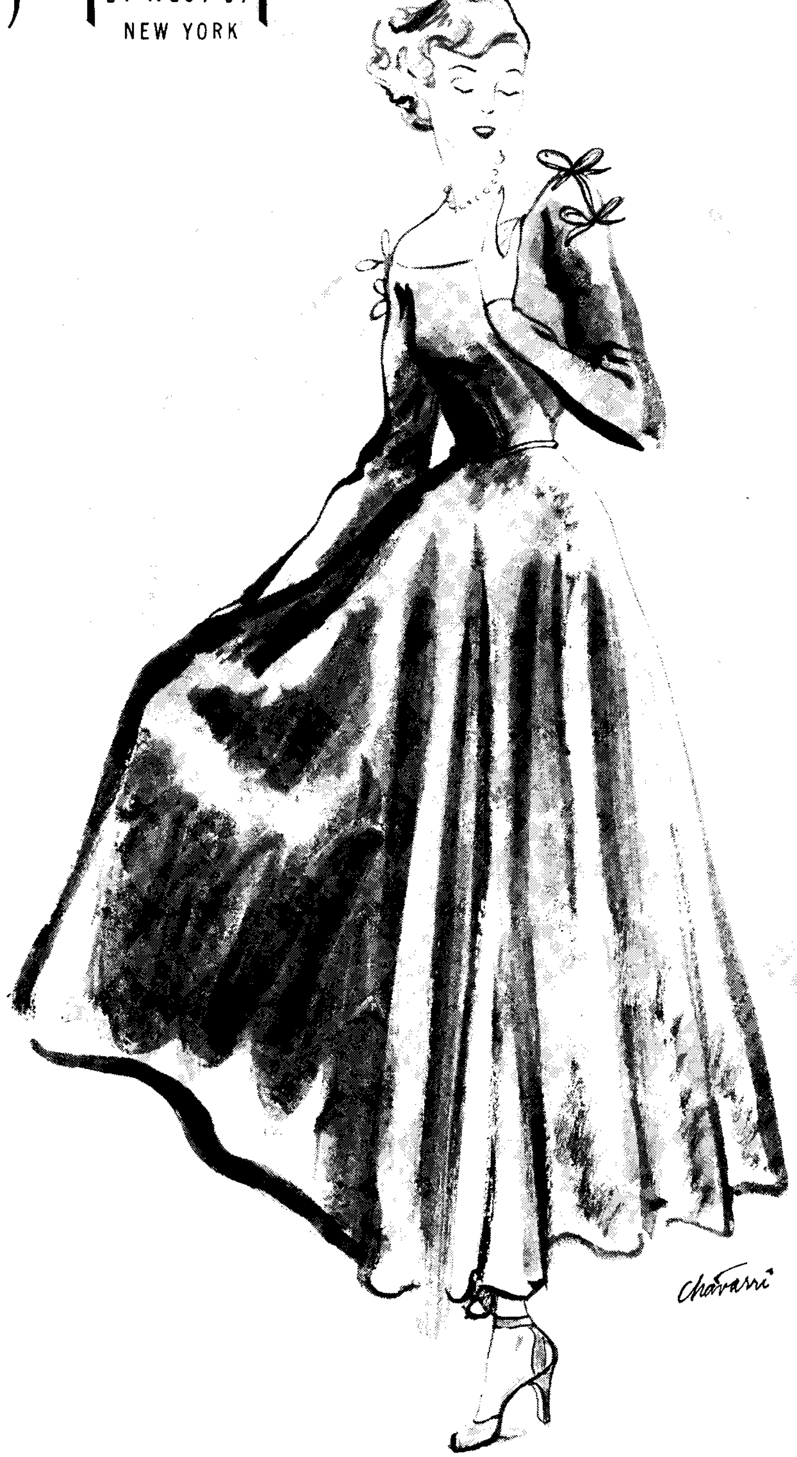
•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Mary Haworth in the Washington Post*]

All straws point to the conclusion that he is an unreliable man, and that you would be trading your cherished daughter status for a mess of pottage if you burned your bridges to follow him.

jay Thorpe
24 WEST 57
NEW YORK



Jay Thorpe Exclusive

No dancing lessons needed when you whirl around the floor in this lovely waltz skirted dress. From the curving neckline to the floating hem, it's a dress of inherent grace. Rayon taffeta in black, green, navy. Sizes 10 to 16. 39.95

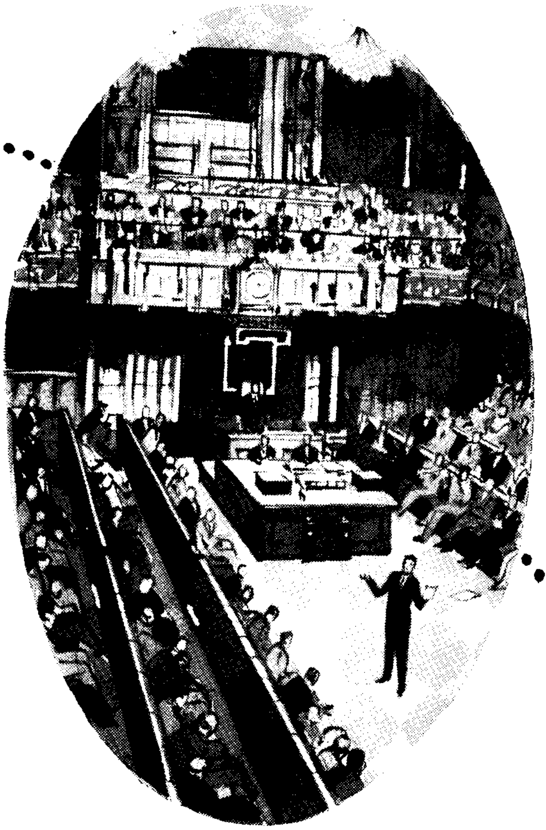
Young Second Floor

What in the world interests women?

PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING IN

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

from curtains (plastic)



from prime beef

to prime ministers

to curtains (iron)

. . . and Art, Books, Business, Canada,
Cinema, Education, Foreign News,
International, Latin America, Letters,
Medicine, Milestones, Miscellany, Music,
National Affairs, People, Press, Radio,
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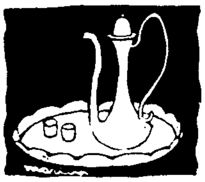
Every week 1,500,000 women as well as 1,800,000 men read . . .

TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

. . . A GREAT MARKET OF AMERICA'S BEST

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

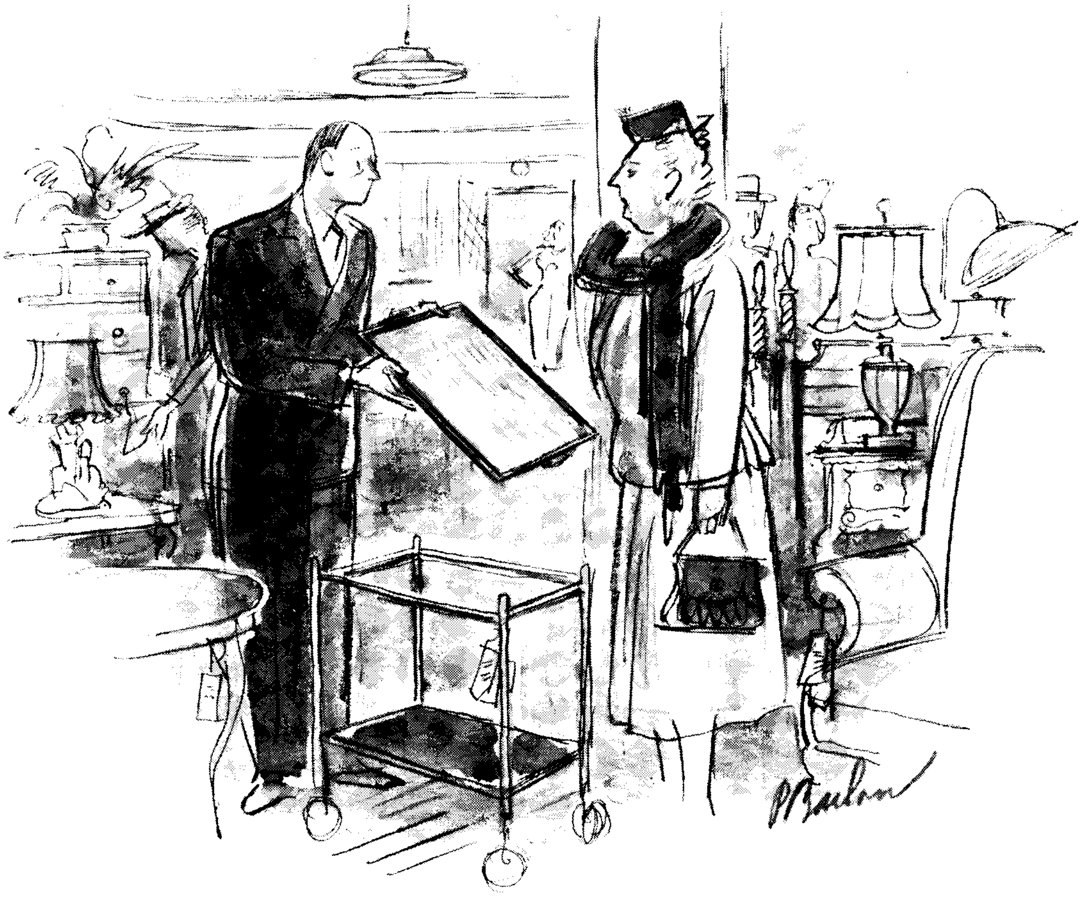
ABOUT THE HOUSE



SO many tears have been shed in print over the unfortunate householder caught by the housing shortage in an apartment a couple of sizes too small that manufacturers, in a frenzy of compassion, now seem determined to make him happy by providing a multitude of contrivances that take up next to no space. Very few concerns, of course, have been foolish enough to imagine that small quarters may mean a small income, so a new and reasonably priced space-saver called a Dor-Cab should be a cause of some satisfaction to the scrouged-in family of modest fortune that has grown embittered by the high prices of things that fold up, hide in walls, or teeter from chair backs. The Dor-Cab, a practical contraption that can be found at Hammacher Schlemmer, is a full-length metal and composition cupboard to be screwed onto a bathroom or kitchen door. It affords a storage space twenty and three-quarters inches wide, sixty-eight inches high, and four inches deep. For bathroom use, the Dor-Cab is faced with a full-length mirror, and for the kitchen it comes in white or ivory enamel. Inside the cupboard are five shelves and, at the bottom, a deep rack to hold cleaning paraphernalia or bathroom supplies—an amount of room not to be sneezed at, and moderately enough priced ($22.95 for the enamelled one, $35.95 for the mirrored), as you will agree if you have had any truck with carpenters recently.

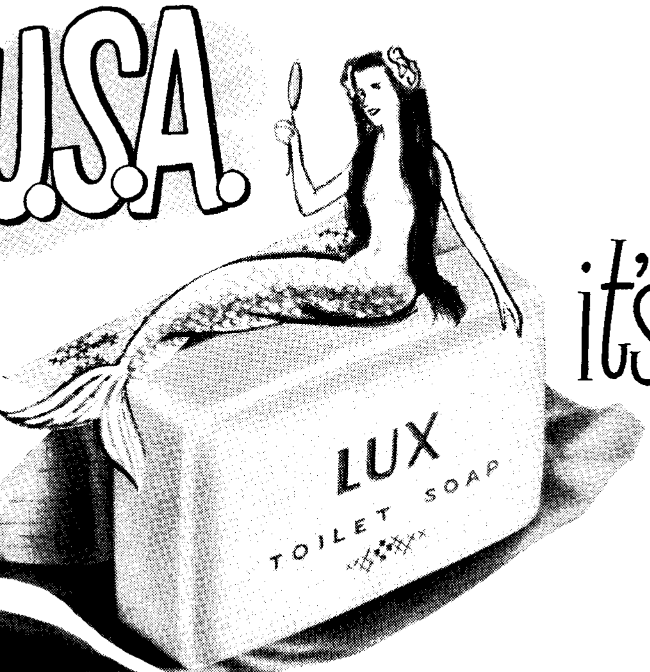
Housekeepers who are just about to go crazy trying to figure out how a table and an icebox can be made to fit into their kitchenette should by all means investigate the new, table-height Freeze-O-Matic electric refrigerator at Lewis & Conger. It has a capacity of three and a half cubic feet and is as trim and well made an appliance as ever smartened an inadequate kitchen. Furthermore, I am told by a woman whose life it has considerably brightened, its performance is equal to its looks. The salespeople at L. & C. will give you all the details of the box's construction (one-eighth-horsepower freezing unit with automatic safety devices and temperature control, Fiberglas insulation, all-steel, enamelled cabinet—that sort of thing), but if you are really hard pressed for space, I think the refrigerator's handsome formica top, which makes the most desirable sort of work-table, will appeal to you even more than the efficient interior. This small marvel stands thirty-six inches high (exactly right, I think, for kitchen work) and is twenty-four inches wide and twenty-two inches deep; the price is $199.50 for A.C., with delivery in one week, and $255.50 for D.C., which takes about three weeks to get.

IF you are not interested in the subject of kitchen fan ventilators, it must be because you are not aware of what a blessing they are. It has been next to impossible since the war to find a window exhaust fan suitable for apartment installation; there are on the market, of course, plenty of elaborate ventilating systems that require a lot of tearing down and building up of walls, and it is easy enough to buy the small window fan that has to be removed when the window is shut, but I think you won't find many blowers that can be permanently installed with very little trouble and that do not interfere with the operation of the window. The Schwitzer-Cummins Company, which for years has been making standard commercial ventilating equipment, has now come to the rescue of apartment dwellers with a twelve-inch-blade electric fan, called the Fresh-Air Maker, that has side panels that can be adjusted to fit a window frame up to thirty-three and a third inches wide and can be installed by anyone handy with a screwdriver—assuming, of course, that there is an electric outlet somewhere near the window. It is hard to exaggerate the enormous difference in comfort this appliance makes in a kitchen in hot weather, and in a small apartment where cooking odors make themselves known at the front door it is an inestimable boon all the year

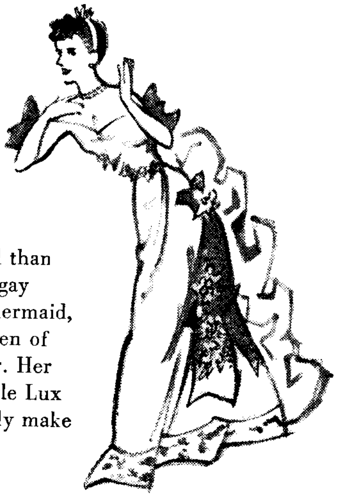


"Young man, it is of no concern to me whether or not the top is alcohol-proof!"

Inside U.S.A. it's L.T.S. for lovely complexions!



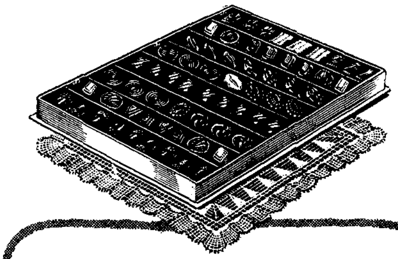
Another
fine product of
Lever Brothers
Company



BEATRICE LILLIE—No more can be said than that she's her incomparable self in the gay musical hit "Inside U.S.A." Whether mermaid, *femme fatale* or Indian squaw, she's queen of comediennes and an irresistible charmer. Her peaches-and-cream complexion gets gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. "Lux Soap facials really make skin lovelier," says Beatrice Lillie.

Softer, smoother skin? It's no trick at all—women everywhere give their skin new loveliness with daily Lux Toilet Soap care. In recent tests by skin specialists actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Beauty facials with Lux Toilet Soap are so easy. Smooth the creamy fragrant lather well in, rinse, pat with a soft towel to dry. Try this exquisite white soap with the flowerlike fragrance. You'll be delighted with the fresh new beauty it gives your skin!

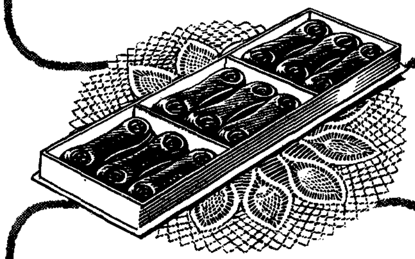
Rosemarie de Paris



"Assortment Ambassadeur"

Presenting your hostess with this delicious assortment of Rosemarie chocolates is truly a diplomatic gesture. More than sixty pieces including Continental soft creams, nougats and caramels, fudges and fruits in each tempting pound. All this goodness for only $2.50! Stop in and see our gourmet's selection of confections at any one of our Jewel Box Shops.

The Pound $2.50

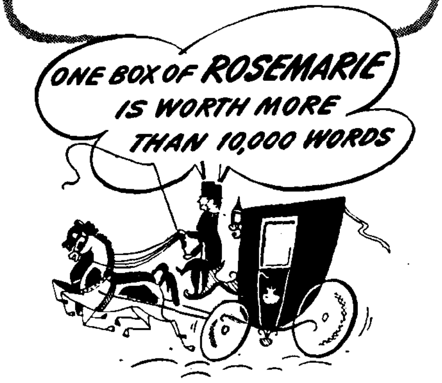


"Cat Tongues"

Those wonderful, rich pieces of milk or bitter-sweet chocolate you loved when you were very young! Now take them to the theater, keep them to nibble on, or introduce your favorite child to their delights. 85¢ for 6 ounces of delicious nostalgia. And you'll find so many other glamorous and delicious confections at any one of our shops on and near Fifth Avenue—priced for splurge or budget.

6 ozs. 85¢

ROSEMARIE DE PARIS, INC.
664 FIFTH AVENUE
And 8 Other Conveniently Located Shops


ONE BOX OF ROSEMARIE IS WORTH MORE THAN 10,000 WORDS

round. Indeed, a window fan seems such a household necessity that I am always puzzled that so many kitchens are without one. The Fresh-Air Maker costs $29.40 and can be bought by your neighborhood electrician through the Colony Wholesale Electric Company, 558 Hudson Street, or Regent El-Dis-Co, 1455 Third Avenue.

ALTHOUGH I am prone to put implicit faith in publicity releases describing the latest miracle of science, the recent hullabaloo acclaiming the Presto line's new frying pan with a pressure-cooker top was tough going for my credulity, and now that I own one of these handsome utensils, I can report that the Fry-Master, as it is called, is no more a pressure fryer than it is the Liberty Bell. On the other hand, you should know that it is a kitchen appliance that you simply cannot afford to be without. To do the Presto people justice, the brochure of instructions and recipes that comes with the cooker does not claim, as the publicity writers do, that the new pan upsets the basic principles of cookery by frying under steam; what happens when the pressure top is adjusted is certainly not frying, but for certain foods—oysters, veal cutlets, pompano fillets, for instance, and, of course, nearly all vegetables—I think it is something a good deal better. The instructions give clear directions for using the skillet, uncovered, for all manner of fried things; it is large enough to accommodate, say, four small fish at their ease, and heavy enough for the proper sort of slow cooking. I shan't expatiate on the pressure top as a time-saver. You will find plenty of hurried ladies ready to bless the Presto name for getting women out of the kitchen, although, considering all the unpleasantness that is going on on the other side of the kitchen door these days, that appears to me to be one of the lesser virtues of the cooker. What seems more to the point is that the utensil adds incredibly to the flavor of nearly all foods and also, minus its cover, provides the perfect frying pan for those operations (the frying of chicken, for example) in which crispness is essential. Presto Fry-Masters are to be had, for $15.95, at Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer, and most department stores. Very soon now you will find them in neighborhood housefurnishings shops.

YOU may have hurried past Macy's seventh-floor corner that is given over to ready-made curtains and their

BERMUDA SHOP BERMUDA SHOP

Really Soft Shetlands
—imported from Scotland—in Tartan Green, Yellow, Cherry, Turquoise. Sizes 36-40.
Pullover $13.95,
Cardigan $15.95.

The Bermuda Shop
Madison Avenue at 55th Street, New York

Vacation in Bermuda and visit our charming Bermuda Shop.

JAMES AMSTER INTERIORS YARD 215 E. 49th ST.

Gravy Set in sterling with insulated attached tray and ebony-handled ladle, **$158**, Fed. Tax incl.

Send for Gift Folder

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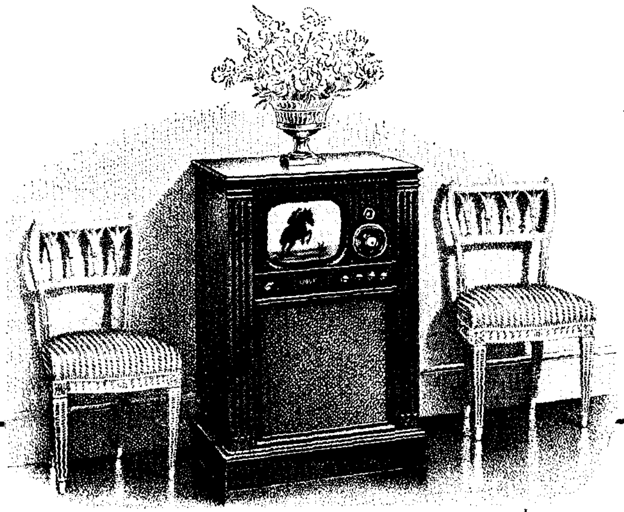
HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
One East 58th Street, New York City
At the Savoy-Plaza



The Meadowbrook **BY DU MONT**

A traditionally designed cabinet in mahogany finish and selected mahogany veneers. Unsurpassed television on a 72 square-inch screen. FM radio.

$525 *plus installation*

DU MONT Announces two new television consoles

Proud additions to the distinguished Du Mont line, these two new consoles offer superb reception at a modest price.

Their 12-inch picture tube gives you a 72 square-inch picture—half again larger than the usual 10-inch tube—a big, clear picture you can see all over the room, and in full daylight.

They give you not only television but static-free FM radio as well; and there is a place to plug in your record player to take advantage of their magnificent tone quality. They give you the brilliance and dependability of Du Mont electronic engineering.

Tuning to all 12 television channels and the full FM range is simple and accurate.

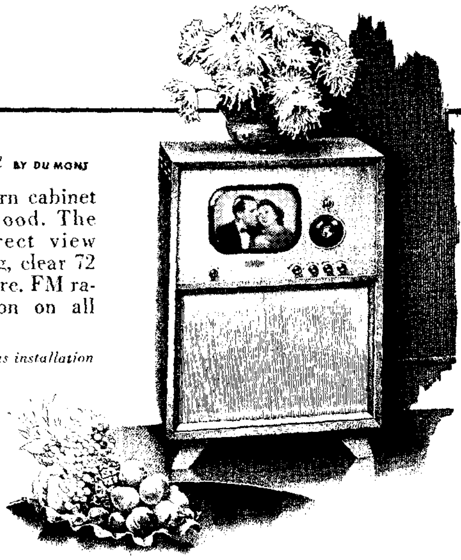
Fine woods and cabinet work make these consoles as distinguished in appearance as they are in performance. See them at your nearest Du Mont dealer's.

Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc. • General Television Sales Offices and Station WABD, 515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. • Home Offices and Plants, Passaic, N.J.

The Sutton **BY DU MONT**

Functional modern cabinet in blond hardwood. The 7½" x 10" direct view screen gives a big, clear 72 square-inch picture. FM radio and television on all channels.

$540 *plus installation*



DUMONT

First with the Finest in Television

Cabinets designed by Herbert Rosengren

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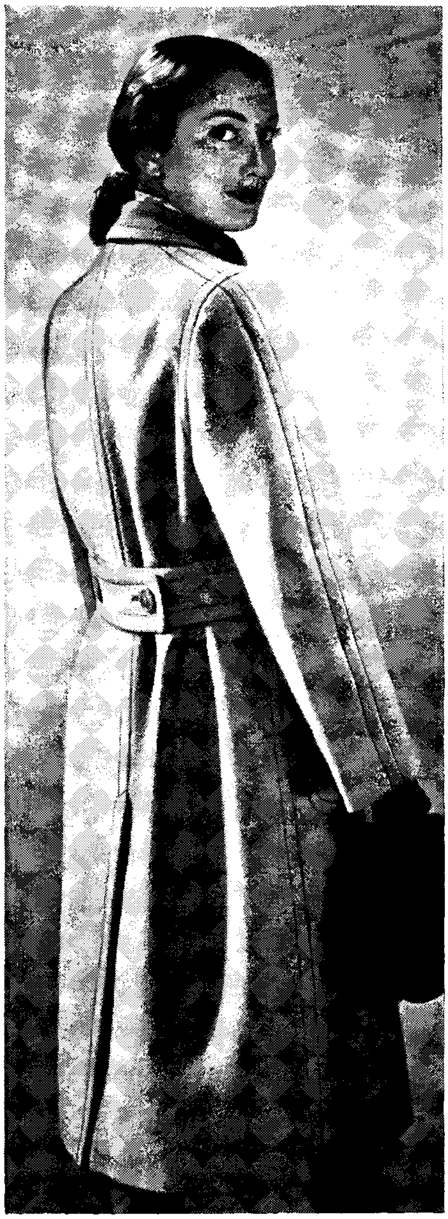

THANK GOODNESS
you needn't play polo
to enjoy a

Polo Coat!

$58

Edward Reed's luxury classic in 20% camel hair! Half-belted to accentuate the back fullness, double-breasted to highlight *you*. Needled by *men's* tailors with every feature that makes for a perfect town-and-country coat ... yet only $58! Sizes 8 to 20, 9 to 15.

Also in the California Wrap-Around Model, same price.

EDWARD REED LTD.
Suits and Coats for Men and Women

matching bedspreads dozens of times, as I have, without suspecting that hidden among the strident taffetas and lush satins is a collection of inexpensive and extremely pretty, if not especially original, cotton and rayon draperies. These are not, of course, hangings to interest the woman who has her mind set on striking fabrics and designs, but most of them would be quite easy to live with. About half the curtains have matching, or blending, bedspreads and dressing-table skirts, and although I think it would be nice to forget all about the frilly skirt things, the combinations that have been worked out in the curtains and spreads are frequently good. There is, for instance, an Everglaze chintz, copied from an English eighteenth-century floral pattern, that has been done into effective thirty-six-by-ninety-inch curtains, lined with a good-quality sateen; $15.98 a pair. If this width seems on the skimpy side, you can have wider curtains made simply by paying a little more. To go with these draperies, there are quilted bedspreads, either of the same floral print (a poor idea, I think) or of glazed chintz in solid colors that pick up shades in the curtains (dark green, chartreuse, blue) very pleasantly; the price is $23.98. Like most of the bedspreads, these are for twin beds and are long enough to tuck over a pillow, which does away with the necessity of a sham. A light-blue butcher's-linen curtain with a broad band of pink linen on each side and at the bottom costs $7.98, and a neatly tailored matching spread is the same price. There are unlined curtains in a prim all-over pattern of red, yellow, or blue on white dress percale, with self ruffles, at $10.98 a pair (bedspreads at $15.98), and hangings in striped glazed chintz, at $5.98 a pair, which would do nicely for a child's room. A good deal more elegant is a forty-inch-wide lined drapery, of a rayon fabric that looks something like shantung, in soft, pale colors ($24.98 a pair), and another, in a small-flower glazed chintz, edged with multicord trim ($14.98 a pair). You will find that Macy's assortment of unpainted cornices goes very well with some of these hangings. The designs are commendably simple: large, deep scallops; little, shallow scallops; or plain, with an edge of molding. The cost is around seventy-nine cents a foot.

As you will probably guess from its rather arch name, the Now and Then Shop, which Lord & Taylor recently opened, is devoted to the con-

Our famous gauzy silk scarf from India, shot with gold and silver threads..bright or dark shades, 5.75.

Brilliant baby calf French purse, in red, shocking, dark green, pale blue, bamboo, 7.00. Matching eyeglass case, 4.50.

MAIL AND TELEPHONE ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. ELDORADO 5-6630

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., New York 22

From England
The Thirstiest Bath Towels
We've Ever Seen

Imported exclusively by us because we feel they are the finest towels we've ever come across. Wonderfully soft and absorbent beyond all expectations. A mere touch and you are dry. Attractive and enduring. Large 27" x 50" size. All white.

$4⁰⁰ Each

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"My beer is RHEINGOLD —the Dry beer!"

says BURGESS MEREDITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATSTON-HESSE

1. **"Now that I'm a producer** and director, as well as an actor," says Burgess Meredith, of Hollywood and Broadway, "you never know whether you'll find me behind a microphone, a megaphone or a mahogany desk...

2. **"But here you find me** where I like to be—behind a glass of cold Rheingold. It shouldn't be any news to you that Rheingold is my favorite beer. After all, *most* people ask for Rheingold—it's New York's *most wanted* beer!"

Wherever you are, there's Rheingold nearby—more than 25,000 dealers in Greater New York. Try Rheingold *today.* As you fill your glass, notice its *pale crystal color*—symbol of superior brewing—appreciate its *bouquet,* enjoy its distinctive *dry flavor.* Compare it with *any other* beer—domestic or imported—you'll understand why Rheingold Extra Dry is New York's *most wanted* beer!

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It's beer as beer should taste—
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Spacious, world-proved TWA Constellation flown by a seasoned 10-man crew. Leaves New York every Friday at 4 P.M. E.S.T. —arrives Paris 1:45 P.M. Saturday (Paris time). Delicious cocktails, champagne, vintage wines! Appetizing full-course dinner! Comfortable, bed-size berths! Hot breakfast! Return in similar grand style on TWA's "New York Sky Chief," which leaves Paris Sunday P.M. Call your travel agent or local TWA office.

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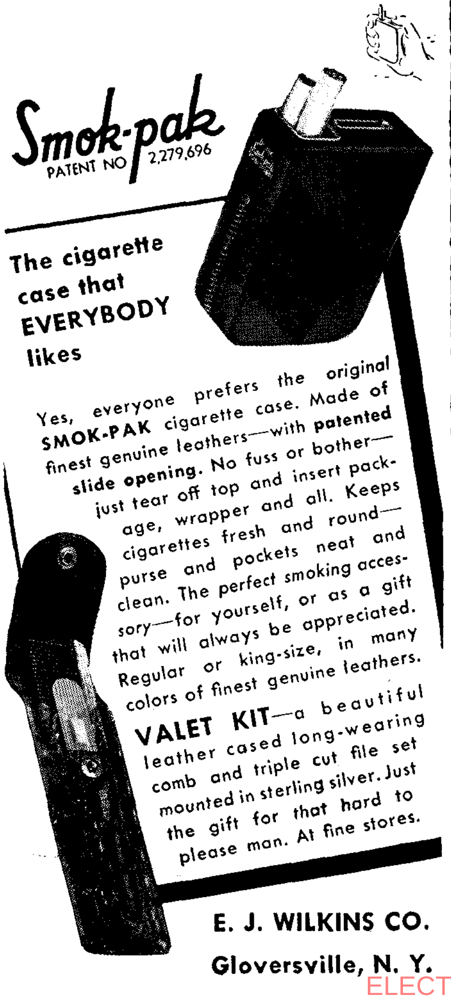
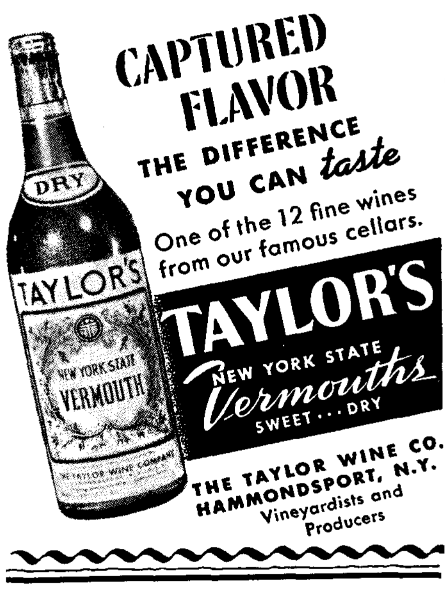

Smok-pak PATENT NO 2,279,696

The cigarette case that EVERYBODY likes

Yes, everyone prefers the original **SMOK-PAK** cigarette case. Made of finest genuine leathers—with **patented slide opening.** No fuss or bother—just tear off top and insert package, wrapper and all. Keeps cigarettes fresh and round—purse and pockets neat and clean. The perfect smoking accessory—for yourself, or as a gift that will always be appreciated. Regular or king-size, in many colors of finest genuine leathers.

VALET KIT—a beautiful leather cased long-wearing comb and triple cut file set mounted in sterling silver. Just the gift for that hard to please man. At fine stores.

E. J. WILKINS CO.
Gloversville, N. Y.



CAPTURED FLAVOR
THE DIFFERENCE YOU CAN *taste*
One of the 12 fine wines from our famous cellars.

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SWEET . . . DRY

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
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Leather Weather
IS HERE!

Lexol your shoes to prevent stiffness and cracking. Apply generously to rain soaked leather. Easy to use (no rubbing), impregnates the fibres, restores the natural oils. Use Lexol once a week on footwear in regular use. For all fine leather articles use

LEXOL
LEATHER CONDITIONER

At shoe, luggage, sporting goods, camera, and department stores, or remit direct. Pt. $1.25, Qt. $2, Gal. $5.

THE MARTIN DENNIS COMPANY
Dept. H-10 Newark 4, N. J.

am afraid I neglected to examine the modern reproductions as I should, I can report that the ancient bibelots and furniture form a beautiful and impressive assembly. Among the high spots are a Sheraton tilt-top mahogany breakfast table, at $295, that is one of the most graceful pieces you can imagine and would make a comfortable dinner table for four; a delightful small bow-front Hepplewhite chest, at $395; six matching English Regency chairs, with a painted decoration, for $1,000; some good-looking early-nineteenth-century Italian fruitwood tables, which start at $95; and an amazing assortment of boxes, which are priced at from $28.50, for a porcelain trinket box of dark Wedgwood blue, to $175, for a pair of rare Chippendale tea-caddy boxes inlaid with ivory. It's a collection not to be missed by those who believe that eighteenth-century designers have not yet been equalled. —S. H.

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Spokane* (*Wash.*) *Chronicle*]

CUSTODY SUIT GOES
INTO LARGER ROOM;
THRONG OVERFLOWS

Trial of the custody suit over 3-year-old Johnny FitzGerald, son of Dr. John D. L. FitzGerald and the late Caroline Leuthold FitzGerald Carnahan, was moved today from Judge C. W. Greenough's small courtroom to the larger one usually occupied by Judge C. C. Quackenbush.

The transfer was made, Judge Greenough said, "to accommodate the large audience many of whom had to stand yesterday."

In the audience this morning were many socially prominent Spokane women.

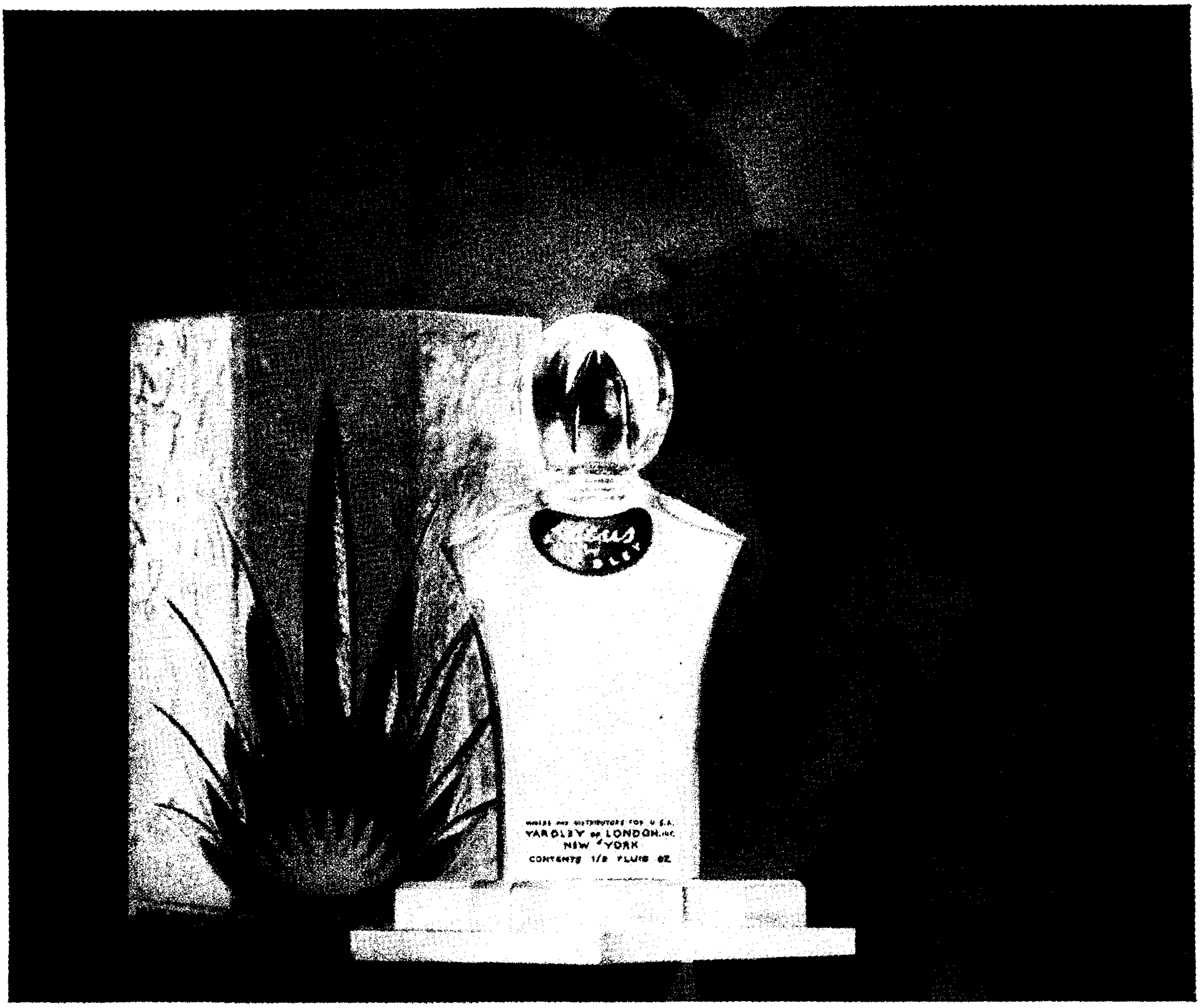
Among them were Mrs. George Roberts, in a costume of navy and Alice blue; Miss Edith King, in a checked suit with a mink scarf; Mrs. John D. Moore, in black with a white hat; Mrs. Fred Wilson, Mrs. Charles H. Jones, Mrs. F. J. McKevitt, Mrs. Ralph E. Foley, Mrs. J. P. McGoldrick Jr.

Mrs. Thomas A. E. Lally wore a tan summer suit with a dark brown beret; Mrs. Victor Dessert wore a tweed suit with a brown beret, and her daughter, Miss Marilu Dessert, also wore a tweed suit and beret. Mrs. Jack Miller wore a green coat and no hat. Mrs. Henry Dimeling was in gray and wore a flowered hat. Mrs. James Crick wore a rose-colored suit; Mrs. Raymond Enloe, a tan suit and brown hat; Mrs. Ernest Price, a brown checked suit and a straw hat; Mrs. Ed Powell, a bright blue coat with a black hat with bright blue flowers; Mrs. John Shipley, a gray suit.

Mrs. John W. Zimmerman, New Brunswick, N.J., was in black with a hat trimmed with sweet peas. Susan Sawyer, Wenatchee, was hatless and wore a black and white coat. Mrs. E. L. Sawyer, Wenatchee, a sister of Mrs. Walter L. Leuthold, wore a mustard-colored suit.

Lotus

BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON


Lotus
MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
YARDLEY OF LONDON, INC.
NEW YORK
CONTENTS 1/2 FLUID OZ.

"Lotus" Perfume $5 to $17.50 plus tax

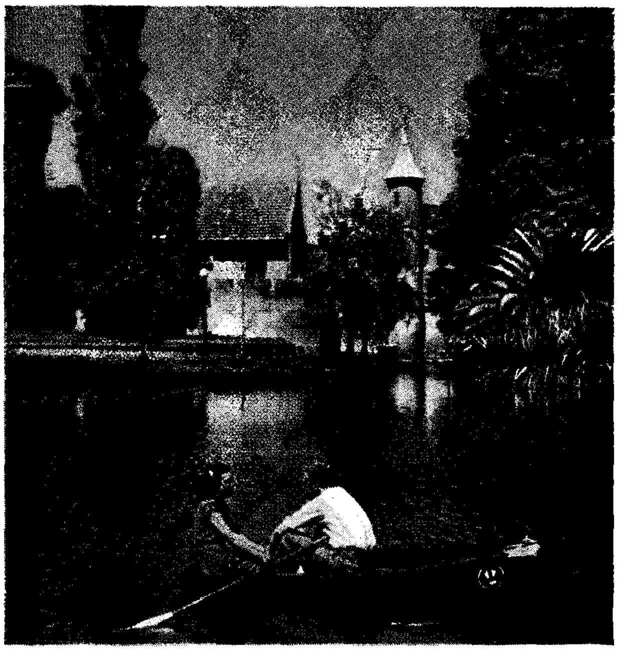
a sophisticated new perfume by YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

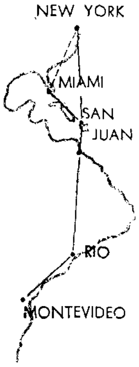
URUGUAY boasts fine hotels and miles of sandy beach, such as *Pocitos* (above). There are night clubs with good orchestras in the city of Montevideo . . . Good steaks, fresh fruit and the famous *empanadas* (meat pastries). All within a day and a half of New York City!

A Two-Week Vacation in the "Purple Land"

Only Pan American offers daily service to MONTEVIDEO—the "City of Roses"



When it's winter in the States, it's *summer* in Montevideo! You can stroll along the picturesque shore drive named after President Wilson to the beautiful *Parque Rodo* (above). In this park are the Museum of Fine Arts, rose-filled gardens, an open-air theatre and—just outside—the 57-mile-wide River Plata.



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LETTER FROM A CAMPAIGN TRAIN

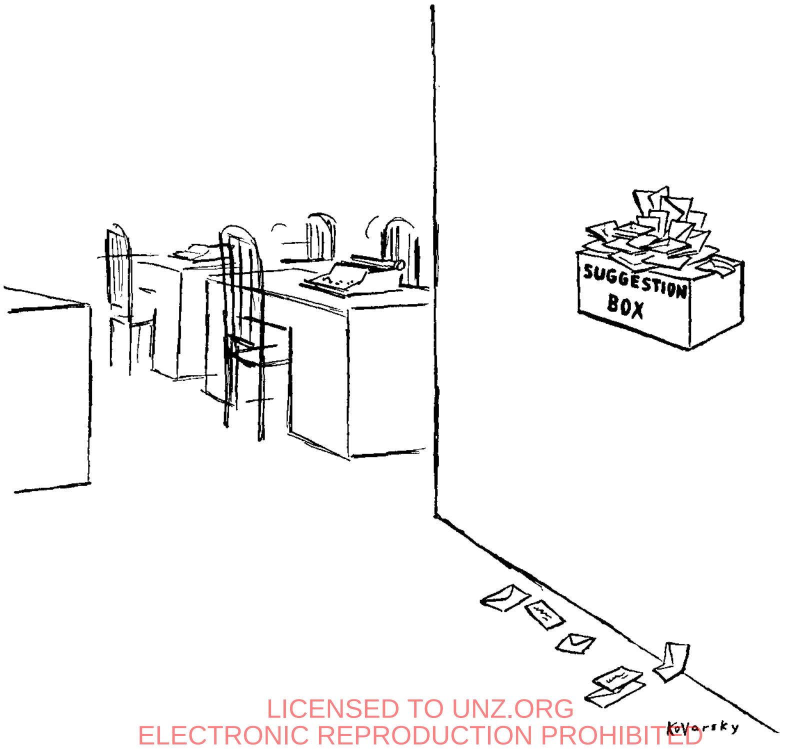
En Route with Dewey

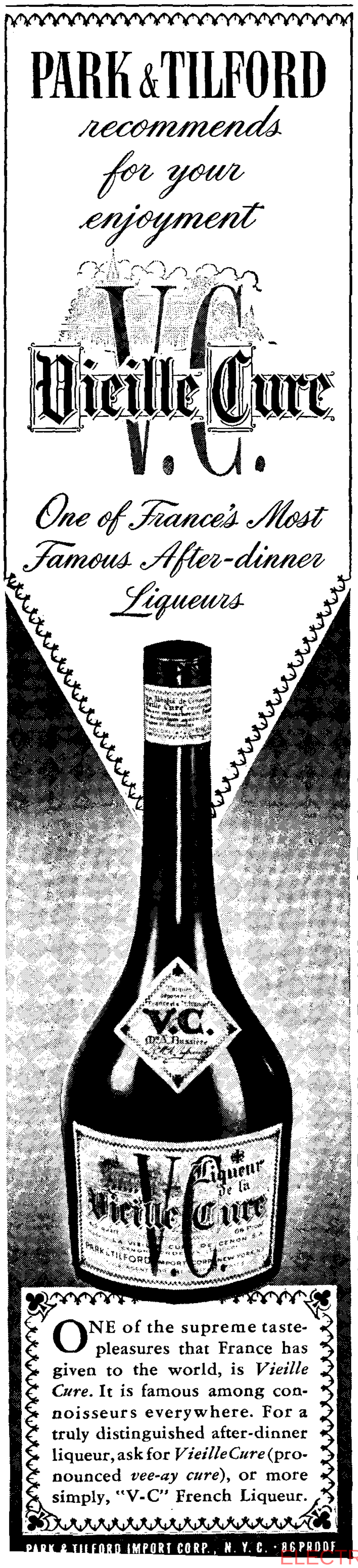
CANDIDATES notoriously promise better than they ever perform, but if Governor Dewey manages the Presidency half as well as he is managing his campaign for it, we are about to have four, eight, twelve, sixteen years of cool, sleek efficiency in government. I venture upon this prophecy after quite a spell of riding aboard the Dewey Victory Special, the train that has been hauling the Republican candidate, his wife, and his entourage of advisers, well-wishers, favor-curriers, and newspapermen up and down the country since mid-September. Before I looked in on the Dewey campaign, I had acquired some seasoning and a basis for comparison by serving a correspondent's hitch on the train that took President Truman and his similar, but far smaller, group of fellow-passengers over much the same route. As far as the arts and techniques, as distinct from the political content, of the campaigns are concerned, the difference between the Democratic and Republican operation is, I calculate, thirty or forty years. It is the difference between horsehair and foam rubber, between the coal-stove griddle and the pop-up toaster. Dewey is the pop-up toaster.

Everything I've seen of the Dewey campaign is slick and snappy. This is in strong contrast to the general dowdiness and good-natured slovenliness of the Truman campaign, at least when and where I observed it. Truman's mass meetings were all old-style political rallies, brightened up, on occasion, by some droopy bunting and by Department of Sanitation brass bands. In San Francisco, the Democrats contracted a most unfortunate alliance with a musical branch of the local parent-teacher association, which called itself the Mother Singers of America. The Mother Singers were authentic mothers—and grandmothers—who wrapped themselves in yards of brown monk's cloth and sang the kind of songs you would expect them to. The Dewey group favors professional musicians, professional decorators, and professionals in everything else. All the way down the line, his effects are more dramatic and more electrifying. At a Truman meeting, the President, as a rule, takes his seat on the platform and sits quietly, a slender and almost pathetic figure surrounded by florid police commissioners and senators of heroic bulk, through all the preliminaries. When his turn finally comes to speak, his advance toward the microphone hardly takes the multitude by storm. Dewey's entrances are delayed. He remains in the wings until all the invocations and endorsements are over. Sometimes he stays away from the meeting hall until the last moment. Then, with a great whining of motorcycle-escort sirens to hush the crowd and build up suspense, he arrives. The instant his name is spoken, he comes onstage, seemingly from nowhere, arms outstretched to embrace the crowd and gather in the applause that breaks the hush. It is an uncannily effective piece of business. Dewey doesn't seem to walk; he coasts out like a man who has been mounted on casters and given a tremendous shove from behind. However it is done, he rouses the crowd to a peak of excitement and enthusiasm, and he has to wait an agreeably long while for the racket to die down.

Dewey likes drama, but he has an obvious distaste for the horseplay side of politics. He accepts honorary memberships in sheriffs' posses and fraternal organizations, but he is uncomfortable during the installation ceremonies. On his first transcontinental tour after his nomination, he collected some fifteen cowpuncher hats, but he refused to try on any of them in public. The only time he got into the spirit of things was at his rally in the Hollywood Bowl. For this gathering, his local managers, mainly movie people, arranged a first-class variety show. In addition to assembling a lot of stars who endorsed the candidate in short, pithy, gag-laden speeches, they hired a marimba band and a chorus line for the preliminary entertainment. For the invocations, they recruited a minister, a priest, and a rabbi all of whom could have played romantic leads themselves. At the end of Dewey's speech, the marimba band struck up "God Bless America," as a recessional. Dewey was still standing at the microphone, and Mrs. Dewey, as she always does after he finishes, came forward to join him. Perhaps the pageantry finally overcame him, for suddenly he breathed deep and took aboard a full load of the fine night air of Hollywood. Then he gave vent to the rich baritone he spent so many years developing. ". . . land that I love," he sang, and, slipping an arm around Mrs. Dewey's waist, looked encouragingly at her. Mrs. Dewey came in on the next line, and together they went all the way through the rest of the Irving Berlin anthem.

IT is one of the paradoxes of 1948 that the man in office is a much less experienced campaigner than the man who is seeking to win the office. Truman was on the public payroll when Dewey was still a college boy in Michigan, but his serious campaigning has been limited to two tries for the United States Senate and one for the Vice-Presidency. It wasn't bush-league stuff, but it wasn't big-league, either. Dewey, on the other hand, is entitled to wear service stripes for three major campaigns. In 1940, he sought the Republican nomination as vigorously as he sought the main prize in 1944 and is seeking it now. The effects are apparent in the organization and planning of every phase of his campaign travels. There is far more foresight and far better timing and scheduling than in the President's tour. Dewey's





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too. For example, correspondents with Truman were forced, while I was aboard his train, to miss deadline after deadline because they had to wait too long for advance copies of the President's speeches. Presumably his ghost-writers, some of whom were on the train and some of whom were back in Washington, were agonizing up to the zero hour, trying to make their sentences come out right. And then the sentences didn't come out right anyway. The rhetoric that Truman was given to deliver was coarse, gritty, old-fashioned political stuff, with about as much flow as oatmeal. Dewey's speeches, which reporters can put on the telegraph wires twelve to twenty-four hours before delivery time, are as smooth and glossy as chromium. It may be that, on analysis, their cliché content would turn out to be neither much lower nor much higher than that of Truman's speeches, but, as one man on the challenger's train put it, they are written and spoken in such a manner that they give one the feeling Dewey has not borrowed his clichés from the masters but has minted them all by himself.

A conscientious search for the literary antecedents of Dewey's speeches might show that the strongest influence is the *Reader's Digest*. They are full of the good cheer, the defiant optimism, the inspirational tone, and the breathtaking simplification that have made that magazine so popular. If Dewey's speeches are not consciously modelled on the *Digest*, there are few of them that would not seem at home in its pages. "Your future lies ahead of you," a catchy line that turned up in several of the speeches, would make a splendid *Digest* title. Moreover, in sound *Digest* fashion, Dewey is promising to start, when he gets to Washington, "the greatest pruning and weeding operation in American history." When the thought first occurred to me that Dewey or his advisers might have picked up a few tricks from the *Digest*, I asked James C. Hagerty, the candidate's press secretary, if he had any idea whether or not this was the case. "I hardly think so," Hagerty said. "The Governor has a style all his own that he's been working on for years." Even so, it is worth noting that one of the important personages aboard the Dewey train is Stanley High, a Roving Editor of the *Digest* and the author of some of the most celebrated articles it has published in recent years. The dope on Mr. High, as I got it from Hagerty, is that he is travelling with Dewey not as an author but as a former clergyman. His function, I was told, is to advise Dewey on the religious implications of political issues and on the political implications of religious issues. Still, it might be that, unknown to Hagerty, Mr. High finds time, in between issues, to make a phrase here and condense a line of argument there.

Dewey's effect on his audience is unquestionably greater than Truman's. He does not, so far as I am able to judge, draw larger crowds. The business of estimating the size of crowds is, by the way, probably one of the most nonsensical and misleading aspects of political reporting. Some correspondents make a hobby of it, and conceivably their technique improves with practice, but most of them rely on police officials for their figures. Suspecting that a policeman can be as wrong as the next man, I made a simple test at one Dewey meeting. I asked the ranking police official for his estimate and then asked the manager of the auditorium for his. The policeman's count, which turned up in a number of newspapers, was fifty per cent higher. Since the manager's standard of living is directly related to the size of the audiences in his auditorium, I imagine it would be safer to string along with him. Then, there is always an element of fortuitousness in the size of the street crowds that watch the candidates ride through the big cities. There is no way of telling how many people have come out of their way to see the distinguished visitor and how many just happen to be around. It is customary for campaign managers to take advantage of the fortuitous element. Campaign trains have an oddly predictable way of arriving for afternoon meetings just before the lunch hour and for evening meetings just before the stores and offices close. A candidate's procession never goes directly from the depot to its destination in town. The Civic Center may be only three or four blocks up State Street from the Union Station, but the motorcade is certain to follow a route that covers at least thirty blocks, and thereby catches a lot more innocent bystanders. Possibly the best way to calculate the turnout of admirers would be to estimate the number of onlookers carrying bundles and then subtract them from the total.

For judging crowds, the ear is probably a more reliable instrument than the eye. Its verdict, I would say, favored Dewey almost everywhere. No Truman crowd that I heard responded with more than elementary courtesy and occasionally mild and rather weary approval. Partly, no doubt, this was because the President has a lamentable way of swallowing the very lines he ought to bellow or snarl, and partly, I think, it was because he simply didn't have his audience with him. Dewey's ovations are never, as the phrase goes, thundering, but his applause is not mere politeness. Dewey is not an orator in the classic sense, but he is a first-class elocutionist, and when he fixes his eyes on the crowd and says that the way to avoid having Communists in the government is to avoid appointing them in the first place, as he plans to do, he gets what he wants from the customers, which means, naturally, that they are getting what they want from him.

THE junior-executive briskness in the running of the Dewey campaign extends, quite mysteriously, to many phases of life aboard the train. Campaign trains become, in their few weeks of existence, compact social organizations. They develop their own mores and their own institutions. One of the most remarkable—indeed, almost weird—features of life on them is the way the spirit of the leading passenger, riding in the last car, seems to dominate and mold the spirit of the entourage. It is understandable that this should happen to the staff of the candidate, but it actually affects even the newspapermen. Candidates have nothing to do with the selection of the reporters who accompany them. In some cases, to be sure, the reporters select candidates, and it is conceivable that psychological affinity may have influenced their choices. But the effect of that affinity would be, at best, a small one, and it would govern only a few journalists. Yet I am prepared to testify under oath that the atmosphere even in the press section of the Truman train is pure Harry Truman, and the atmosphere in the press section of the Dewey train is pure Tom Dewey. One is like life in the back rooms at District Headquarters, the other like life in the Greenwich Country Club. The favorite beverage in the club cars on the Truman train, when I was on it, was the Kentucky bourbon highball, before, during, and after meals. I don't recall seeing a single cocktail served. Highballs are often seen on the Dewey train, but Martinis and Manhattans are more in vogue. The principal diversion on the Truman train was poker, generally seven-card stud. At least two games were

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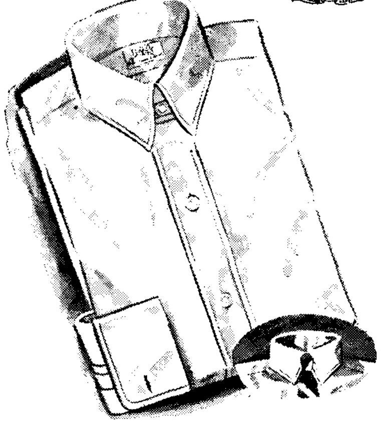

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always in progress. If any poker is played on the Dewey train, it is played behind closed compartment doors. There are, however, several spirited bridge games going on all the time.

It may be that the correspondents with Truman took to the more rugged forms of recreation because their life was more rugged. Life with Truman was not exactly primitive but, compared to life with Dewey, it was hard. If you wanted anything laundered, you did it yourself, in a Pullman basin. When you detrained anywhere for an overnight stay, it was every man for himself. You carried your duffel and scrabbled for your food. If a man was such a slave to duty that he felt obliged to hear what the President said in his back-platform addresses, he had to climb down off the train, run to the rear end, mingle with the crowd, and listen. Often, this was a hazardous undertaking, for the President was given to speaking late at night to crowds precariously assembled on sections of roadbed built up fifteen or twenty feet above the surrounding land. The natives knew the contours of the ground, but the reporters did not, and more than one of them tumbled down a cindery embankment. The Dewey organization sees that none of these inconveniences trouble the life of anyone on the Governor's train. Whenever the Dewey train stops overnight, luggage vanishes from your berth and is waiting for you in the hotel room you have been assigned. Good Republican caterers have hot coffee and thick roast-beef sandwiches waiting in the press rooms at every stopover. Laundries are alerted a thousand miles ahead to be ready to turn out heavy loads in a few hours. There is really no need for anyone to bestir himself and risk his life to hear the whistle-stop speeches, since almost the entire train is wired for sound and the words of the Governor are carried over the public-address system.

TRUMAN and Dewey are contrasting types, but in many fundamental ways they act on roughly the same principles and proceed toward roughly the same ends. Office-seeking is a great leveller. Most men who engage in it are sooner or later forced to abandon themselves to the ancient practices of audience-flattering, enemy-vilifying, name-remembering, moon-promising, and the like. In these matters, the 1948 candidates are just about neck and neck. Offhand, I would say that Truman is working a little harder at enemy-vilifying and name-remembering, while

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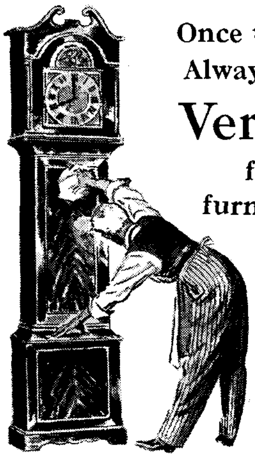

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Dewey looks a little stronger in audience-flattering and also has a slight edge in the scope and beauty of his promises. This last is a natural consequence of the relative positions of the two men. Truman, being in office, can hardly claim the ability to deliver in a second term what he has manifestly been unable to deliver in his first. There is no one, however, to gainsay Dewey when he asserts that under his leadership "every American will walk forward side by side with every other American." Some drillmasters might quibble over the difficulty of achieving such a formation, but no one pays any attention to logic in this season of the quadrennium.

It is probably a good thing for the sanity of the Republic that we do have this suspension of logic during campaigns, for the fact is that reason is outraged not only by the speeches of the candidates but by the very idea of this travelling up and down the country to make them. I have been unable to find, on the Dewey train, the Truman train, or anywhere else, a single impartial and responsible observer of national affairs who is willing to defend the thesis that this tearing around will affect the electoral vote in even one state. There are, no doubt, some people in every community who will vote for the man who says the pleasantest things about the local crop and the local rainfall, but their number is probably balanced by the number of intelligent citizens who will decide, the next morning, to vote *against* the man who disturbed their children's rest by roaring through the night, surrounded by a hundred motorcycle cops with a hundred sirens, so that he could deliver an address pointing out that the Republicans invented the depression or that the Democrats invented Communism. Nobody knows exactly why or when people switch political allegiances, but it is known that an insignificant number of them do during a campaign. Jim Farley said, in the early Roosevelt days, that every vote in the country was frozen by October 1st, and the work done by Mr. Roper and Dr. Gallup indicates that the results are settled long before that.

In theory, the institution of the travelling campaign is educational as well as political. It gives the voters a chance to hear the candidates and learn their views first-hand. No doubt the theory had great merit a century ago, but today it is possible for any citizen to hear the candidates' voices and to learn their views in his own home, where the acous-

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tics are a good deal better than in a stadium or auditorium. If an appraisal of views is the important goal, the conscientious citizen must attend to that matter between campaigns, not during them, for what he gets around election time is not a candidate's idea of things but his own, as nearly as the candidate is able to figure it out and reproduce it. One could also argue that it is a healthy thing in a democracy for the people to see their Presidents and Presidents-to-be, to give them the once-over and observe what psychologists call their "expressive movements." This notion has some measure of plausibility, but it will be harder to find it four years from now, when, they tell us, television will be installed in every American home that today has radio. There will be no reason then for not chopping the observation platform from some obsolete Pullman, setting it up in a television studio, and hiring a few extras to lug aboard the baskets of apples, the Stetsons, and the bouquets.

One feature of the old ritual, however, will be beyond the grasp of science for quite a while yet. That is handshaking. "Hell's bells!" a political adviser on one of the trains said to me. "Everybody knows that we don't go through all this business to win friends or influence people. We go through it to keep the friends we've already got. The only important thing that happens on this train is the handshaking and hello-there-Jacking that go on back in the caboose. We've got a party organization to keep going, and the best way to keep it going is to have the big men in the party get out and say nice things to the little men. I don't care which party it is. It means everything to the strangers you see in the club cars to go back home and tell how they rode down to the state line with the big wheel and how, when they went into his private car, he remembered them well from his last swing around the country. If you think party organizations are not a good and necessary thing in a democracy, then you can write all this off as a lot of nonsense. If you think they're important, then you can't deny the usefulness of these trips." Stated in those terms, the question is a weighty one.

—Richard H. Rovere

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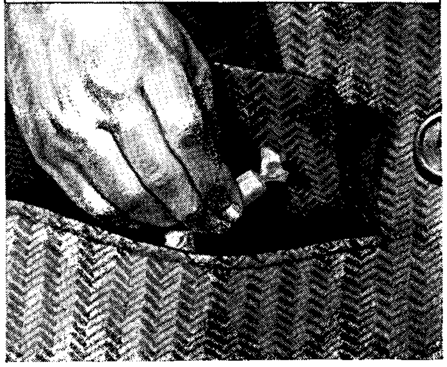

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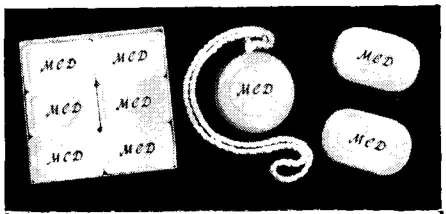

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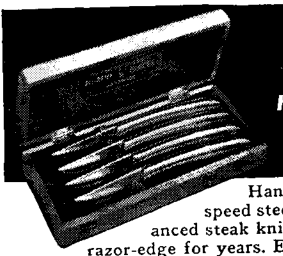

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FOOTBALL

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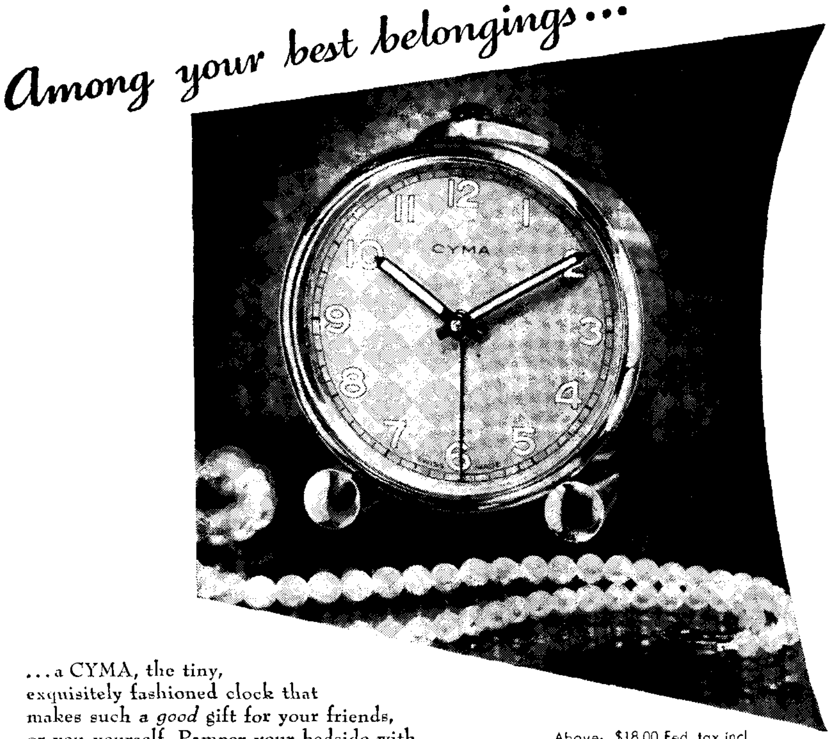
OF all the wild and sometimes wonderful football that went on last Saturday afternoon, the best exhibition of Indian-summer madness was the one staged jointly by Yale and Columbia in New Haven. Even fantasy, presumably, has to have a story line, and the devisers of this particular scenario made the dénouement read Columbia 34, Yale 28, but so ingenious and devious was the plot that the outcome could—and maybe should—have been Columbia 34, Yale 34, or Yale 35, Columbia 34. The perhaps overly dramatic notion of having a Columbia man knock a touchdown pass off the fingernails of a Yale man on the last play made the game end the way it did.

Columbia, I guess you could say, won by playing neat, old-fashioned football. If you work on Lou Little's first-string team this year, you have to be not only bright but durable, because there are almost no substitutes worth mentioning to replace you. Columbia's backfield—Kusserow, Rossides, Nork, and Olson—is certainly both. Watching Kusserow and Rossides persuade the opposition again and again that they were going one place when they were really going somewhere else, I couldn't imagine how Harvard had ever managed to beat Columbia a week before. Then, watching Yale bang down the field with a fury that largely made up for certain technical deficiencies, I couldn't imagine how Columbia was ever going to win. In retrospect, the reason Columbia did win is more obvious. Columbia's pass defense was practically psychic, and Furse, Yale's smartest passer, had mislaid his sense of timing. Columbia's backfield, performing almost without relief, kept piling up touchdowns. The Yale backfield seemed less trenchant without Fuchs, who had damaged himself in the Connecticut game the week before, and the Yale line seemed less trenchant without Roderick, a supernatural pass catcher, who has retired from football for a number of reasons, chief of which is that he is devoting most of his spare time to the United World Federalists. This year, Yale, like Columbia, has just about one team, and on Saturday, whenever Columbia took the offense, Herman Hickman, Yale's new coach, evidently to save his net



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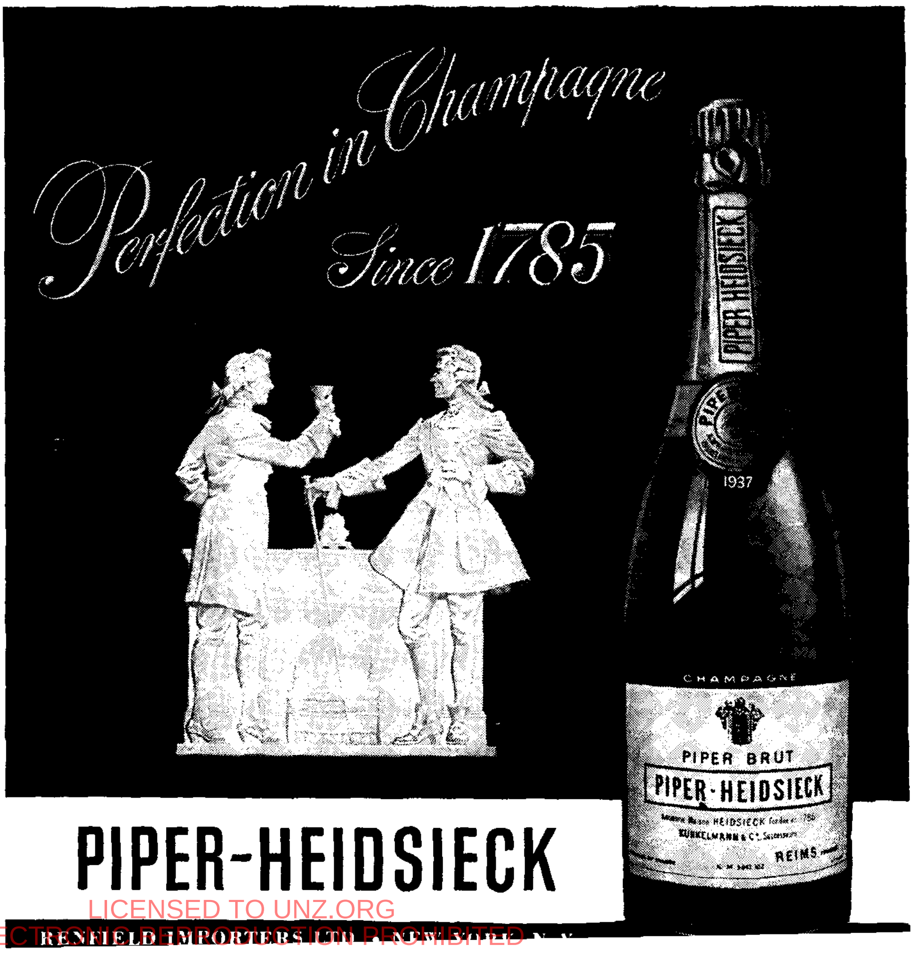

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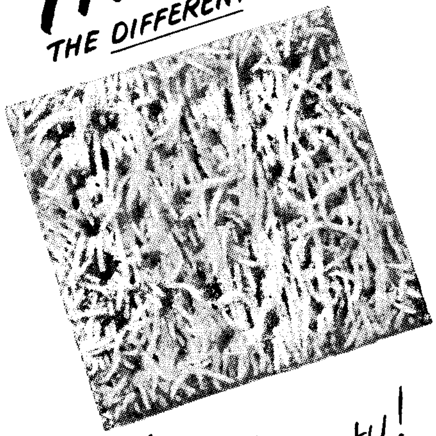

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backs—Furse, Jackson, and Nadherny—put in what someone called a defensive backfield. Considering the way Columbia romped around when it had the ball, "defensive backfield" may not be an exact description.

On this basis, Yale sounds as though it had come in a bad second, but that is where the spirit of fantasy enters into the situation. The team looked dreadful the second minute of play, when Rossides got away a slow, wobbly pass to Olson, who had no trouble sidestepping what resistance Yale could muster and running for a touchdown. But on the next play, after Columbia kicked off, Keller, filling in for Fuchs, picked up the ball and sprinted seventy-five yards to tie the score. Again, in the fourth quarter, after Columbia had rolled up, with the greatest of ease, a two-touchdown lead, a couple of men came out of the Yale backfield and there was a series of sideline conferences with the coaching staff. To judge by what followed, a spotter in the stands had found a skeleton key to the now understandably weary Columbia line. Suddenly, Nadherny, who had been going nowhere all afternoon, was wriggling through tiny gaps between Columbia men. Jackson and Furse and new assistants—Lohnes, Robertson, and Wagster—began to run and pass, and finally Furse rolled over Columbia's goal on a play that simply reeked with guile. It was now Columbia's turn, but Yale fought desperately until Columbia gave up the ball on Yale's thirty-eight-yard line. There were only three minutes to go as Nadherny and his confreres resumed their wriggling through those gaps, and three seconds to go when Lohnes was brought to his knees on Columbia's seventeen-yard line. Then came the pass that failed.

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—J. W. L.

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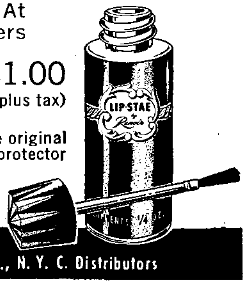

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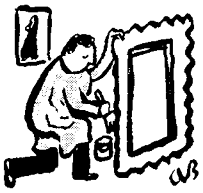
THE ART GALLERIES

East and West



THERE are two museum shows on our list for discussion this week—a fairly large and quite sumptuous memorial exhibition of the sculptures of Elie Nadelman, at the Museum of Modern Art, and a collection of contemporary Chinese paintings, at the Metropolitan. As so often happens when the Metropolitan gets hold of something outside the classic tradition, the Chinese show is rather carelessly presented, being shoved back into three rooms at the rear of the second floor and in other ways treated with far less consideration than it would be if it contained work from the Sung or the Ming dynasty instead of the present. Yet the exhibition has its interest, particularly for those who, like me, know little about the history and principles of Chinese art. For these pictures were done by artists living today, and though they mostly remain well within the limits of conventional Oriental styles—nearly all of them, for instance, are scroll paintings, done in water color—there are just enough touches of modern Western influence to make them much more immediately understandable to us, while their newness gives them a freshness and sparkle that the older Chinese painting frequently lacks. Not all the pictures have been thus influenced. Cheng Wu-ch'ang ("Mist and Mountain Waterfall"), Wu Hsi-tseng ("Landscape"), and Wu Hu-fan ("Waterfall") are artists who work wholly in conventional patterns. But from these one progresses to such work as Chang Ta-ch'ien's "Poets," Miss Li Chiu-chun's blue, misty "Landscape," and Li Tsu-han's "Atop the Yellow Mountain," and while the subjects are still the immemorial ones of a lake or a waterfall, crags and pines, and peaks in the distance, the treatment is a great deal broader and freer, and the color is employed with a boldness quite at variance with the ancient practice.

The use of color as a functional part of the painting, in the Western fashion, instead of as a mere overlay on a basic design seems to be one of the distinguishing marks of the new trend in Chinese art, and it appears most effectively in, say, Hsu Pei-hung's charming, swiftly drawn "Geese,"

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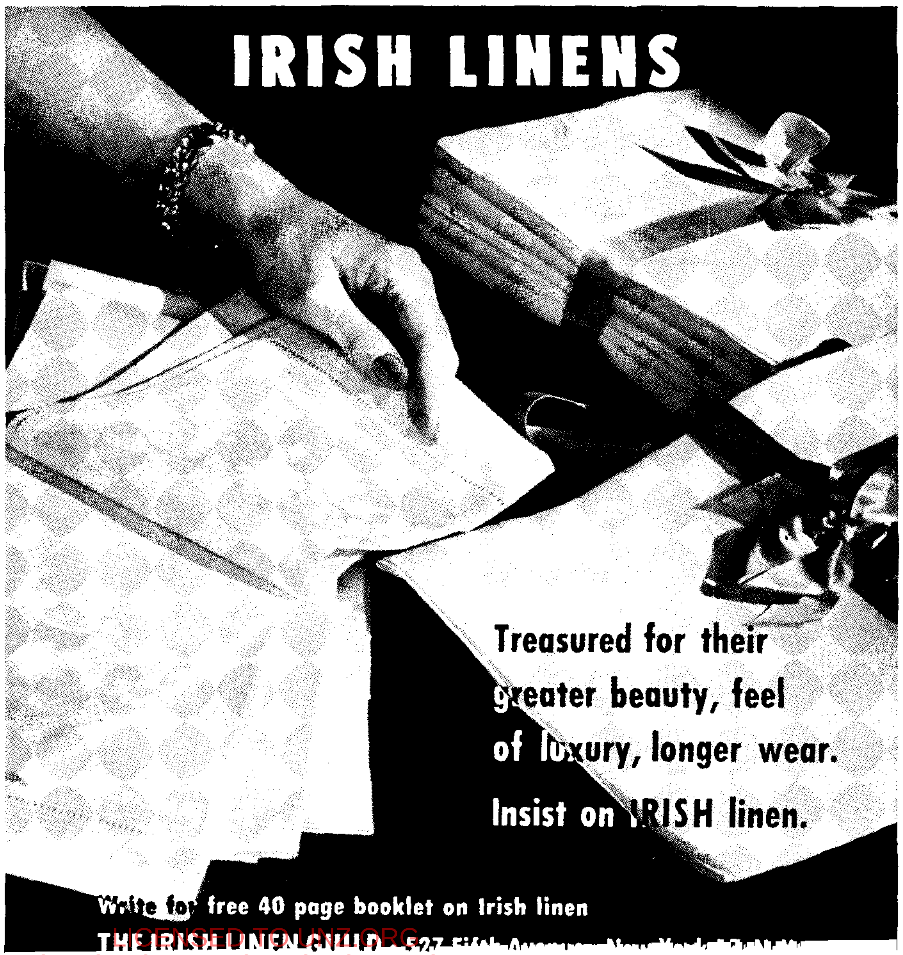

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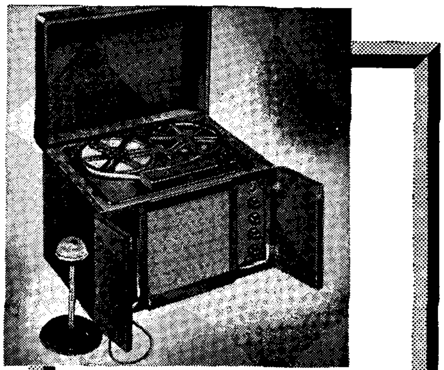
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and Red Leaves," and Ch'i Pai-shih's van Gogh-like red-and-yellow "Still Life." The apparently instinctive dexterity with the brush that the Chinese have always displayed is in evidence, and for sheer suppleness and assurance of line it would be hard to surpass Chang Ta-ch'ien's "Connoisseur of Pines" and "Lotus Flowers," Wang Ya-chun's "Fighting Cocks," and the minutely detailed "Cicada on a Willow Tree," by Ch'ao Shao-an. I'll point out, too, the delicately expressive and truly poetic "The Beams of Life," "In the Midst of Sudden Rain," and "Deep Below in the Valley a Stream Is Running," by Theodore D. S. Lee. The show, admittedly, does not cover all schools of modern Chinese painting, and it is too bad that it does not include some of the even more "radical" younger artists, also under Western influence, who are now working in China. Nevertheless, it affords an interesting glimpse into a world of art ordinarily closed to us.

ELIE NADELMAN, at the Modern Museum, was one of those unfortunates who outlive success that comes too early in their careers. He was born in Warsaw in 1882 and encouraged in his youth to be an artist. He won a sculpture prize in Paris when he was twenty and a year later became a disciple of the then almost omnipotent Rodin. By 1906 or 1907, he had gone beyond his master and was attacking sculptural problems involving broken planes, formal distortions, and so on, which were later to occupy such early Cubists as Archipenko and Brancusi. Shows in Paris, London, and Barcelona led to a still more ambitious New York one, in 1917, by which time he had settled in this country, and through the early nineteen-twenties he was a success both commercially and artistically.

Nadelman had made a wealthy marriage and was comparatively affluent himself, and he no doubt expected to continue his profitable, triumphant career indefinitely. The crash of 1929 ruined him. It wiped out almost all of his wife's and his own holdings. Psychologically, its effect on him was even more disastrous. It was as if, having grown so used to success, he could not accustom himself to defeat, and although he was only forty-seven, an age at which most artists are at the peak of their talents, he went into nearly complete seclusion. With surprising celerity, his fame vanished, too. He stayed in a house he had acquired in Riverdale and still worked at his sculp-

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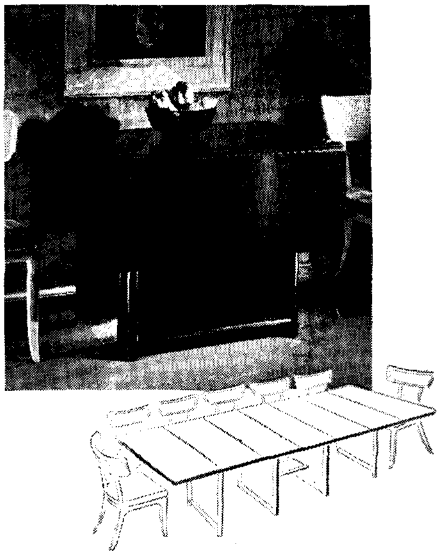

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he kept the artistic side of his life so secret that few of his neighbors and later acquaintances ever knew he was a sculptor. When he died, in 1946, his name had been almost forgotten, and both attic and cellar of the Riverdale house were crammed with finished pieces, stored away there as if discarded.

This show, arranged by Lincoln Kirstein, who rediscovered him, covers most of his career, from a bronze "Praying Figure," smoothly classical in style, dated 1904, to a series of small plaster figurines, produced in 1944, and probably among the last things he did. It also indicates, I think, why his reputation has not been more enduring, and suggests a few reasons for his retirement. The truth is that Nadelman's talent was of the capricious, precocious, superficial sort, rather than truly deep and well founded. He had great facility (see, for instance, the elegance of "Head of a Woman," of 1909, and the easy grace of "Woman with a Poodle," of around 1934), and in his early, inquiring days he did some experimenting with several of the technical devices that later became part of Cubist theory. But the trouble was that he never followed these experiments through, and while other men were working out the problems they presented, he turned to the easy attenuations of "Man in the Open Air" and "Horse," both of around 1915, and from these to the chic stylizations of "Seated Woman," "Tango," "Man in Top Hat," and "Bust of a Woman," all done in the next decade. There was even then a trace of vulgarity underneath his stylish contours, and this became more apparent after his retirement. The big, bulbous nudes of the nineteen-thirties have a hint of the slick and the sleazy, and although he could still rouse himself to produce such really beautiful pieces as the two small "Standing Female Nudes," of around 1942, the last pieces of all—small, plump semi-nudes, frilled and beribboned and a little like cherubs in tights—are uncomfortably close to the obscene. They suggest that his art, far from continuing to flower, had long before started to go to seed.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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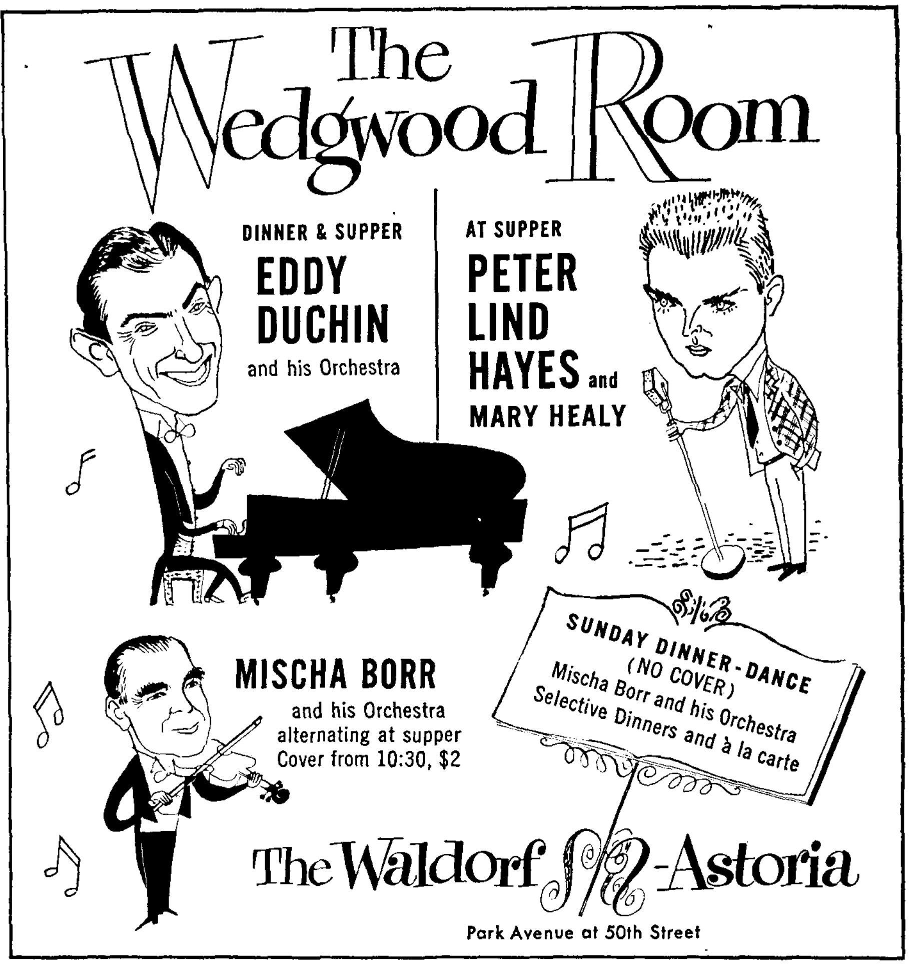
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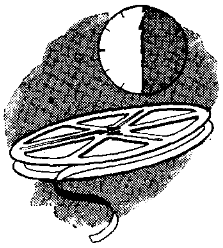

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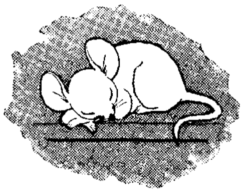

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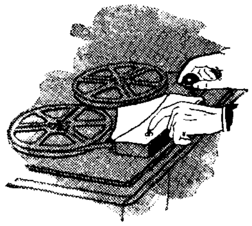

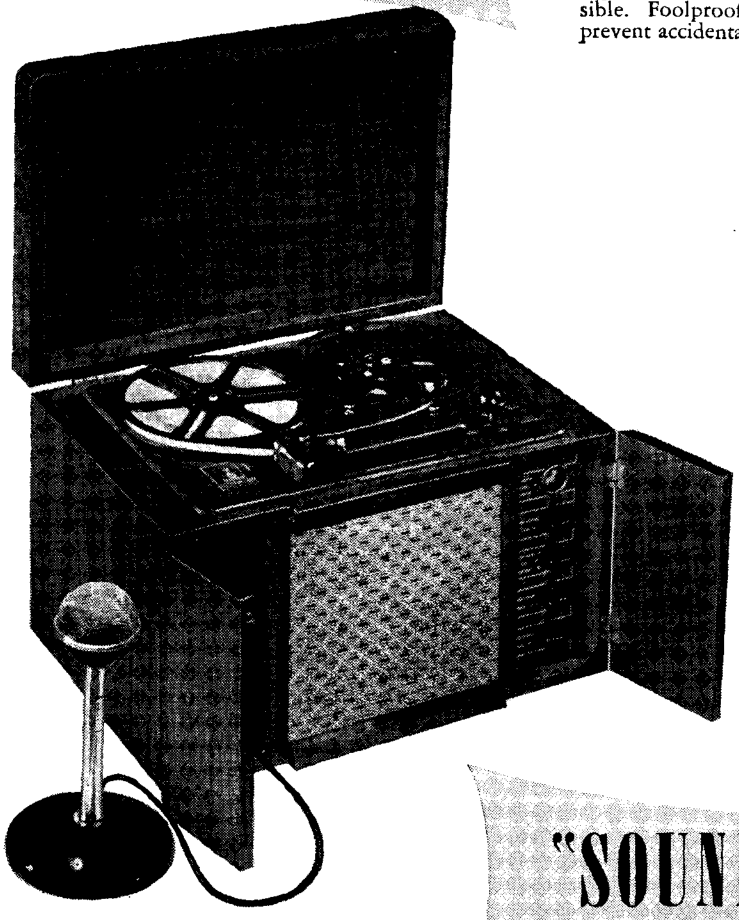

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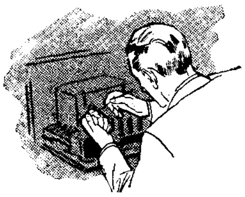

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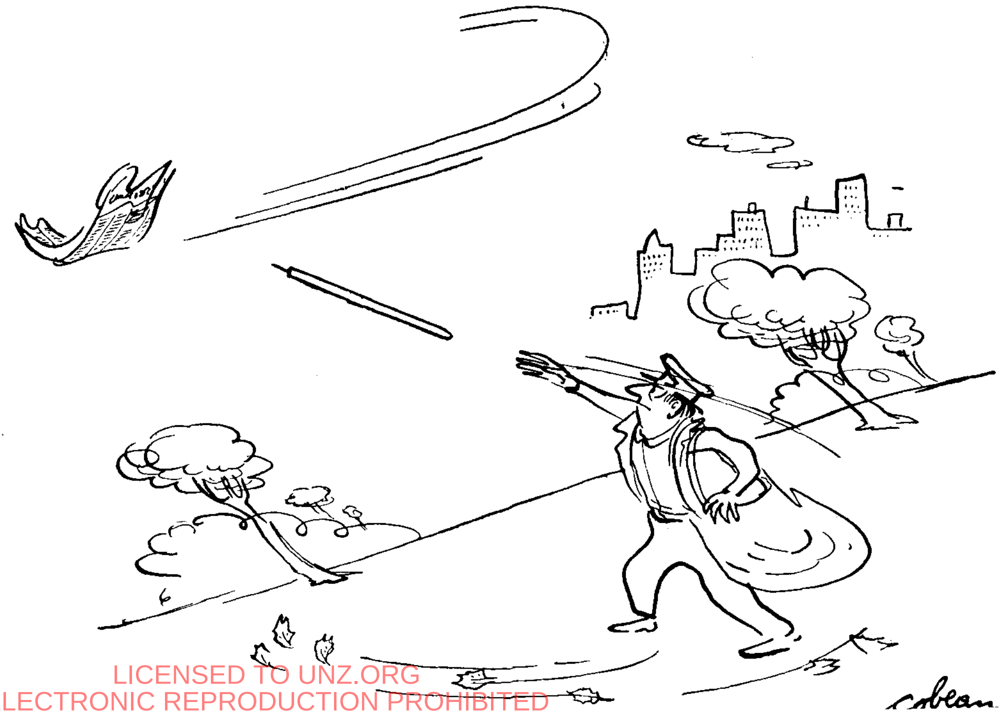
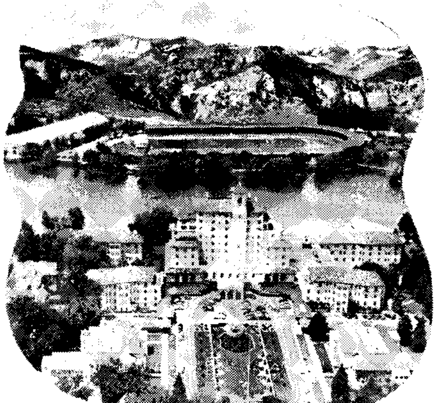
The damage done by R.A.F. raids on Berlin in 1940 and 1941 was infinitesimal compared to the destruction caused by the Luftwaffe in London. Berliners grumbled whenever they had to spend two or three hours in their cellars, but nobody worried much. Any Berliner who said "I know somebody whose house was bombed" was listened to with respectful interest. The R.A.F. Bomber Command didn't touch Berlin at all in 1942, because of its important jobs elsewhere—the thousand-plane raid on Cologne, for instance. But it was getting better and heavier aircraft and munitions, a larger number of skilled personnel, and, above all, navigational instruments for its night bombing. New techniques were being worked out, such as fouling up the enemy radar by dropping streamers of tinfoil. The first time Berlin really felt pain from the air was on the night of January 16, 1943, when a hundred and forty-six planes flew over and dropped three hundred and fifty tons of bombs. This raid was ten times as heavy as any previous one. There was an only slightly smaller attack the next night. In March, there were three more attacks, each of them twice as heavy as the first one in January. These five raids, coming on top of the Stalingrad disaster, dismayed Berliners. The Hofmann family—Fritz; his common-law wife, Hedi; Lilo, her daughter by an earlier marriage; and her aged mother—whom I came to know quite well when I was in Berlin shortly after V-E Day, in 1945, were soon even more dismayed than most people, because they were aware that much worse was coming. Hedi was one of the first Berliners to get tipped off.

One afternoon in June of 1943, an old friend of Hedi's, whom she hadn't seen or heard of in a decade, called on her. He was Hans Hornbostel, a dim-looking little man who in his youth, thirty years before, had learned photography from her father. In the period of the Republic, Hans had earned a fair living as a free-lance press photographer. His wife had died in childbirth during the first year of their marriage, and after that he had devoted all his spare time and most of his resources to welfare work among the underprivileged children of northern Berlin. One of the things he did was organize a Boy Scout troop. When the Nazis seized power, in 1933, the Scout troop became a Hitler Jugend unit and, since the Scouts were an international group, Hans went to a concentration camp for "preparing to commit high treason," a handy, catch-all charge the Nazis used to put people away. He "sat," as the Germans say, in one camp or another for about ten years. In February, 1943, he was taken under guard to an office in the photographic division of the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin. Two other photographers, old friends of his, and two newsreel cameramen, all of them just resurrected from concentration camps, were already there. An official explained that the Ministry was organizing a historical unit to record on film the bombing of Greater Germany. Sound trucks and cameras would be stationed where there were likely to be major air attacks. The official gave the five men their choice: they could join the historical unit or they could go back to concentration camp. If their work was outstanding, there was a possibility of pardon after victory





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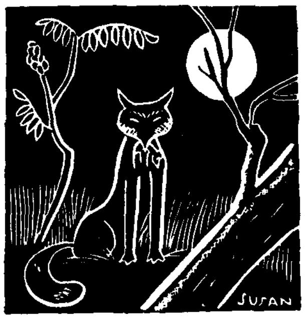
had been won. The five photographers all chose to throw in their lot with history. Only Hans survived.

"I understand that you've had some raids here this winter," Hornbostel said to Hedi, and he listened patiently while she described the five attacks. Then he said, "I've just spent two months in the Ruhr. First, I was at Essen, and last month my unit was ordered to Wuppertal. Wuppertal is no village, you know—four hundred thousand people live there. Well, one night at about nine the English came over in force and wiped out half the town. The air got so hot from the fires that it sucked in great masses of surrounding air, and the flames rose into an enormous whirlpool three hundred metres high. The fire engines couldn't get at the burning part of the town for fourteen hours. And when they were finally able to start pulling bodies out of the ruins, about a week later, they found that many of them had shrunk to midget size. I've heard that the Allies now have a jellied gasoline that they put in their incendiaries. Nobody in Berlin knows what has been going on in the Ruhr these past two months, because our good Dr. Goebbels is taking pains to see that nothing leaks out. I was ordered to bring our pictures here myself. They were afraid to have them sent through the mails. Before I got them unpacked, my boss here asked me how things were in the Ruhr, and when I told him a little, he wouldn't believe me. Then I showed him some pictures. His first remark was 'Good! I'll get my wife and children out of Berlin at once.' "



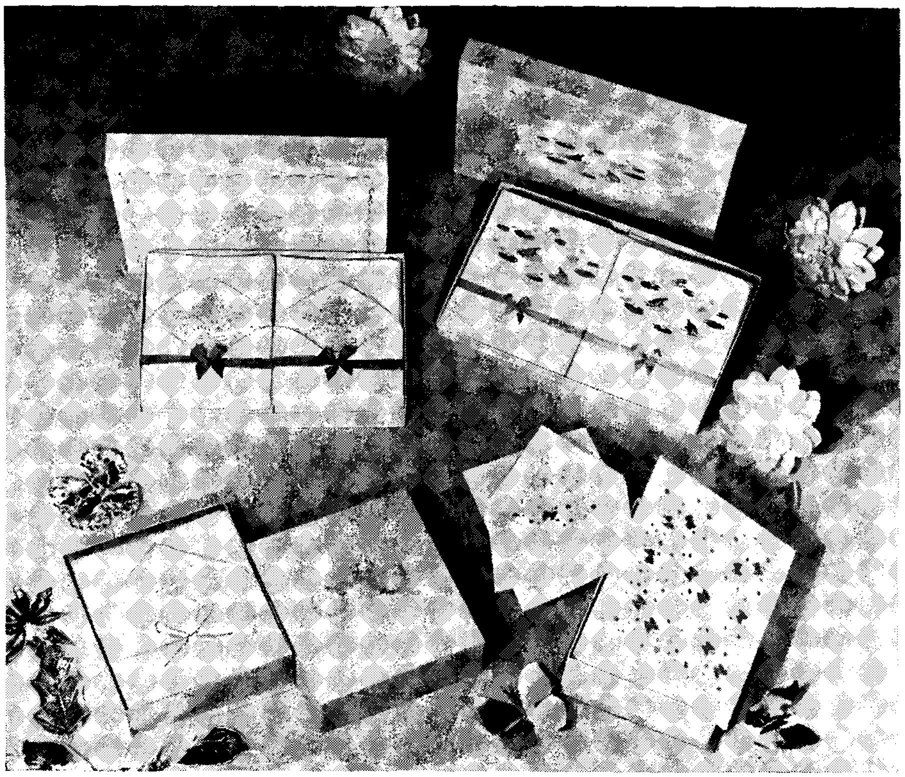
THE R.A.F. went on burning and smashing the Ruhr until early July. Dr. Goebbels continued to turn out soothing communiqués, but a good many reports on what the Ruhr towns were suffering reached Berlin, and the apprehension there increased. The first week of August, thousands of refugees from Hamburg, each with a horror story of his own to tell, passed through Berlin on their way to eastern Germany. Their stories were appalling: The second-largest city in the Reich, with a population of more than a million and a half, had been knocked out by the R.A.F.'s mysterious new weapons and methods, which seemed to paralyze all defenses, in just three raids, on July 24th, 27th, and 29th. Berlin was seized by panic.

On the night of August 23rd, five hundred and sixty British aircraft, the largest force that had ever attacked Berlin, dropped more than sixteen hundred tons of bombs on it. There were somewhat smaller attacks on August 31st and September 3rd. The panic grew. The government decided that a mass evacuation was necessary. However, it wanted to keep the state of public terror from becoming known to the enemy. As usual, Dr. Goebbels, who was Berlin's *Gauleiter*, as well as Minister of People's Enlightenment and Propaganda, had a solution. There was not to be a word about evacuation in the Berlin newspapers or on the radio. To tell the city's four million inhabitants about his plans, Goebbels, a student of history, revived the medieval town crier. There would be a ruffle of drums outside a tenement house, the dwellers would rush to their windows and raise them, and a leather-lunged spokesman for Dr. Goebbels' Ministry would bawl out a proclamation urging all women, children, and "those no longer leading an active life" to leave Berlin at once. For more well-to-do neighborhoods, the Doctor composed, for distribution in leaflet form, a memorandum, in a casual, almost jocular vein, urging the same thing and saying that the situation was only temporary. Tens of thousands of Berliners went to the railway stations. All roads out of the city were crowded with trucks, moving vans, and private cars taking away the property of wealthy Nazis. No one else could, at any price, get transportation to remove belongings. Göring was seen on the Autobahn in his limousine, superintending the transportation of his art treasures to Bavaria by a convoy of moving vans. Berliners were ordered to dig trenches in their parks, as Londoners had dug them in theirs three years earlier. More than four hundred searchlights and more than eight hundred anti-aircraft guns were set up in and around Berlin. Three flak towers, gigantic ferro-concrete structures, each manned by several thousand soldiers, were erected. One was in the Tiergarten; another was near a three-thousand-bed hospital in the city's eastern section; the third was in the western section. Crack squadrons of the Luftwaffe's speediest night fighters were dispersed so that they could intercept an enemy bomber column long before it reached the capital. When, finally, on the night of November 18, 1943, what the British Broadcasting Corporation called the Battle of Berlin began, it was hardly a tactical surprise to Berliners.

During the last five months of 1940 and the first five months of 1941, the Luftwaffe's raids on England killed over forty thousand Britons. London bore the brunt of these attacks. It was once bombed ninety-two nights in succession. By the end of the ten months, six hundred acres of the city were devastated. Berlin is approximately half the size of London; by the end of the war, 6,427 acres of it had been laid waste. As scarcely an Allied editorial page failed to point out, it was a clear case of having sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind. Nobody has yet stated how many Berliners were killed in the bombings, and probably nobody ever will, for tremendous numbers of records were burned in the fires that swept the city, and the vital-statistics organizations disintegrated. Between November 18, 1943, and the following March, the R.A.F.'s Bomber Command made sixteen great night attacks, dropping sixty-eight million pounds of bombs, before it turned to other targets. That same March, the American Eighth Air Force commenced attacking Berlin by day. It hit the city nineteen times within the next year, dropping twenty-two thousand tons of bombs. Once, the Americans sent over more than two thousand aircraft, thirteen hundred of them Fortresses and Liberators, flying in a column two hundred and fifty miles long.

Of the six thousand acres of Berlin that were destroyed, the Eighth Air Force accounted for only a thousand. That was because it went after specific targets. Its planes, coming over by day, dropped mostly high explosives. The R.A.F., flying by night, believed in demolition by areas, and dropped mostly incendiaries. Berliners minded the American attacks less than they minded the British; you could at least see the Americans, and they set far fewer fires. Twenty minutes after the beginning of a British raid, the firemen would be using so much water that the pressure in the mains sometimes fell to nothing at all. Water tanks were therefore set up all over Berlin. If your home caught fire and the firemen were delayed, you and your neighbors rushed to one of these tanks with buckets.

There were three types of air-raid shelter—the *Luftschutzraum*, or cellar shelter; the *Splittergraben*, or anti-fragmentation trench, reinforced and partly covered with heavy timbers; and the



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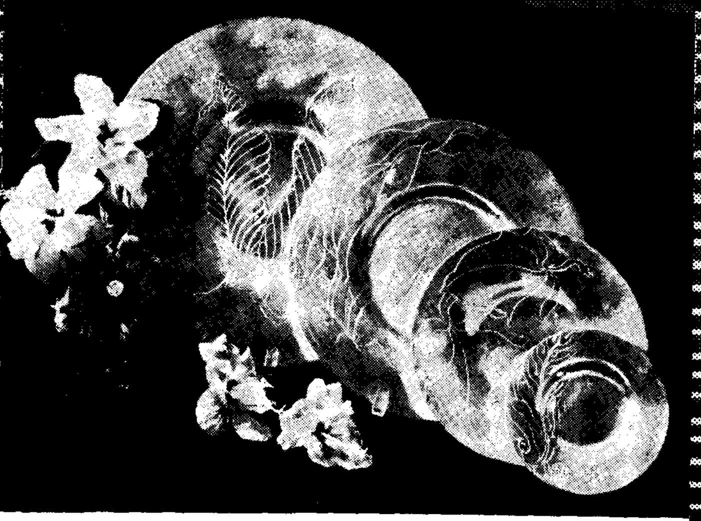

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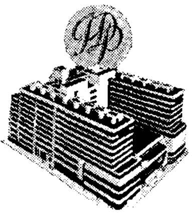

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Bunker, which was larger and deeper than the *Luftschutzraum* and usually had one story aboveground. Unlike the London Tube, the Berlin subway was not used much for shelter, since most of its stations were near the surface. As the Berliners sat around in the shelters, they developed a new type of soothsaying. Just like horseplayers, each had his own way of calculating—by the weather or the winds or the phases of the moon or his hunches—when the next attack would come. There were also those who undertook to foretell what section of the city would be bombed next. The R.A.F. seemed so methodical in its area-by-area attacks that many Berliners indulged in this form of guessing.

If part of your house was still habitable after a British raid, you were, no matter how uncomfortable, superstitious about moving to an unbombed section. If you had relatives or friends in an untouched part of town, you worried more about them than about other friends. "We've had our beating and it was terrible, but theirs is bound to be much worse," people would say. Those who had been bombed out early enough to find quarters elsewhere and were never bombed out again were considered lucky, but they were rare. At first, people who had been bombed out were awarded compensation and permits to rebuild, but soon awards and permits were meaningless, since nothing could be done about rebuilding. Tax collecting also broke down. The remittances of dutiful citizens paying their church tax, their dog tax, or their school tax were returned by the Post Office marked "Addressee Unknown." In the district of Wilmersdorf, the few functionaries still hanging about the Town Hall, which had been gutted, were lodged out front in a mobile tool shed, formerly used by men repairing the streets. Berlin was truly the nerve center of the Reich, and when a government office there was destroyed, it might mean that hundreds of factories all over Germany would be without instructions and unable to operate efficiently, if at all.

THE Hofmanns were in Berlin during most of the R.A.F.'s great attacks. Through one of those ironic mistakes that all bureaucracies make, Hedi, who was half Jewish and therefore legally a *Mischling*, or Mongrel, and ineligible by the Nuremberg Racial Laws for any public post, was appointed air-raid warden after the warden on her block had been wounded on the night

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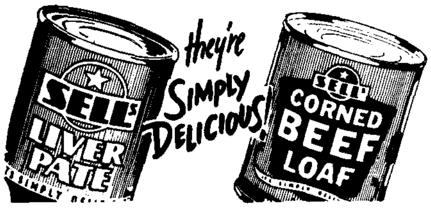

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of November 18, 1943. It was not long after her appointment that a friendly doctor sent Hofmann to a neurological clinic, where he feigned madness to avoid being drafted into the S.S. Hedi then had to look after him by day and her *Luftschutzraum* by night.

Hedi's block's *Luftschutzraum*, which was in the cellar of the roofless, three-story apartment house in which she lived, was not large enough to hold all the people who sought protection in it, and during raids many of them had to stay outside, in the cellar's corridors. People who had brought their pets along also sat out the raids there, for pets were prohibited in the *Luftschutzraum*, where the air often became almost unbearably close. One day, Hedi was officially notified that she had committed an offense—"permitting animals in the LSR." During the next attack, an official of the Air Raid Protection Service made an unannounced visit to the shelter. He perfunctorily inspected it and the corridors, then called Hedi outside to the street. The R.A.F. was bombing the other side of the city. Hedi and the official stood in the street and looked at the beautiful and horrible picture of annihilation—candy-pink flames licking at the sky; the darker red of the long, curving chains of glowing balls hurled up by the guns; columns of pearl-gray smoke that suddenly turned black; green flares drifting down from pathfinder planes to guide the bombers; the sudden, awful brilliance of high explosive. Far away as the combat was, particles of flak were falling in the street near them. "Poor Berlin!" the official said. He had a kind face. "They say you let animals in your LSR," he added. She decided to try to make him laugh. "Never in the *Luftschutzraum*," she answered. "They stay out in the corridors, where there's plenty of air. Besides, in this neighborhood we have all our pets trained to hold their breath during air raids." He laughed. "You know how it is with pets during a bombing," she went on. "They go crazy when they're left alone. And when the owners of pets leave them at home, they worry as much as if they had left their babies."

"Well, I suppose it will be all right," the official said. Then, in the same tone of voice, he asked, "By the way, have you any Jews in the house here?"

"No," Hedi said. She wondered whether it was just a routine question, for several times she had hidden Jews in her apartment, and she hoped that the expression on her face revealed nothing.

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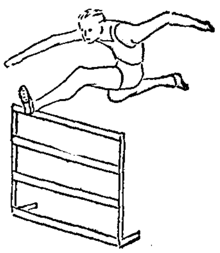

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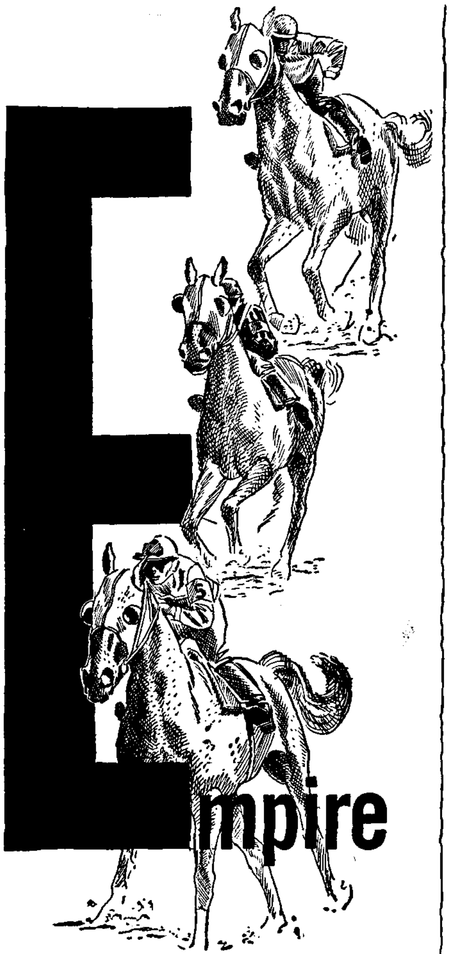

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stances are they to be allowed in the shelter?" he said.

"That's the first thing I was told when they gave me this job," Hedi answered.

The official laughed again and held out his hand. "Well, good night," he said. "We'll forget about the animals. Good luck." He started up the street, then came back to her. "Excuse me, I forgot something," he said. "If there are any half-Jews using your cellar, there aren't any fixed rules about that yet. It's still all right to let them in. But it would probably be best to ask the other users of the shelter if they have any objections." Hedi never canvassed her charges on that question, but she carried out the other duties of her job as well as she could. She found that worrying about the miseries of her neighbors lessened her anxiety about Hofmann.

"A *Luftschutzraum* was not a cheerful place," she once told me, in an account of her wartime experiences that I have since tried to reconstruct. "They were always overcrowded, the air was always foul, and there was generally a stink of phosphorous fumes that leaked in through cracks. Almost invariably the lights went out during a raid. There were usually several babies, and the explosions would set them crying and their mothers would groan. Soldiers home on leave were always shocked and disgusted by their first experience in a *Luftschutzraum*. They called them mousetraps and claimed it was much safer at the front.

"If your section was being attacked, you could hear the bombs whistling down and feel the building rock from the explosions. Then would come the crashing of glass and the cracking of wood upstairs as the concussion blew in the doors and windows. You felt that this time the attack was meant for you personally. And if the end had to come, wouldn't it be better to die in your own bed, where you could at least stretch out and be comfortable as long as possible? Everybody who ever crouched in a *Luftschutzraum* through a bombing asked himself questions like that. But as the attacks went on and on, that awful tension of screaming nerves that everybody had been living under gradually gave way to a dreadful apathy. I saw it on the faces of the people in our cellar. They would sit with glazed eyes and slack jaws, listening to the bombs come down. And, as though they were automatons controlled by a master mechanism, their

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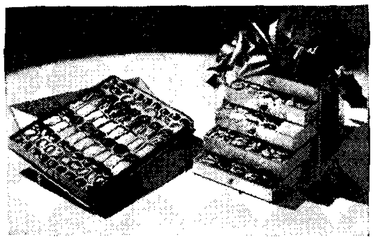

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came down, and then, at the explosion, would jerk upward in unison. We Berliners were like sleepwalkers for the last year and a half of the war.

"In February, 1944, the block warden recovered from his wounds and I was relieved of my job. A few months after that, the S.S. medical authorities finally decided that Hofmann's spurious mental collapse was genuine, and we went to Alsace for a while, to get away from them and from the bombings. When we returned, on the tenth of June, we noticed at once that people seemed even more dazed and stupefied. In the main hall of the station, with hundreds of people about, a woman was lying on the dirty tiled floor, obviously having labor pains, and nobody was paying any attention. I sent Lilo to phone for an ambulance, and we stayed with the woman until it came. There wasn't much we could do to make her comfortable in the meantime. Hofmann put his coat under her head and my mother held her hands, and I got her a cup of bluish milk from the buffet. She was little more than a youngster, poor thing, and pretty. Her husband was missing in Russia. She had planned to catch an evacuation train called the Mother-and-Child Special. The ordinary people of Berlin always had the reputation of being curious and yet goodhearted, but while we were with her, no one stopped to see what the matter was. Hardly anybody even glanced at her.

"Our nerves no longer screamed during the raids, but there was one part of the day when we felt real *Angst*—the kind of apprehensive distress we had first felt after the people who fled here from Hamburg told us what had happened to their city. This *Angst*, this deep anxiety, came at twilight. The moment you saw that the sun was beginning to go, there was a tightening in your throat and around your heart. Everybody felt it. Conversations would die; gatherings would dissolve. You suddenly felt very lonesome, and you stopped whatever you were doing and started for home. The bombings didn't come every night, but we took it for granted that they *might*. The Mosquitoes bombed us, once, for thirty-three nights running. If your home, or the home of some friend who would put you up, was too far away to reach before dark, you went to whatever nearby air-raid shelter you knew you could get into with the least fuss and delay.

"I mention fuss and delay because there was a shamefully small number of large public air-raid shelters in Berlin, and they were never opened until

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after an alarm had sounded. At twilight, crowds would gather outside them—mostly bombed-out, homeless people seeking some relief from their twilight *Angst.* But if no alarm sounded, they were denied admission. In summer, when the twilights were long, they stood there for hours. The big Nazis were immune to this *Angst;* they all had lovely *Bunkers* of their own, some of them fitted with bars. The worst thing about the large public shelters was that their entrances were mostly too few and too narrow to admit all the people trying to get in after an alarm *had* sounded. There was generally ample room inside, but it would be an hour before all those seeking protection could get in. As a result, there was seldom an alarm that didn't start a panic outside these shelters."

"*Vergeltung*" means "retaliation," and the "V" in "V-1" and "V-2," the designations of the guided missiles showered on London, stood for *Vergeltungswaffen.* Throughout the spring of 1944, as the bombing of Berlin continued, Dr. Goebbels kept the air and the press filled with hints of secret retaliatory weapons. One day in June, Hedi was waiting her turn in a crowded shop. "Twilight was coming on when a wild-eyed man rushed in and began to shout," she told me. "A fleet of trucks equipped with loudspeakers were driving through the city, he said. Out of the loudspeakers was pouring a warning: 'Get off the streets at once! Hurry home! Retaliation against England has begun! Our secret weapons are being launched against the air pirates! Clear the streets! Hurry home and stay there! We must be prepared for anything that may come in revenge!' There was a stampede in the shop, and several show-cases were broken. Tramcars and buses were abandoned by their drivers. Women had hysterics. That night, there was the usual raid, nothing more. We began to wonder who had seen the trucks and who had heard the warning. Nobody had. Everybody had got the story from somebody else.

"The Party leaders kept issuing admiring statements about the 'incredible endurance' of us Berliners. During the winter of '43-'44, after the peak of an attack had passed, you would frequently see limousines with uniformed Nazis in them driving slowly past the burning buildings, past the running, shouting people. The Nazis were often accompanied by beautiful women in evening dress. From the faces and gestures of these slummers, you could tell that for [illegible] thrilling spectacle

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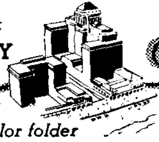

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Incidentally, it was only Nazis you ever heard moaning about property losses. I suppose that was because they had nothing else to lose. They had come to be despised by practically everyone. By 1945, no Nazi official with any sense would have risked turning up in uniform at an air-raid fire. I know of an *Ortsgruppenleiter* who made the mistake of doing so and was thrown into the flames.

"All Berlin began to stink like a decaying corpse. In the mornings, the *Katastrophenbattaillione*, an invention of Herr Speer's, would march out, with their spades on their shoulders. As they marched, they sang. At twilight, they would march home again, still singing. They had spent the day clearing rubble out of the streets and dragging a few living and many dead out of the ruins. I could never understand why they felt they had to sing. The government started awarding, posthumously, the Iron Cross, Second Class, to children, women, and old people who had died what it called 'the hero's death' in the raids. This was supposed to inspire their families with new courage. The Führer and Dr. Goebbels thought of everything.

"The Zoo was hit and many animals got loose. The supposedly dangerous animals—lions and tigers and wolves—were soon rounded up, for the bombings had so terrified them that they were like cringing curs, but the poisonous snakes that had escaped caused a good deal of worry. They, too, were finally accounted for. Nearly all the animals in the Zoo were sent east. People kept leaving the city, too. Breslau, the largest city in Silesia, became known as the bedroom of Berlin. I knew a woman who went there every Saturday to have a hot bath and a couple of nights of undisturbed sleep at her mother's house. And I knew an actress who went to

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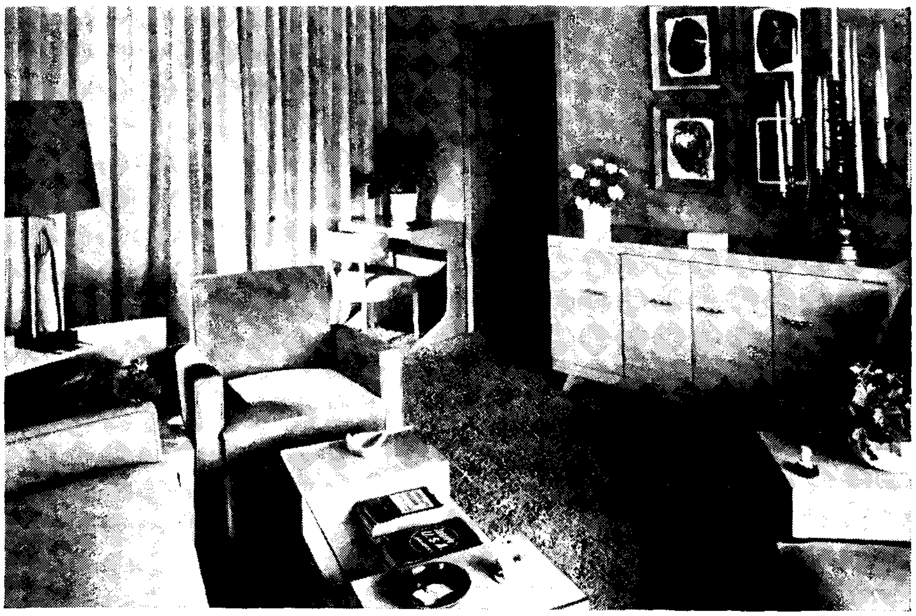
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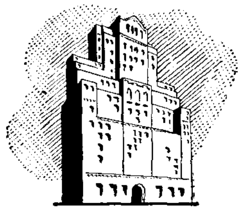
Frankfurt an der Oder every night after her performance. She was driven there in the limousine of a Party official and brought back the next morning. Thousands of Berlin school children—whole classes at a time, with their teachers—were evacuated to the east. The Nazis were positive that the Russians would never get there. Epidemics later broke out among these children. Many of them ran away and returned to their families in Berlin.

"One air raid did make us laugh. Göring was to broadcast one afternoon at a Luftwaffe anniversary celebration. The English must have found out about it, for just as he was to speak, three Mosquitoes flew over and he rushed for a shelter. The Mosquitoes didn't drop anything; they had apparently come only to start the sirens going. The whole city roared. Everybody recalled Göring's boast that not one enemy plane would ever appear over Berlin.

"Berliners were famous all over Germany for their humor, but we didn't have many good jokes during the war. I remember one in the winter of 1940, after it became clear that the British would go on fighting. 'When will the war end? When the British have been reduced to eating rats and the Germans ersatz rats.' After the big raids started, there was a joke that went, 'Enjoy the war, children. The peace is sure to be nasty.' Toward the end, Berlin humor got childish. Passing a bombed-out building, you might hear somebody from above shout, '*Achtung! Der Führer kommt!*,' and a bust or a framed picture of Hitler would fly out of the window and crash on the sidewalk. And there were the notices scrawled on the advertising pillars, such as 'Who will swap a well-preserved bronze National Socialist eagle for a Jewish grandmother in similar condition?' On the outer walls of every building that had a *Luftschutzraum* were painted the letters LSR. After the Red Army reached the Oder, only forty miles from Berlin, somebody suggested that LSR now stood for '*Lern schnell Russisch.*' "

WHEN the Hofmanns returned to Berlin from Alsace, they didn't go back to Hedi's apartment to live, because during their absence a bombed-out couple, both ardent Nazis, had moved into it. Hedi had had dealings with the interloper and his wife, who together ran a small shop in the neighborhood, and she knew that they were a mean and violent pair. Since the Hofmanns were eager to avoid attract-



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ing the notice of the authorities, they let the Nazi couple stay in the apartment and went to live at the house of Hedi's aunt in Potsdam, that Hohenzollern attempt at Versailles, fifteen miles to the southwest of Berlin. Retired civil servants and Army officers and their dependents and retainers made up a large part of Potsdam's prewar population of eighty-five thousand. By June of 1944, the population had tripled; Potsdam had never been bombed. Hedi and her mother and Lilo stayed there until shortly after V-E Day; Hofmann spent much of this period in Berlin. A week after the failure of the July 20th attempt to assassinate Hitler in his Eastern Front Headquarters, the government announced that it had now declared Total War, Dr. Goebbels' euphemism for the conscription of practically every German male between adolescence and senility who was not already in the Army. For nearly five years, Hofmann had managed to avoid bearing arms in a war he considered entirely of the Nazis' making, and he saw no reason to start now. "Not with the curtain coming down," he said. "Not in the last fifty metres." On the afternoon of the twenty-ninth, Hedi packed his bag and took him to the neurological clinic where he had had his bogus mental collapse. The director, a bumbling, elderly Nazi, was pleased to see him again. He diagnosed Hofmann's condition as a "relapse with intensified symptoms."

By the middle of January, 1945, the Russians had started their offensive along the great bend of the Vistula, and by March they had reached the Oder. On March 7th, the Americans got a small armored element across the Rhine at Remagen and established a bridgehead. The curtain was indeed coming down. The air attacks on Berlin continued night and day. There was such a shortage of coal that the electricity was seldom turned on full blast except to blow the sirens. People whose ranges and other kitchen appliances worked by electricity could cook only during air raids. Newspapers appeared less and less frequently, and news broadcasts stopped almost entirely, so the public lived on little but rumor. A "certain high Wehrmacht officer" was said to be negotiating with SHAEF to persuade the American and British Armies to join with the Germans in driving the Russians back to the Urals. This rumor subsided when the Americans reached the Elbe, the British took Bremen, and the Russians crossed the Oder.

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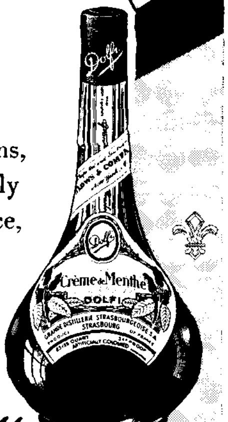

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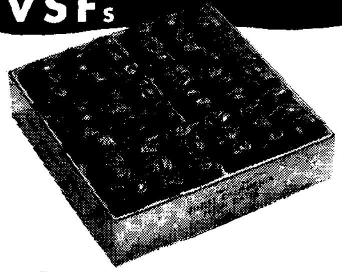

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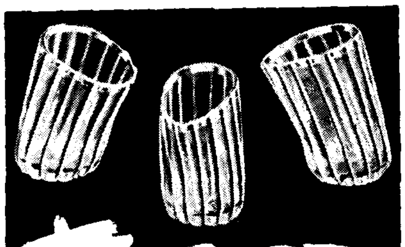

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nothing had halted since Stalingrad, tree trunks, broken-down trucks and moving vans, and bombed streetcars were strewn across the streets. Bearded old men and fuzz-faced boys slouched about the city as members of the Volksstürm, the last-ditch Home Guard that Dr. Goebbels had organized for his Total War. They were dressed in grotesque combinations of their own clothing and bits of worn-out uniforms, and they carried obsolete Italian rifles. Girls of fifteen were conscripted to help work the flak guns. Anyone with eyes to see and the mind to draw a conclusion knew that the situation was hopeless, yet in the hearts of many Berliners there remained to the end the childlike hope, or faith, or delusion, that somehow a last-minute miracle would rescue them. When the rumor that the Western Powers would help the Germans against Russia collapsed, there was at once a consolation rumor to take its place: The Americans and the British would arrive in Berlin before the Red Army; one could surrender to them and be sure of protection from the Asiatic hordes. It was not really remarkable that while destiny was closing in on them, the Berliners were nursing infantile illusions. For a dozen years, they had been conditioned by Dr. Goebbels.

Hedi considered the Doctor the most formidable and the most dangerous of all the Nazis. "He was one of the very few big Nazis who stood intellectually above the level of the masses," she once said to me. "Goebbels spent his whole public life manipulating the people. He knew what the average German wanted and what thrilled him. Without Goebbels, the average German couldn't have gone on being satisfied year after year with the crumbs he got from the National Socialist Party. It's incredible what Goebbels got away with. Out of the announcement of the Stalingrad disaster he made a kind of solemn, elevating holiday, to floods of Wagnerian music. When he began talking about the retaliation campaign—V-1, V-2, and the mythical V-3—he was like a juggler keeping pretty colored balls in the air. The Total War, when he proclaimed it, sounded even lovelier than the one that had been going on for nearly five years. Hitler announced the Russian collapse in the fall of 1941, and after what followed, everybody except fanatical Nazis was cynical about the government statements, and everybody knew that Goebbels was the king of liars, yet he was always listened to. He had a genius for beguiling. When,

BISCUITS FOR BRITAIN
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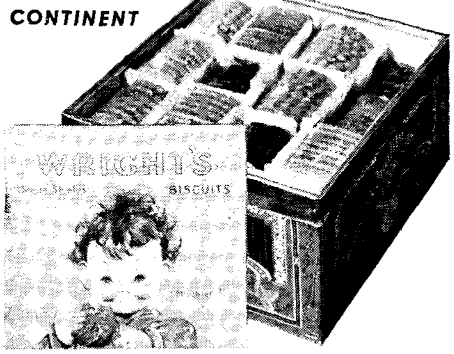

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happy to have the privilege at last of being a front-line city, he added that in just a few hours an immense German army would be up from the south to free us. There was an old Berlin joke about the Doctor: 'If you killed Goebbels, you'd have to kill his mouth extra.'

"On April 20, 1945, the Führer's birthday, Goebbels went on the air for the last time. Five minutes after he had started speaking, a great many American bombers came over and broke up the broadcast. That night, there was another big attack—the last on Berlin. By good fortune, a few trains were still running from Potsdam into the city, and the next morning I took one. I hadn't been able to get the neurological clinic on the telephone and I was worried about Hofmann, for we could hear heavy artillery fire from the direction of the city. When the train reached Berlin, there were placards all over the station bearing lists of officers and men who had been recently shot or hanged for cowardice or desertion. The placards told where the bodies were on view. I saw more of the same placards in the subway and elevated stations that day, on my way to the neurological clinic. I had to change, shuttle, walk through the streets past two or three stations to make another connection, then change again, and shuttle some more. For some weeks, no one had been allowed to ride on the subway or the elevated without a pass. There were three passes: one for military and civil officials of high importance, one for less exalted people in government service, and a third for doctors and nurses. Certain hours were reserved exclusively for the important personages. I managed to get a nurse's pass through Marianne von Dorn, an old friend who was an X-ray technician at the Franziskus Hospital. Even so, it took me nearly five hours to cross the city.

"I'll never forget two groups of foreigners I saw that day. The first was in the Leipzigerstrasse. Kempinski's Leipzigerstrasse, the restaurant with the most famous wine cellar in Berlin, had recently been demolished by a bomb. The explosion had turned the cellar into a colossal cistern of precious wines. A dozen foreign workers—some of the millions that Herr Saukel had brought into the Reich from all over Europe—were pumping the cellar out by hand. Russian shells were dropping on Berlin, so I can't imagine why. Four or five hoses were spewing Kempinski's treasures into the gutter. From the men's speech, I guessed that they were Nor-

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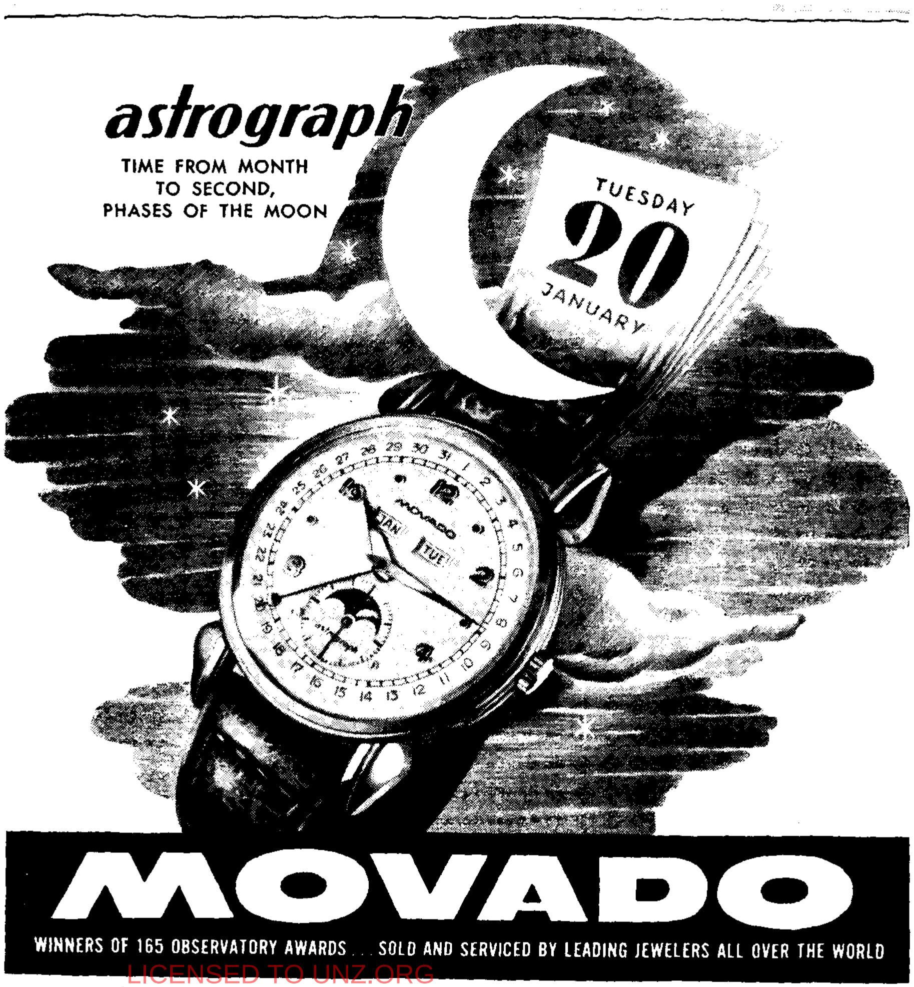
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wegians or Danes. They were all drunk. Every now and then, one would lurch to the gutter and drink from the end of a hose. All of them were very happy. Perhaps the roar of the Russian artillery sounded wonderful to them. Or perhaps they were too drunk to notice it. A second group of foreigners, which I saw a little later, seemed to think it was the most beautiful music they had ever heard. They were four Russian prisoners of war, whom two old Volksstürm men brought into a car on the elevated. They were so ragged and dirty, and their shoes were so shabby, that I was sure they must have been captured early in the war. Everyone was staring at them, as if to say, 'Are they *really* the subhuman monsters we've been hearing about for years?' Their faces bore marks of suffering, and yet there was unmistakably an expression of joy on them. Whenever there was an unusually heavy salvo of artillery, the Russians would steal looks at each other. They knew that it was their artillery. After several stops, the old Volksstürm men ordered them to get off the train. The Russians looked at one another again before they obeyed. Everybody understood what they had said with their eyes as clearly as if they had shouted. It was, 'Oh, well, it won't hurt to take a few more orders. We'll just wait a couple of days and then see who's giving the orders here.'

"I had hardly got to the neurological clinic and discovered that Hofmann was all right when a motorcycle courier arrived with an order that all patients must be moved out in an hour; the place was to be an emergency dressing station. Before long, trucks filled with wounded soldiers started to roll in. Soon the hospital, which had only forty beds, was swamped. The pompous little clinic director suffered a sort of neurological collapse himself and had to be taken away. They were so frightfully shorthanded that Hofmann and I decided to stay and do anything we could to help. He acted as an orderly and I worked in the kitchen. The beds were moved down to the cellar, for Russian fighter-bombers had begun to come over the city in large numbers by day. There was no more flak, and the sirens weren't sounding. The trucks full of wounded kept rolling in. There were three or four soldiers in every bed in the hospital, then a couple on every stretcher, and finally the rest were just put on the floor. There was almost no electricity by now, so the only illumination in the

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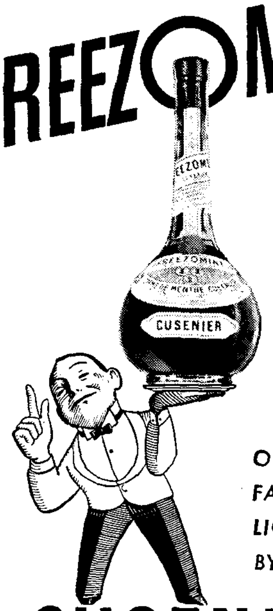

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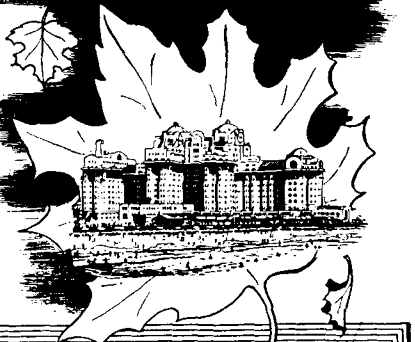

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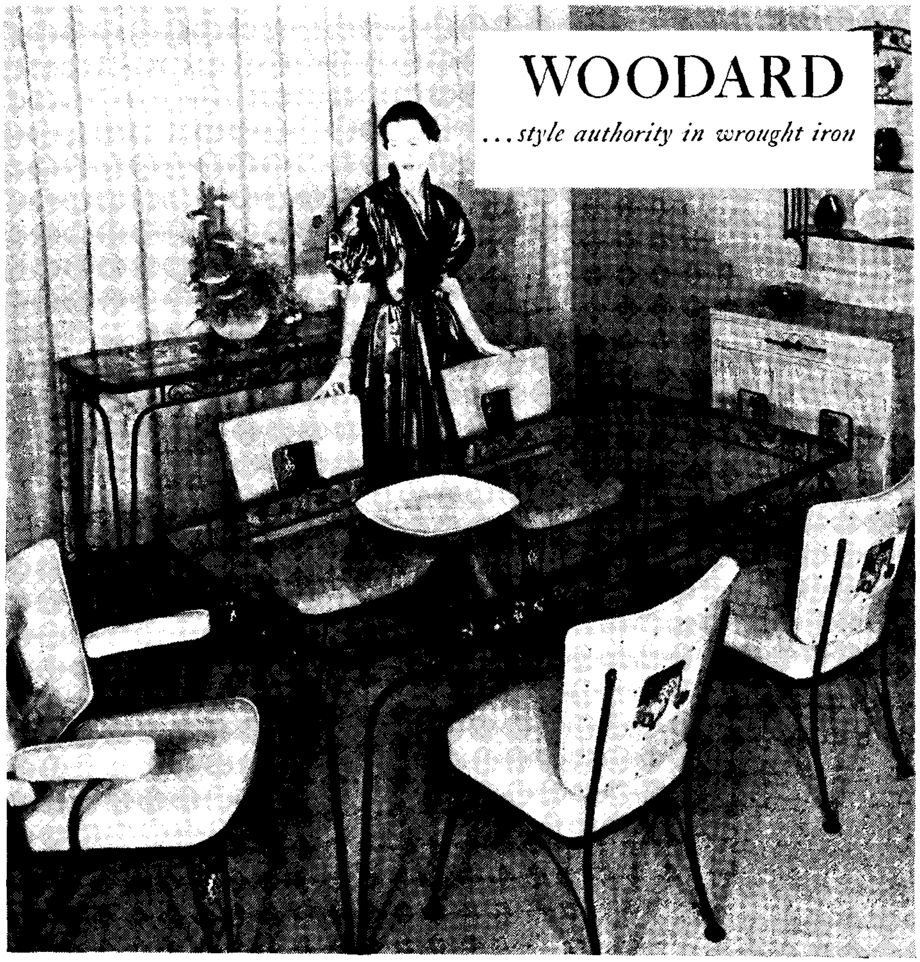
Two Army surgeons and some nurses worked all night in a makeshift operating room by the flicker of an old carbide lamp. Doctors were so scarce that only the most urgent operations could be performed. The next day, the anesthetics gave out; the trucks were still rolling in. The drivers told us that the front was now the Teltow Canal, only five kilometres away. That afternoon, the corpses of those who had died were taken out of the cellar and buried in a cemetery a few blocks away, but as soon as the dead were removed, there were more wounded and dying to take their places. The soldiers were wonderfully brave as they were being operated on without anesthetics. It was pitiful to see them trembling every time a bomb went off. The next day, the food ran out.

"That day, they started bringing in civilian wounded off the streets. One woman six months pregnant was brought in, with her two children, a boy of six and a girl of four. They had been caught downtown when the street-to-street fighting started and had fled into the Anhalter station of the subway, where several thousand people had already taken refuge. The S.S., in their retreat across the city, had blown up a section of the Landwehr Canal, which passes over the subway at that point. The explosion tore off part of the subway ceiling, and water rushed in. Many people were drowned, and many more were trampled to death in the panic. Some escaped through a tunnel built before the war, in which no tracks had ever been laid. This poor woman and her children had waded for several hours in the dark through this tunnel, in water that was up to her knees, until they came to a station where it was safe for them to come aboveground. Not long after she reached us, she had a miscarriage and died. The children were not allowed to go to the cemetery, because of the increased Russian bombing and artillery fire, and I stayed with them while she was buried.

"The thought uppermost in the minds of all the soldiers in the hospital was to get to where they could surrender to the Americans or British and avoid falling into the hands of the Russians, but on the evening of April 24th, because the Russians had crossed the Teltow Canal, all the wounded were taken to the small suburban town of Wannsee, where what was left of the Luftwaffe was making its last stand—on foot. Wannsee is only ten kilometres from Potsdam, and Hofmann and I were allowed, very luckily, to ride with



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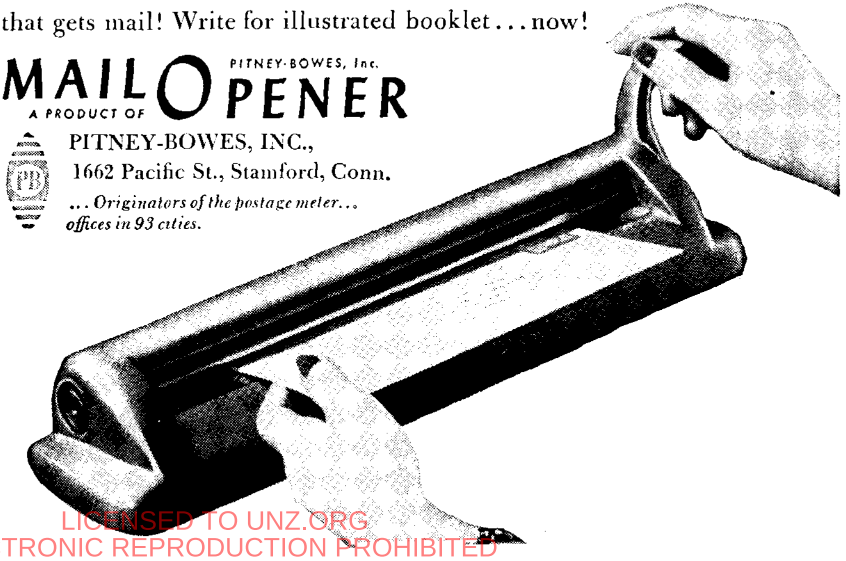

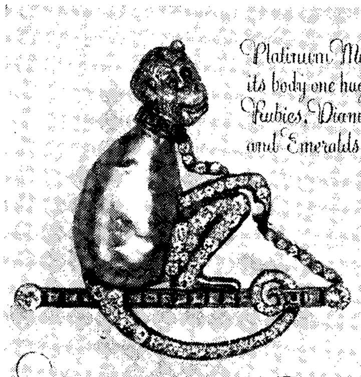

Platinum Monkey, its body one huge pearl, Rubies, Diamonds and Emeralds, $1980.

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shows his trophies—
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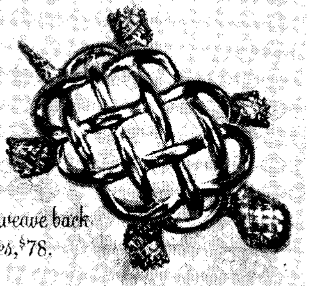

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VACATION IN BERMUDA AND VISIT THE BERMUDA SHOP IN HAMILTON

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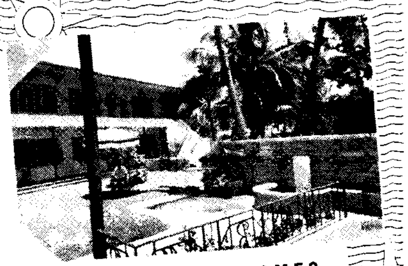
the evacuation trucks as far as they went. The next morning, over the radio at my aunt's house in Potsdam, we heard on a British broadcast that the San Francisco Conference had begun. That day, too, the Russians captured the center of Potsdam, and that night we learned from another British broadcast that Berlin was completely surrounded. The current went off immediately after that and stayed off. There was fighting in Potsdam for four more days. We could see the German tanks and cannon passing by the house. Then, on the night of Sunday, the twenty-ninth, there was a heavy pounding on the door of the cellar, where we had taken refuge, along with several neighbors. We opened it, and down came thirty Russian soldiers, with a lieutenant. Our luck was still holding, for the lieutenant spoke quite good German, and after I said that I was half Jewish and told him something of what we had been through, he treated us very decently. The house was searched for soldiers. Some fountain pens and watches were taken from the men, but that was all. Several women I knew in Berlin were raped by Russians, but neither my mother nor Lilo nor I was ever molested.

"The next day, we came out of the cellar and walked about the streets. Part of Potsdam was in flames. People were looting the burned-out shops. It was horrible to watch well-dressed men and women burrowing in the ashes for vegetables or charred meat, screaming and shoving each other like animals. I saw a burly man snatch a can of food out of the hands of a little girl and then roar at her because she cried. These were the great *Volksgenossen*, who had made Hitler.

"Berlin surrendered on May 2nd. That day, Hofmann decided to see if he could salvage any of his drawing materials and instruments from his office in the construction firm he had worked for. As all transportation had stopped, he put on a pair of fine high laced boots that he had used in his job and set out to walk. He was about to cross a street in the center of Potsdam when a column of German prisoners guarded by Russians halted in front of him as he stood on the curb. A Russian sergeant aimed a tommy gun at him, shouted something in Russian to a soldier, and pointed at Hofmann's boots. The Russian soldier shouted back in Russian and aimed *his* tommy gun at Hofmann. Evidently they thought that anybody with such a flashy pair of boots must be a big Nazi. The sergeant and the soldier seized Hofmann and



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dragged him into the column. Just then, a command rang out and the column resumed its march toward Berlin. Hofmann, of course, had to march with it. A few minutes later, he heard his name called and somebody said in German, 'What in the hell are you doing?' Hofmann looked up and saw an old friend walking along beside the column, and he suddenly remembered that the old friend could speak Russian. Hofmann said, 'My God, I don't know! Going to Siberia, I suppose. Find the officer and get me out of this.' The friend ran to the head of the column and in a few minutes came back. 'I've been talking to the captain, Hofmann,' he said. 'He's quite a nice fellow. He says he can't let you go now, but if there's been a mistake, it'll be rectified in Poland. That's where this column's going.' The column turned down a side street and Hofmann lost sight of his old friend. You can imagine Hofmann's feelings. He had been anti-Nazi ever since there had been any Nazis, he had gone to a madhouse twice to keep from bearing arms for them, the war was over, and here he was heading for Poland—if it was to be no worse than Poland. The column had marched all the way into Berlin before another halt was called, in the Spittlemarkt, a large square in the center of the city. The sergeant ran forward to confer with the captain, at the head of the column, and Hofmann noticed that the soldier with the other tommy gun had turned his back and was staring at some passing girls. A bus came to a stop across the square. Hofmann quickly unlaced his boots, whipped the legs of his trousers out of them, and pulled the trouser legs down over his ankles so that they covered the tops of the boots. Then he strolled casually across the square and boarded the bus." —JOEL SAYRE

(*This is the last of a series of five articles.*)

•

1:30 p.m.—Meeting Consumers Conference Committee of R.I. Directors Room, Hospital Trust Building. Mathias P. Harpin will speak on "Young Man, Go West in Rhode Island."—*Providence Evening Bulletin.*

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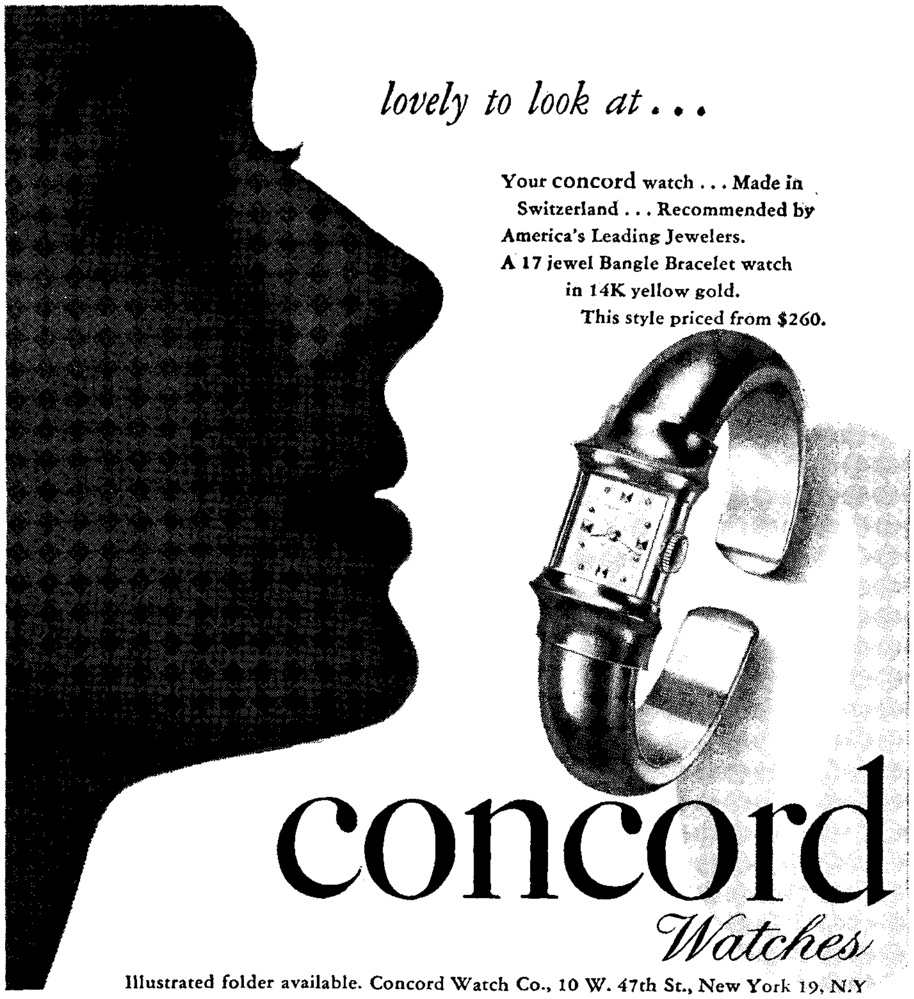

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THE RACE TRACK

Working Girl

I AM notoriously unreliable in matters of judgment concerning the children of Requested, owing to the fact that their father is an old pet of mine. However, even horse watchers who are much less sentimentally biassed could work up a good case for the contention that Miss Request, one of his daughters, is about the best three-year-old filly we have. She certainly ran like something extra in the Empire City Handicap, at Jamaica, last weekend, beating eight colts of her own age (if Three Rings, who is a gelding, doesn't mind being called a colt for once, just to make it easier for me) and giving weight to all of them except Better Self. Besides, in the recent Ladies Handicap, at Belmont—a report of which was omitted at the time because this department was still too addled by Citation's triumphs to think of anything else—she won from such formidable members of her sex as Gallorette, Honeymoon, and Conniver. Taking two fifty-thousand-dollar events in less than a fortnight is nice going.

In the Empire City Handicap, Ace Admiral started to make a runaway race of it, as he did earlier this season in the Travers Stakes and the Lawrence Realization, and for six furlongs of the mile and three-sixteenths it looked as though he might do it again. Then Miss Request caught him and polished him off in a sixteenth of a mile, after which she withstood challenges from Quarter Pole, Noble Hero, and Better Self. I will not go so far as to say that Miss Request is the prettiest filly you ever saw, but she has speed (she did a mile in 1:36⅘ one afternoon at Belmont last month) and she has stamina, for she carried a hundred and fourteen pounds the mile and a half of the Ladies Handicap. Also, she has earned $122,280, and prize money covers a lot of faults in conformation.

Speaking of Citation, as everybody is these days, he was entered for the Empire City Handicap but was withdrawn before the weights were assigned. Had he been left in, Jack Campbell, the Jockey Club's handicapper, would have rated him, I expect, at at least a hundred and forty pounds, and Ben Jones, the director of Calumet Farm's opera-

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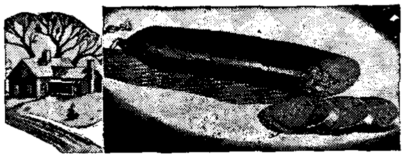

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tions, would have screamed like anything. Jones believes that carrying anything over a hundred and twenty-six pounds does the most appalling things to the tendons and constitutions of racers. Nevertheless, I have a notion that Citation would have galloped away with first money no matter what weight he carried. At all events, he will have to carry only a hundred and nineteen pounds in the Gold Cup, at Belmont, on Saturday, and it will be a softer touch, for twice the prize money.

I SUPPOSE it is silly for me to complain about being back at Jamaica, since almost everyone else seems delighted. There aren't as many of the faster horses around as there were at Belmont, but the finishes have been exciting, and the long-shot players have had the time of their lives. Still, I think that eighty-six days at one track are too many. In case you have lost count, there were thirty-nine at Jamaica in the spring and twelve in July; the current meeting runs thirty-seven days, but we get two off (Friday and Saturday this week, at Belmont). For good behavior, I suppose.

I haven't seen as spectacular a finish in ever so long as that of the Spur Handicap, on the opening day at Jamaica, in which five of the eight runners—Three Rings, Faraway, Mount Marcy, Noble Hero, and Inseparable—passed the winning post only heads apart. According to any sensible law-of-averages table, there shouldn't have been another like it for ninety days, but in the very next race—the Fleetwing Handicap—Buzfuz, Royal Governor, First Flight, and Tavistock came in heads apart.

As for the long shots, of course you had Buzfuz, at $24.40; Motic Brand, at $44.10; Tea-Maker, at $63.70; Social Hour, at $53.10; Air Force II, at $73.10; Uncle Edgar, at $43.80; and Fleet Vixen, at $81.80. Fleet Vixen, by the way, is the Belair Stud filly who caused such a to-do at Belmont several weeks ago when she managed to get herself pinned under the starting gate and everybody feared she'd never come out in one piece. Maybe remembering what happened to her that day made her anxious to get away from the gate fast last Saturday. —AUDAX MINOR

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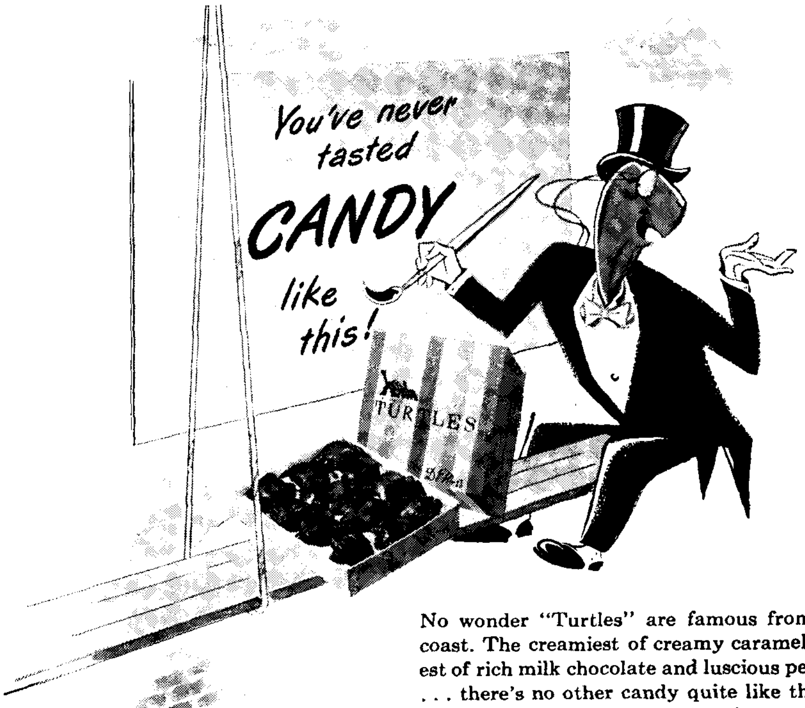
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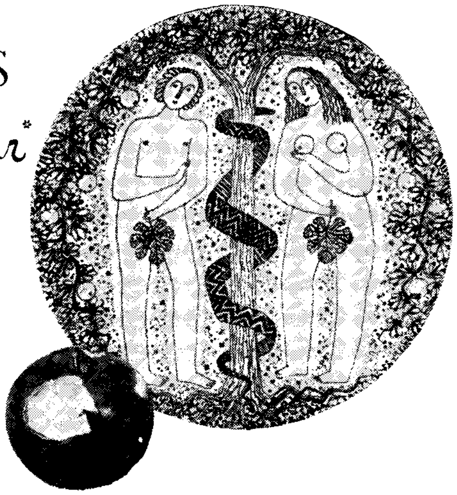

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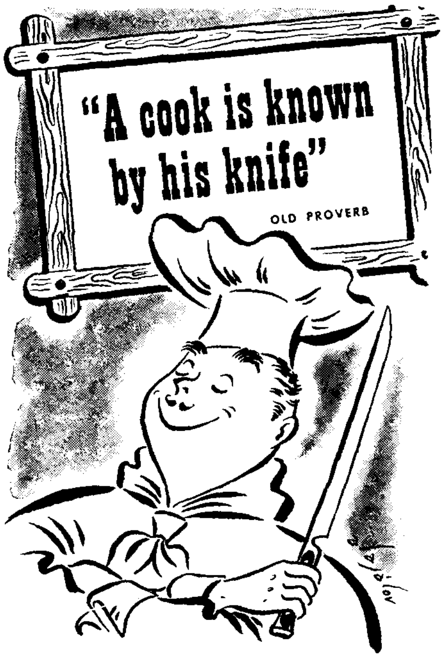
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THE GENTLE BOUNCE

As Herb went up to the fraternity house, a flurry of wind sent dead oak leaves sliding noisily across the concrete walk behind him. He stopped outside the front door and fingered his tie. Then he glanced down at the white card that hung by a string from his lapel. "Herb Nelson, Rocky Mount, North Carolina," it read. He reached up and banged the heavy brass knocker on the door. Almost immediately, the door was opened, and a tall, dark-haired boy dressed in a gray flannel suit and wearing a black knit tie smiled out at him.

"Come on in," the boy said, offering his hand. "My name's Chuck Drew. You didn't meet me last night. Hadn't quite recovered from the weekend. Glad to see you around"—he peered at the card hanging from Herb's lapel—"Herb. Good idea," he added. "Bet that card saves you a lot of time."

Herb smiled and plucked nervously at it. "My daddy wears one up to the state convention every year. Says folks can get friendly with you lots faster if they're sure of your name."

Chuck grinned broadly and motioned Herb past him into the hall. "He's got something there." He hesitated. "You *were* here yesterday, weren't you, Herb?"

"For a while," Herb said. "I gave the bid you fellas sent me to the boy at the door." He paused. The sound of voices came into the hall through the open door of the living room. "Frank somebody," Herb added.

"Oh, sure. Frank Preston. Our rushing chairman. Great guy, Frank. Ball of fire." Chuck smiled as he bent over a guestbook that lay on a little table at one side of the hall. "He must have put your name in the book. We always enter the rushees' names as soon as they come in the house. Saves confusion." Chuck ran his finger down a page. "The door is really my job," he went on, laughing. "A one-man welcoming committee. The Grover Whalen of 23 Weston Street." He stopped. "Here it is." He frowned and then turned and faced Herb. "Was Frank on the door when you left, too?"

"I can't rightly say. I think it was him. There was a big crowd around it. People coming and going." Herb's hand went up to the card again. "I hope everything's all right."

Chuck smiled reassuringly and clapped him on the shoulder. "Everything's perfect, Herb. Don't look so worried. It's just that Frank forgot to put down the time you were coming back today. We always give a special time to the boys we want to see again after the first night."

Herb flushed and stepped back slightly. "Nobody said anything about a special time. I thought we could come any time during the week. I sure didn't mean to—"

There was a loud knock at the door, and Chuck moved past Herb to open it. "Just a second, Nelson," he said. "Everything's O.K."

He opened the door, and another boy came into the hall. He was wearing white buckskin shoes and there was no card on the lapel of his tweed coat. Herb looked down at his own immaculately shined black shoes while the other boy and Chuck shook hands and introduced themselves. Then Chuck led the newcomer toward Herb.

"Ralph, this is Herb Nelson. Herb, Ralph Hodges." Chuck glanced at Ralph. "Seems to me some of the boys in the chapter at Penn said you might be coming down this way. From Philadelphia, aren't you?"

Ralph smiled. "Well, not exactly. Actually, it's Paoli." He looked toward the open door of the living room. "Great bunch of men you have up there at Penn."

"Only the best. Only the best," Chuck said as he bent over the guestbook. He tapped it significantly, glancing back at Ralph. "Just routine. Have to check your time. Be right with you."

Ralph nodded knowingly. He looked at the card in Herb's lapel. "Grow a lot of tobacco over your way, don't they, Herb," he said. Then he laughed. "Can you make a noise like an auctioneer?"

Herb smiled slowly. "Not as good as my daddy can."

Momentarily, Ralph looked interested. "Takes time to learn how, I guess. Just like anything else." He took a silver cigarette case from his inside breast pocket and held it out toward Herb. "Smoke?"

Herb shook his head. "No, thanks. I don't use 'em." He watched as Ralph tapped a cigarette on the case.

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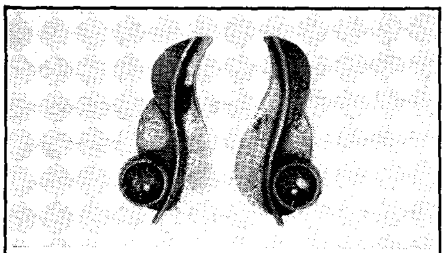

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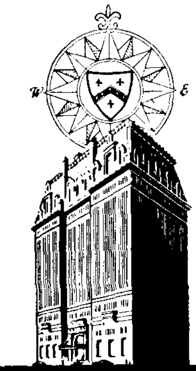

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"You a freshman, too?" Herb asked.

Ralph laughed. "Well, yes and no. Actually, no." He put the case back in his pocket. "Staggered through Princeton for almost a year. Had to get away. You know how it is. Too damned close to the old man." He glanced over at Chuck. "Find my name?"

Chuck straightened up. "All set," he said.

Just then another boy appeared, coming from the living room. He walked quickly toward the little group in the hall.

"Hey, there, Ralph, boy!" he cried, his eyes shining behind his glasses. "You remember me. Frank Preston. Glad to see you back." He pumped Ralph's hand vigorously and then turned toward Herb. "Hello, Nelson," he said, shaking hands. He turned back to Ralph. "I think I got you a ride up to Philly next month. Johnny Dawson's driving to Greenwich for Thanksgiving." Frank motioned toward the living-room door. "He's in there now." He gave Ralph a gentle shove. "Go on in there and try some of that lousy punch."

As Ralph moved away, Chuck spoke. "Herb, here, said he thought you were on the door when he left last night, Frank."

"That's right. About nine-thirty, wasn't it, Herb? What's the trouble?"

Chuck spoke quickly. "No trouble. You must have forgotten to tell him what time to come back."

"Listen, fellas—" Herb began. He raised his hands and then dropped them to his sides.

Frank smiled. "Just take it easy, boy." He and Chuck looked at each other. "Chuck, here, is just too damned methodical." Frank took Herb's arm. "Let's go out on the porch and have a smoke."

Herb looked toward the living-room door. The white card swayed gently on his lapel. Frank said, "You thirsty, Herb? Wait here a minute. I'll get you some punch." He walked rapidly away through the door, and Herb stood silent beside Chuck, who was busying himself with the guestbook. Frank reappeared, holding a punch glass.

"Try that for size, boy," he said, giving the glass to Herb. He looked at Chuck. "If anybody wants me, I'm outside."

FRANK steered Herb out to the porch. Neon signs were flashing farther down the main street of the university town as the late-afternoon [illegible]

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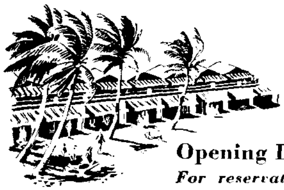

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ered. Frank perched on the waist-high railing of the porch and lit a cigarette. Herb stood awkwardly in front of him. Frank spoke suddenly. "You really interested in a fraternity, Herb?"

Herb shifted his feet. "Seems to be a good thing." He hesitated. "My daddy'd like me to join one." He swallowed audibly.

"Get a lot of bids from other houses?"

Herb fingered his lapel card. "A couple," he said in a strained voice.

Without looking at Herb, Frank asked, "Some of your friends from home up here at school?"

"A few," Herb said, looking at the punch glass in his hand. He lifted it as if to drink, and then stopped. The glass was still full, and a little punch spilled from it and splashed on the white card.

Frank leaned back slightly and flipped his cigarette into the shrubbery. "They fraternity men?"

"Two of 'em are," Herb answered.

Frank's hands gripped the railing. He took a deep breath. "Did *they* ask you back today, Herb?" he said quietly. Without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Why don't you go over and talk to them for a while?"

Herb's head snapped up, and he stared hard at Frank through the dim light. He started to speak and then moved jerkily toward the steps. Halfway down, he stopped and held the punch glass out toward Frank. His voice cracked as he struggled to control it. "I don't want to walk off with this," he said.

Frank's hand was shaking as he reached for the glass. "I hope you understand, Herb. I hate to do it this way," he said.

"Yeah," Herb said, turning away. "It must be hard."

—Loudon S. Wainwright

•

Your Thalia's face is red over a slip of the typewriter last week. She wrote that Joseph Cudahy was being congratulated on the romantic engagement of his son, Edward Jr. and his wife's daughter, Nancy Cochran. Of course I meant Edward A. Cudahy and not Joseph Cudahy. Your Thalia warns you to beware of Invitations to the wedding on Nov. 30 at old St. Mary's church and the wedding reception at the Casino, of which Mrs. Cudahy is president, have just been received. Your Thalia warns you to beware of the flu. It befuddles the brain.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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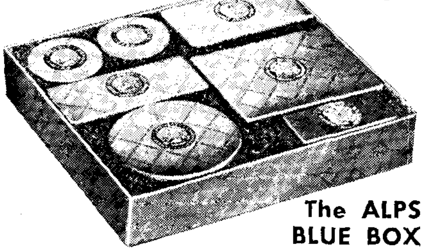

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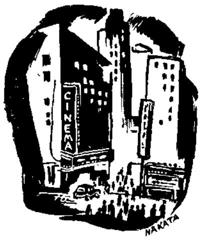
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Three Tries, Three Errors



"BACK STREETS OF PARIS" represents the final cinematic effort of the late Jacques Feyder, the French director who, a few years ago, made that remarkable and hilarious film "Carnival in Flanders." As one who usually subscribes to the ancient *de-mortuis* rule, I wish I could be enthusiastic about Feyder's last picture, but the truth is that I found the piece pretty laggard. Setting out to explore a section of Montmartre, Feyder has come up with a fairly typical gangster movie, and not even the presence of the redoubtable Françoise Rosay (who is Feyder's widow, incidentally) is sufficient to redeem it from mediocrity. I'm sure that a good part of my apathy was induced by the leading heavy, a character played by Paul Meurisse, whom I found no more menacing than a floorwalker. It is M. Meurisse's lot in "Back Streets of Paris" to be persistently betrayed to the police by Mme. Rosay, who plays the proprietress of a hotel where anything goes. On one occasion, she turns him in after he has entrusted her with a great bundle of money that he has stolen; on another, she has him arrested to keep him from killing a roomer her mousy daughter has fallen in love with. The roomer, meanwhile, has entered into a strenuous affair with the villain's old girl friend, so you can see that the plot is not without complications. It seems to be M. Meurisse's plan, on those days when he's out of jail, to talk everybody else in the cast to death. When this finally fails, he takes to shooting irons, but the excitement provided by the clatter will serve, I'm afraid, merely to wake the audience up in time to go home. Mme. Rosay and M. Meurisse are spelled in this talkative item by Andrée Clément and Simone Signoret. The latter, whose acting leaves everything to the imagination, is one of the handsomest sirens you ever saw.

IN "Julia Misbehaves," Greer Garson attempts to prove that she can be a funny hoyden as well as the noble figure we've all become used to. To accomplish her aim, she progresses from a bathtub, in the opening scene to a mud

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puddle, in the last, filling in the intervening period with songs, acrobatics, and uneasy slapstick. Miss Garson even essays a strip tease, but it is such a modest affair that I found it no more alarming than a glimpse of Mrs. Miniver getting ready for her honest bed. The film, based somewhat vaguely on Margery Sharp's "The Nutmeg Tree," deals with a chorus girl who breaks off with her husband (Walter Pidgeon, of course), leaving him the custody of a growing daughter (Elizabeth Taylor). After a hell of a lot of bouncing around on the part of Miss Garson, her relationship with Mr. Pidgeon and Miss Taylor is made right again, chiefly as the result of a big reconciliation scene that Mother and her little one sniffle their way through. Of Miss Garson's comic turns, I can report only that they saddened me even more than her maudlin ones.

IN the midst of "Isn't It Romantic?," a musical set in Indiana in 1905, Pearl Bailey turns up as a maid and lets go with a couple of songs against men. Miss Bailey's singing, together with a burlesque of old-time movie serials, performed by Billy de Wolfe, provides all the entertainment there is in this one. The rest is a dull business about the worries of a Confederate veteran and his three daughters, who make small-town life in Indiana even drearier than it probably was. Veronica Lake is the most conspicuous of the daughters, and Roland Culver is on hand as her father. Mr. Culver employs a Southern accent that you-all are going to find mighty trying. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Mulloy asked but was refused permission to Don Spikes and the first set featured at least a dozen sprawls by the lanky Miamian.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

You mean he bit Sandy Loam?

•

Miss June Brown was a weekend guest at the Louis Scholl home. Mrs. Louis Scholl was also a guest at the same home. —*Ashland (Ohio) Times-Gazette.*

Conservative in their ways, the Ohioans.

•

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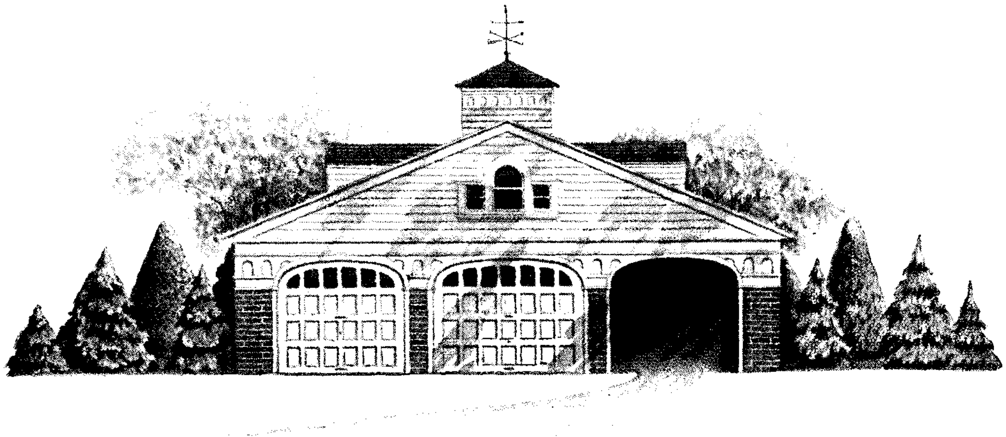

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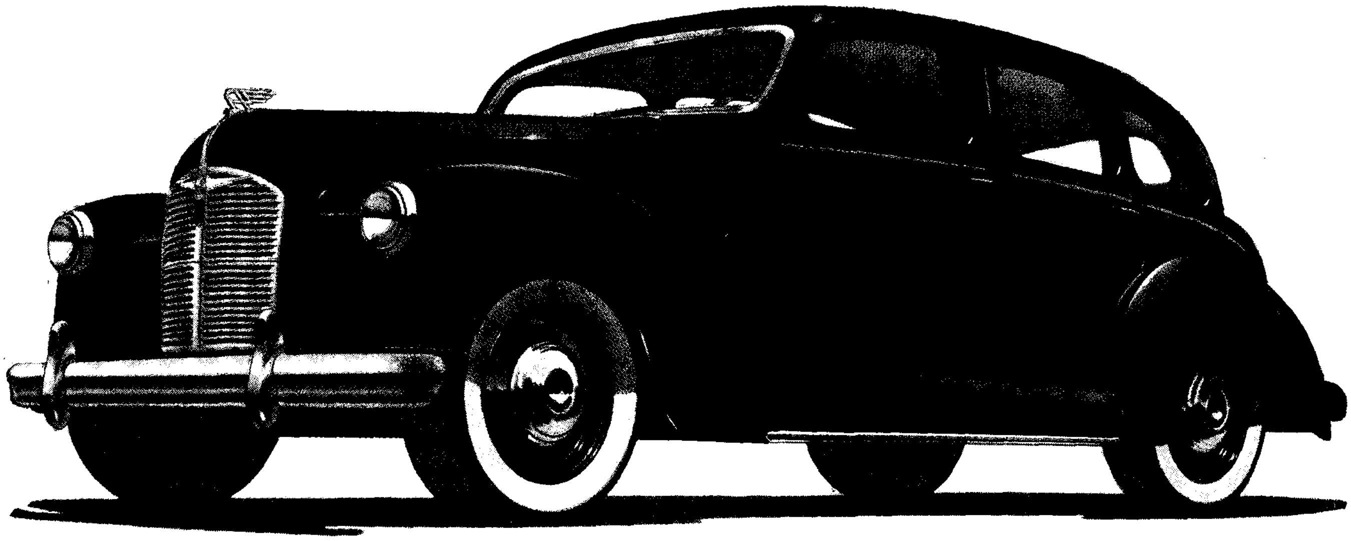

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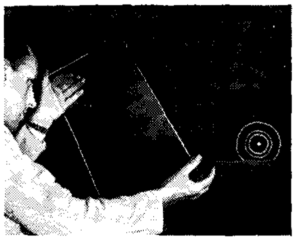

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LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 5

FOUR remarkably candid communications have already distinguished the third session of the United Nations General Assembly, now being held here. These communications, though addressed to the world at large, were as personal and urgent as if they were signed letters, mailed with the scarlet French United Nations stamps and postmarked "Palais de Chaillot, Paris, September, 1948." The most naked of the four was that of Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak. He told exactly where the Western half of the world stands at this moment in history, in his eloquent, dramatic, questioning speech directed at Vishinsky, of Russia: "Do you know what is the basis of our policy? It is fear of you." The second most realistic speech was Bevin's bitter declaration that England would have to make do with regional understandings and with her own strong defenses, thus formally renouncing the United Nations' basic hope of an amicable United Nations that would include Britain's old ally Russia. The South African delegate, Eric H. Louw, also spoke frankly, expressing views that should cheer certain members of our own Southern gentry during the current Presidential campaign. In complaining about the Draft Declaration of Human Rights by the General Assembly's Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural Committee on which we are represented by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, he said that it dealt with rights unessential to the multilateral racial structure of his country, "which refused the view that everyone had a right to live where he wanted; nor could participation in government be regarded as the absolute possession of everyone." In other words, the good old veldt Jim Crow. In their various ways, these three speeches afforded a useful measure of the United Nations' new stride, whether moving forward or backward in the jumble of today's dried hopes and stale tensions. There was no new material, however, in the fourth important speech—Vishinsky's opening diatribe against Shylock, imperialist America. Yet his insults seemed broader than before and more memorably sincere. In the rotten old monarchial days of Europe, no government addressed another in such a manner. Thus the presentation, at least, offered a little something new.

Most of the millions of words spoken in the United Nations meetings are about hoary procedures or about fresh ways of saying "Don't" to international man. The opening proposition on the agenda was the draft convention on genocide, which has been officially defined as "a denial of the right of existence of entire human groups, as homicide is the denial of the right to live of individual human beings." The motion to make genocide a crime was rather coldly treated by England's Sir Hartley Shawcross. Sir Hartley was the chief United Kingdom prosecutor in the Nuremberg Court, in which genocide was read into the indictment of the Nazis—though not the judgment—for those Nazi crimes against humanity that the trials provided as the most horrible surprise of a horrible war. In committee here, Shawcross said that genocide by individuals—he probably meant lynching—was already punishable by law; and that genocide by states could be punished only by war; but he conceded that a United Nations convention against the second might "make more formal the detestation of mankind for the infringement of human rights"—such an infringement, presumably, as Jews and Poles being gassed and cooked by the million in German concentration camps. The draft convention on genocide is mostly the work of Professor Raphaël Lemkin, of Yale, who created the word from the Greek *genos* (race) and from the Latin *occidere* (to kill). He invented it in 1933, in angry honor of Iraq's then recent extermination of six hundred Assyrian Christians and in solemn memory of Turkey's extermination of a million Armenians in the "death march" to Aleppo, in the first World War. Lemkin is a sad, witty, middle-aged man, born in eastern Poland. He was educated by his mother, who was a scholar, and he became a lawyer, which he now regrets because he feels that lawyers are against progress. In the course of studying genocide, he has, he says, discovered that when authorities burn books, they are likely to start burning people next, and he wants a law against both.

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promote beautiful thoughts, this session of the United Nations, in the Palais de Chaillot, would be a particularly harmonious one. Of the palace's two wings, one contains the Musée des Monuments Français et de la Fresque and the Musée National des Arts et Traditions Populaires, which means that it is filled with plaster copies of some of the loveliest Romanesque frescoes, Gothic church doors, and Renaissance sculptured figures, from cathedrals and châteaux, in all France. It is in this elaborate setting of disconnected fragments of beauty that the Assembly goes about its work. Over the journalists' bar is a fresco of a greenish Early Gothic "Annunciation to the Virgin," from a church in Rocamadour. As background for the drinkers there is a brown fresco from a Knights Templars chapel in the Charente, showing knights and horses galloping off to save Jerusalem—for their time. The exterior of the palace and the view from it are severely modern, for its architectural style is neo-contemporary-American Post Office and it looks down upon a strict cubism of stairs and a rectangular pond, and faces the non-representational composition called the Tour Eiffel. Napoleon planned to put a palace for his little King of Rome on the Chaillot Hill. The Palais, built by Léon Blum's Front Populaire for the Paris Exposition of 1937, is the handsomest modern building in Western Europe.

GENERAL DE GAULLE is very pituitary these days, to judge by his appearance at his recent, and important, press conference. It was appropriately held beneath crystal chandeliers, in the elegant old Rue François Premier mansion that has become the headquarters for his French Rally Party. Time, weight, and, evidently, the General's glands are giving his visage a heavy, royal outline; he looks more like a man of dynasty than of destiny. His military voice, which sometimes soars to a treble, and his finical, old-fashioned phraseology make him seem like an eccentric middle-aged monarch. In certain respects, he seems to have improved. There is a closer, quicker, more dynamic connection between his ideas, his words, his remarkable memory, and his convictions. The sense of disaster in present French politics, and the General's own special apocalyptic nature and his growing following, now estimated at forty per cent of voting France, made the content of his press meeting, transmitted by him to us journalists in his special party jargon, headline news. He and his

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party refer to his followers as "the Companions" and to the Communists as "the Separatists." "The Legality" is their name for the government he would head when and if called to power "by the people's will." He told the press that the Separatists could have representation in his Legality but could not actually have any vote, lest they turn it into what he calls "the Illegitimacy." He used the word "Association" to describe his plan for coöperation between capital and labor, adding that workers must be given an interest in production. Nobody knows whether this means profit-sharing, a fact that may indicate that his main backers are not—as his Leftist opponents claim—the rich industrialists. They would, presumably, long since have rassled some sort of definition out of him on this vital point. For the rest, he was vehemently, intelligently explicit about what has been wrong with every government since he ceased governing.

The General claimed that his party had already realized ten million francs on the sale of its fifty-franc stickers, or stamps. The stickers, an idea of his propaganda chief, the novelist André Malraux, show two Lorraine crosses below the female bust and arms of Rodin's winged Republic, part of a larger group designed as a monument for Verdun. Other political groups have had a lot of free fun with the General's stamps. The Leftist newspaper *Franc-Tireur* prints each day a parody stamp, depicting the General with an umbrella for a body, accompanied by the request that readers cut it out and send it to the General's headquarters, which thousands have done. The Communists' excellent weekly intellectual magazine, *Action*, printed a stamp, in three sections, showing the tall General snipped into three parts and lying flat on his back. Jokes aside, the Parliament's decision to have no major popular elections in the autumn and merely minor ones next spring means that the only way de Gaulle can soon come to power would be by a *coup d'état*, with his hypothetical forty per cent of the French voters at his heels. Against them and their determination to save France by what they are convinced would be an honorable republic would rise that third of France made up of Separatists, who are determined that France become what Moscow now calls a Socialist democracy; i.e., Communist. The French Communist Party's political bureau has just announced its latest Moscow order and slogan: "The French people will never make war against the

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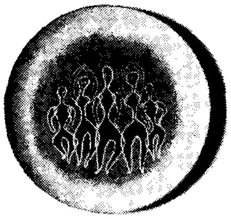

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Soviet Union." In case of a de Gaulle *coup d'état*, the French people would probably fight one another. France is the only European country that is talking about a possible civil war. It's a change, anyway.

France is in a dangerous condition. Her strength is flowing away in choleric politics and falling money. Paper money is worth no more than the total of the national morality behind it. Only voluntary unselfishness and farsighted sacrifices can really help. In the end, France will probably go bankrupt, which will, at any rate, settle things. The French franc is now back on the dollar black market and underselling itself by a clear third. There have been strikes in French mines, banks, government offices, and transportation, gas, and electricity services. At the moment of writing, sections of Paris are without water while the waterworks workers are spending the day protesting against something. Within the month, high prices have become fantastic and, as always, contagious. In the countryside, fertilizer has jumped twenty per cent. In Paris, a ride in the Métro has jumped a hundred per cent. Squeezed by these increases, French life stumbles along.

To add to the melancholy here, the most important new film is about a concentration camp. It is called "La Dernière Etape" and was recently made in Auschwitz by Mme. Wanda Jakubowska, who was a prisoner there. In its cast are hundreds of women who shared the vicissitudes of existence in the prison, and it depicts the life—and the deaths—that made that Polish name notorious in German history. The main action is merely the routine of the camp, but the film is centered on the characters of a Polish woman doctor and her friends in the camp hospital. The story recounts their anti-Nazi resistance, helped by an underground group outside, and, eventually, the heroic death of all concerned. It would not hurt anyone very much to see this amazing film. Certainly the morbid will find little satisfaction in it. It can probably be perfectly evaluated only by the surviving inmates of Nazi concentration camps, hundreds of whom sat calmly through the film's opening night at the Salle Pleyel. After the picture was over, one woman survivor of Auschwitz said that the only false note in the film was its climactic scene, in which thousands of female prisoners are shown being punished, kneeling in the mud of the parade ground with their arms aloft over their heads. "When we knelt that

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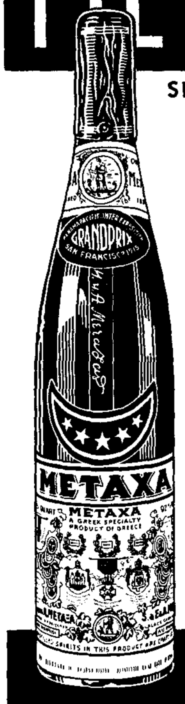

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way, we were always naked," she said. "La Dernière Etape" is one more film for civilized mankind's archives.

WHILE awaiting the United Nations', and Vishinsky's, decisions on Berlin, on Germany, and on the whole world, Paris is enveloped in the exquisite purple haze of perfect autumn weather. It is so fine and dry that in the fields nearby the rich earth is too hard to plow, and the farmers therefore cannot sow their winter wheat. This is indeed a memorable season.

—GENÊT

•

THE MONKEY CAGE

I saw her spank the child,
A foolish, unruly baby
Ready to climb the bars
Too young, and tumble, maybe.
She looked exceedingly mild
And imperturbed by him
Until he ventured too far.
Then, hauling him down by the tail,
Without any interim
She walloped her roving male.
Over the buttocks, *whack*,
She trounced him, *whack*, on her knee,
Pleased, I think, with her knack,
A beautiful thing to see.
But at length, believing him in
A dutiful frame of mind
From enough discipline,
She paused and turned him back,
And with a convulsive kind
Of movement to her breast
Gathered him in to rest.
So he was comforted
In a furious embrace,
Rocked, fondled, hugged, caressed,
Stared lovingly at in the face,
And warmed and quieted—
Till he gained momentum then
To start all over again.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

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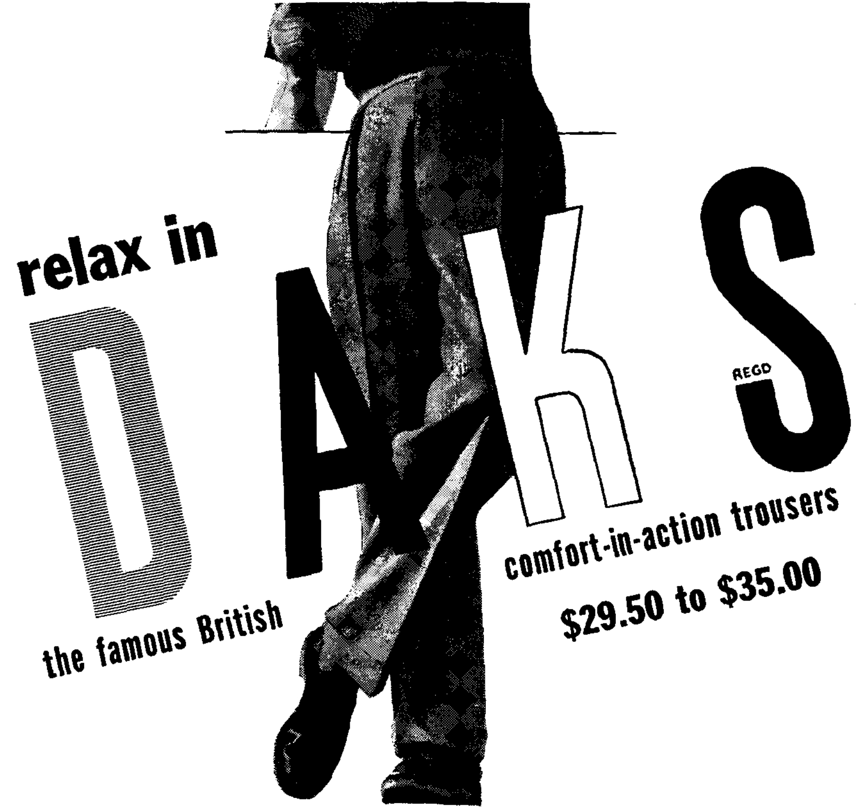
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Orchestral Openings

THE 1948-49 Carnegie Hall symphonic season began suavely and sonorously last Tuesday evening when the Philadelphia Orchestra, directed by Eugene Ormandy, played a program devoted largely to music written in the first quarter of this century. Jean Sibelius's Fifth Symphony and an assortment of excerpts from Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" were old friends, which received expert tonal treatment from the instrumentalists and their conductor. A suite from Béla Bartók's unfamiliar pantomime, "The Miraculous Mandarin," whose gory story seems to have hampered its progress in the theatre, proved, when presented as a concert offering, to be a set of iridescent fragments in which the composer's concise and imaginative craftsmanship was always apparent. An orchestral transcription of something by Bach seems to be almost regulation at opening concerts nowadays, and Mr. Ormandy produced a resounding and emphatic example, in the F-Minor Prelude and Fugue for organ, arranged by Eugene Zador.

Thursday evening, the Philharmonic-Symphony started its season with some astute playing and conducting, Dimitri Mitropoulos in charge. The mandatory Bach took the form of Ottorino Respighi's "orchestral interpretation" of the organ Prelude and Fugue in D Major, a resourceful and somewhat bustling interpretation whose effects sometimes draw one's attention from the basic music. Strauss was again on the program; this time it was his "Also Sprach Zarathustra," a succession of profundities and prettiness that doesn't stand up as well on rehearings as many other Strauss works do.

Brahms' First Symphony concluded the proceedings, but I can't report on its performance, because by that time I had traipsed a couple of blocks downtown to catch some of the New York City Opera Company's "Tosca," which was ushering in the opera season now in progress at the Center. There was vigor and a suitable supply of melodrama in what I saw and heard at the

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Fifty-fifth Street house, but I gathered that the performance, all told, had had a few slipups, some of which may have been due to sporadic overeagerness. There will be more to relate in the near future about the stimulating group at the Center.

EDOUARD NIES-BERGER, the Philharmonic-Symphony's organist, made an excellent début last season as conductor of his own Chamber Orchestra, composed of a group of his Philharmonic-Symphony colleagues. This season he is directing his orchestra in a set of three concerts at Town Hall, and his first program, last week, was notable for sensitive conducting and euphonious instrumental coöperation. There was a sizable quota of novelties, all of them agreeable listening, if not always exactly memorable. The most striking music was a trio of Henry Purcell's Fantasias for Strings, transcribed by Peter Warlock. The soloist of the occasion was Amparo Iturbi. She played, with a crisp clarity, the Haydn Piano Concerto and two short diversions by the Spanish composers Manuel Infante and Enrique Granados, which had been transcribed for piano and orchestra by her brother, José Iturbi. The latter numbers took hold readily with the audience, and don't be surprised if Infante's "Guadalquivir" is taken up by dance bands.

Another small group of Philharmonic-Symphony musicians was also on hand at a Carnegie Hall evening last week by the Italian Opera Ensemble, a quartet of singers, for whom Alfredo Antonini provided firm and knowing orchestral direction. The vocalists—Lina Aimaro, Toti Manna, Ettore Ponno, and Mino Cavallo—were an efficient concert party, featuring hearty projections of favorite airs and ensembles from Italian opera. Into this large entertainment, Mr. Antonini slipped the local première of Muzio Clementi's C-Major Symphony, a graceful and animated opus that may not displace any established symphonies but may do well by itself as a transient on the orchestral circuit. —ROBERT A. SIMON

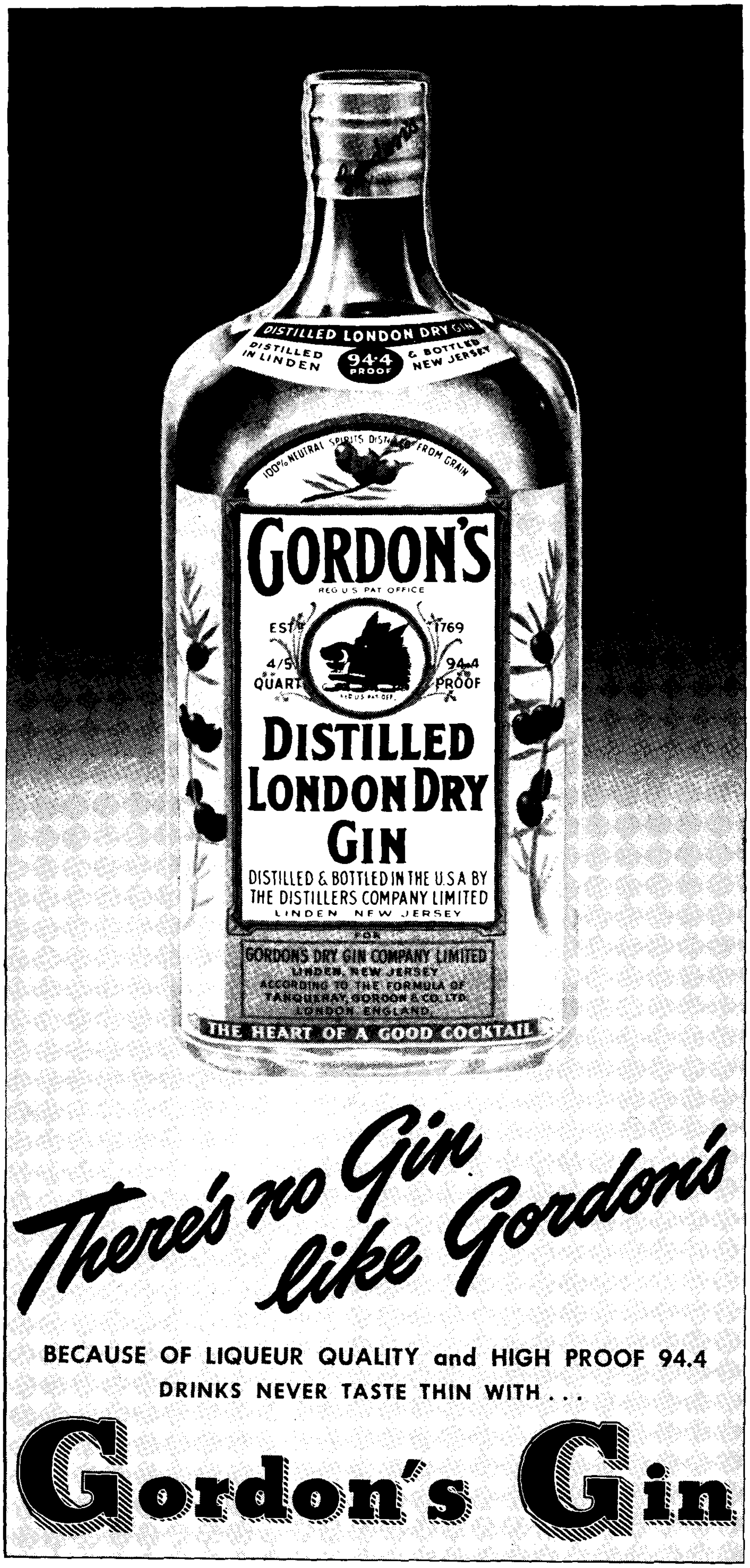
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Lorenzo in Taos," by Mabel Dodge Luhan*]

Her [Brett's] long, thin shanks ended in large feet that turned out abruptly like the kind that children draw.—*Page 166.*

Brett was shapely, too, long-limbed and white. Her hands and feet and head were over-small, though, and seemed merely vestigial . . .—*Page 182.*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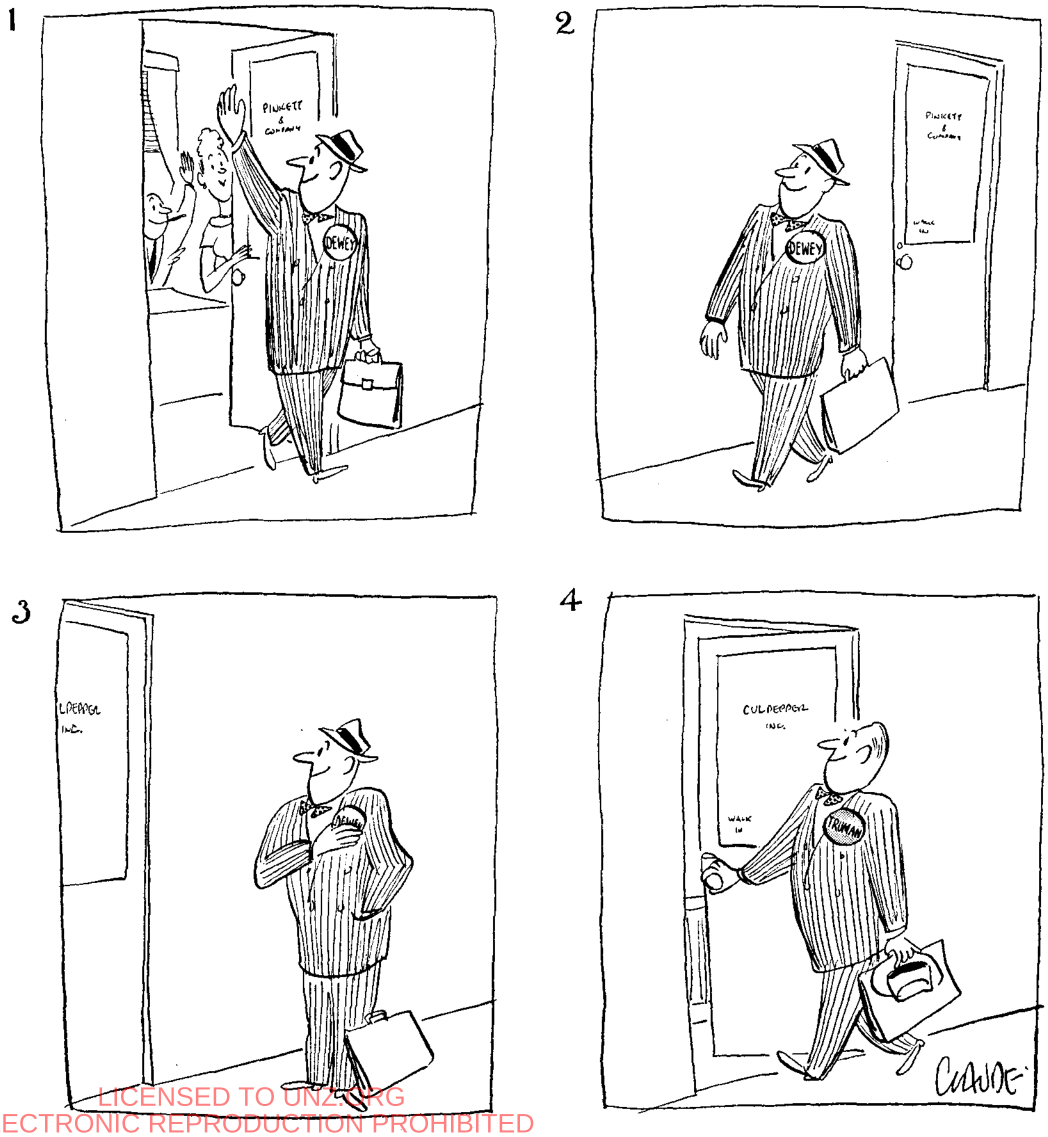
BOOKS

War and Hard Times

THERE were many reasons why the campaign in Italy in the second World War made a dismal impression on everyone concerned in it. Apart from the bitter futility of the fighting the Allied troops were called on to do, and the length of time it took them to win a broken town or a clump of naked hills, what disturbed and depressed them most profoundly was the state of the civilians they met—not just the people in the path of battle, in the places that had been bombed or shelled, but also those in the wide adjacent stretches of country that escaped physical damage. They were wretched, apathetic, and rudderless to a degree far beyond the experience of the British and American soldiers. Some of them had a surface volatility, but there was no force or purpose behind it. It seemed clear to all the Allied troops whom I knew there that this condition had not developed solely as a result of the war. The war dislocated Italy's economy and displaced great numbers of her people, and a sort of weary anarchy ensued because the people had almost no reserves of moral or animal strength, from prewar times, to resist it. There were plain signs of an earlier vintage in their squalor and hopelessness; signs that shocked the newcomers, especially those from America of Italian descent. "It don't make sense to me, but I guess they were beat before they got themselves into this," one of these said. The general feeling of the Italians in Italy differed from his on one point: They had not "got themselves into this" with the remotest trace of free will; they had been got into it, by guilty but obscure forces beyond their control. Now and then, toward the end of the war, they showed a disposition to identify those forces with the Allies, particularly with the Americans. So there came to exist an atmosphere of friction and misunder-

weight to the massive unhappiness of the campaign, for natives and overseas soldiers alike. The friction and misunderstanding are part of the story of Giuseppe Berto's "The Sky Is Red" (New Directions), a novel that has been popular in Italy and that has just been published, in translation, in England and America.

Berto's book, dealing mainly with the period between the spring of 1944 and the fall of 1945, paints the misery of a nameless city in northern Italy. It is a misery so complete that the component parts of it, as stated, or hinted at, by the author or one or another of the characters, do not fully account for its total blackness. The characters, rationally or not, believe, in the closing months of the war, that the chief duty of the Americans upon landing in Italy was to save them from spiritual and physical despair, and that they were betrayed by our failure to do so. But they do not believe this, or anything else, very firmly, for they lack the energy for strong belief or clear thinking. They concentrate on survival. "Each one of them," writes Berto, "was forced to fight for this food, to contrive in such a way that, if anyone went without, it should not be himself." This, the author suggests, had been the approximate position of most of the people in the story even before the war began. What the war did was wipe out their insignificant margin of security and remove all sense of order from their lives. I judge that "The Sky Is Red" was conceived and written before E.R.P. and the international contest for Italian votes last April, but I doubt that these would have made much difference in the author's point of view if he had had a chance to consider them. Describing the town's despair a year after the war ended, he



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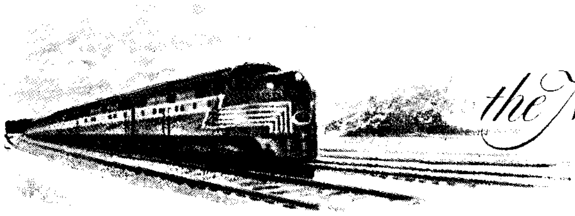

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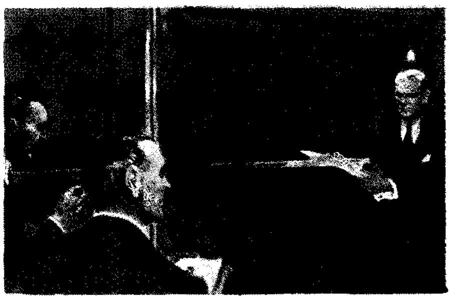

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says, "Nor was it possible to foresee when the burden of defeat would be lightened. Perhaps this would not come about during the period of a man's lifetime; and so all these men who were living and thinking now, could never be happy again in their lives, could never again have enough food and clothing and shelter from the cold, or any certainty of being still alive the next day."

There is no direct political meaning that I can see in the title of "The Sky Is Red," which was taken from a passage in Matthew 16. Even the young Communists of Berto's town are the quick, half-formed creations of emergency, less interested—for the time, at least—in doctrine and political action than in organized hunts for food and clothing for themselves and a few friends and dependents. There seems to be little hope in Berto's mind for the salvation of his people by any existing political movement. Quite possibly, the cause of their utter wretchedness lies, though he does not say so, not only in the war and the blows it dealt them but, to some extent, in the old crimes against nature that have been discussed recently by Fairfield Osborn, in "Our Plundered Planet," and William Vogt, in "Road to Survival." Certainly these ecologists have supplied the handiest catch-all explanation of big trouble that has been available for a long time.

The town in "The Sky Is Red" takes a worse physical beating, proportionately, than most towns in Italy did, and all in a single Allied air raid. Of a hundred thousand inhabitants, some twelve thousand are killed in one night, in the spring of 1944. The raid is directed against the town's railways and marshalling yards. The poorest quarter of the community, the Sant'Agnese district, lies next to these and suffers most heavily. I doubt that any Allied pilot will concede that one raid on strategic targets could have caused so much extraneous civilian damage; however, the question of degree does not seriously affect the point of the story. The surviving residents of Sant'Agnese, traditionally dirty, impoverished, and sick, take shelter where they can and live more meanly and desperately than before. The rest of the town is too poor and listless to do much for them. Berto's four leading characters are young people—two boys and two girls in their teens, who live, after the bombing, in an illegal, communal way in a waste of condemned rubble, depending for food and money on the work of one of the girls, a prostitute, and one of the boys, a Communist member of a band

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"No," screamed Mr. Pogue (for that is not his name). "Every damn bookstore in Chicago *had* my book. They've had 'em for a year and a half as you damn well know. Why don't you do something?"

"Maybe they can't bear to part with them," we suggested, too weak to think of anything both soothing and valid.

"Why don't you advertise or something," shouted Mr. P. "Look at the way you've been advertising THE NAKED AND THE DEAD and TOWARD THE MORNING and BRIGHT LEAF and . . ." he finally sputtered to a stop.

"The only thing we know," we replied (not being sure even of that), "is that the public buys what it likes, and if it doesn't like what it buys it stops buying."

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THE NAKED AND THE DEAD ($4.00) is now in its fourth month at (or near) the top of the *N. Y. Times* best-seller list. TOWARD THE MORNING ($3.00), Hervey Allen's new novel, is right up there, too.

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Incidentally, we've had to put ANYTHING BUT LOVE back to press twice since publication, which was on September 9th. A pleasure, we assure you.

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***Time Magazine* reports: "Robert Cantwell's portrayal of Hawthorne is superior to James's in warmth and scope; it is free of James's overtones of worldly condescension; and whatever it may lack of James's awesome artistic judgment it makes up for in freshness, and in the imaginative grasp of a real man's life and character. After Cantwell's work, the image that Americans have had of Hawthorne will never be quite the same again."**

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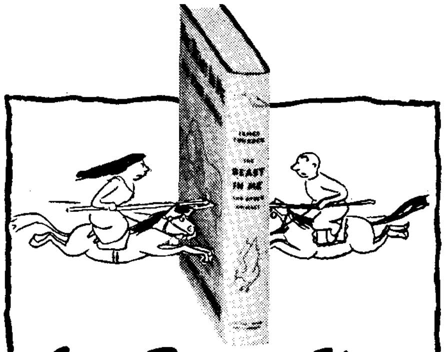
of raiders and highjackers. The second girl does not survive the ordeal. She dies of consumption. (Her mother had died of consumption, too, before the war, but not quite so young.) The second boy, more gently reared than the others, cannot bear the cruelty and hopelessness of his new life. He commits suicide.

Now and then, the author turns from these individuals to the town as a whole. It is a town living in torpor but obeying certain mass impulses, some of which are new, produced by the war and the bombing. The poorest citizens begin to push into the richer, cleaner part of the city, where the few remaining shops are, simply to promenade or to sit in the sun and stare about them. People of higher rank, those who had some money and position before the economic chaos of the war, are there, too, also dressed in rags, "only they were less dirty and had an obvious anxiety to introduce some sort of seemliness into the wretchedness of their appearance. They seemed to attach great importance to this sort of seemliness, because they had not been poor people before, and wished to make this clear to everybody.... Amongst them were the new rich—people who had suddenly become rich with the war, by trading or by robbery. ... Even they were not very clean, but that was not noticeable in comparison with the rest."

The publisher of "The Sky Is Red" has said in a public announcement that he has never read "a story more simply and directly told, more dramatic in its sweep, more intensely human, more passionately conceived. At once tender in its sentiment and starkly realistic, it reminds me of those wonderful Italian movies that have been shown recently in the United States, films like 'Open City,' 'Paisan,' 'To Live in Peace,' and 'Shoe Shine,' all of which have the qualities of an overwhelming experience." In my own opinion, the novel differs from those wonderful Italian movies in several respects. Its characters are not as sharp, true, and distinctly drawn as the people in the films he mentions. They are really not characters at all but shapeless types of suffering humanity—an Old Man, a Mad Child, a Sick Girl, a Young Idealist, a Goodhearted Prostitute. The story is a prose poem on human misery. It is simply and directly told, to be sure, in a soft, naïve, repetitive style that sometimes becomes oversimple, in a way that tempts burlesque. (This may be partly an effect of the translation, by Angus Davidson.) There is little of the intellectual merit of the writing of Levi, Croce, and Silone. It's even possible



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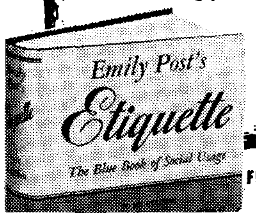

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that its wide appeal in Italy is a result of the public's instinct for self-pity and sentimentality. However, the book is not sentimental. It is perfectly honest in its treatment of the effects of despair on a town, on a mass of people. As for its sharing with "Open City" and "Paisan" the qualities of "an overwhelming experience," that statement seems to conflict to some extent with another made by the publisher, in which he discloses that Berto, an officer in the Italian Army, was for three years a prisoner of war in Texas. Yet, as the author himself says, the ruin of his town was still a real and continuing thing a year after the war, with all the signs of degradation there to be observed and pieced together when he came home. He did a good job of it.

—John Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Semi-Detached House, by Emily Eden (Houghton Mifflin). The lesser-known of Miss Eden's pair of witty, amiable novels about the minuscule problems of well-to-do English family life in the early nineteenth century. Like its predecessor, "The Semi-Attached Couple," which was written in the eighteen-thirties and published here only a year ago, the book dissolves happily at the end into a scramble of tears and church bells, with just enough earnest young clergymen and extravagantly rich young sons of earls to please every unmarried daughter in the neighborhood. Lively, humorous, and astonishingly modern in tone, despite the old-fashioned atmosphere of pleasantry and general good humor.

The Great Year, by Dilys Bennett Laing (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A heavily symbolic first novel about three generations of a farming family in Vermont, laid out in a complicated pattern that skips around among the years between 1874 and an unspecified date in the nineteen-fifties, with each of the twelve chapters representing one month of a different year. Fortunately, this device does not obscure Mrs. Laing's excellent descriptive style or her tender and very credible characterizations of Sam Potter, a strong, earthy New England farmer; his sister, who yearns for a more educated way of life; and his mother, Deborah, who gives birth with bemusing regularity. Many of the chapters are both moving and h

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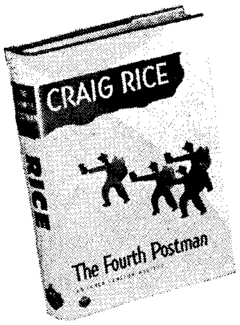

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it is sometimes hard to keep in mind just which of Sam's relatives is at the moment cooking the dinner or working the fields.

THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE, by Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin). An account of the great days and gradual decay of Salem, Massachusetts, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, along with a parallel story of the fortunes of the Inman family and an indefatigable East Indiaman of theirs called the Victrix. Three Inman brothers, all in their early twenties and all described as equally Apollo-like, are sea captains. A fourth, and more mortal, brother remains in Salem, taking the consequences of their misdeeds, which involve him with children born out of wedlock and with blackmail, and culminate in his being murdered. On the seaward side of the narrative are the War of 1812, the first penetration of Japan by Americans, and, inescapably, a typhoon. The bulk of the activity, however, is confined to Salem, and Miss Forbes reconstructs the old port with a care that is admirable, if at times overloving. The drawing rooms there occasionally get somewhat wearisome, but there's a minimum of swashbuckling, no hussy worth mentioning, and some good characterization. Put together with nice nautical precision, from the full-blown figurehead on the dust jacket to the final breakup of the Victrix. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for October.

CHINATOWN FAMILY, by Lin Yutang (John Day). An exceedingly placid chronicle of how a Chinese laundryman's family, transplanted from its native village, gets assimilated by New York, by dint of industry, the Bill of Rights, and a dash of Taoism. One son, who has come over before the others, has a little harder time, since he's become mixed up with the jazzier elements in Chinatown and with a dancer named Sing Toy, but by the end of the book he seems to have come around to a few of the Confucian virtues. Most of the action takes place during the seven years just before Pearl Harbor, and much background material is devoted to the efforts of Chinese in this country to help their people against Japan. Despite some apt gibes at the more absurd facets of Western culture, Mr. Lin proves that he is much handier at dealing with life and learning in the Orient than with similar matters over here. His spotty attempts to reproduce

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his countrymen's broken English are embarrassing.

THE TOWER OF TERZEL, by Pierre van Paassen (Dial). Mr. van Paassen's first novel treats of some late-nineteenth-century intrigue around an old Flemish family's seignorial holdings, which consist of a considerable stretch of wild moorland along the Belgian coast. Guido Govaerts, the aging proprietor of the place, takes a tempting young wife, who almost at once falls into dalliance with the village blacksmith and with Guido's son Rudolph, just returned from the Transvaal possessed of some thoroughly sadistic impulses and with a good bit of blood on his hands. Rudolph's malevolence toward the peasants, plus rumblings of Flemish nationalism, try Guido's leonine strength for a while, but with the help of two other sons, one of them a young priest well on his way to duplicating the career of Saint Francis of Assisi, Rudolph is put in his place, in a violent climax appropriate to the Gothic setting. The moorland is reclaimed and parcelled out among the peasants, and progress triumphs, as it often did in those days. The historical and geographical details are more skillfully handled than the overly cinematic action is.

THE BURNISHED BLADE, by Lawrence Schoonover (Macmillan). A large part of this ferocious adventure story is laid in fifteenth-century France, where the hero, Pierre of Milan, watches his parents burn alive, unsuccessfully tries to beat out the fire kindled under Jeanne d'Arc, and successfully snatches Mlle. de la Tour-Clermont, presumably half dead of the plague, from a cart in which she has been placed. The rest takes place in Trebizond, an offshoot of the Byzantine Empire, where Pierre is sent by Jacques Cœur to uncover an opium-smuggling ring. Eventually, of course, Pierre wins a title, a fortune, and the hand of a beautiful girl. Mr. Schoonover's terse, breathless style is admirably suited to his material. The Literary Guild selection for October.

GENERAL

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane). This life—an auspicious beginning for a series called American Men of Letters—is a nearly perfect fusing of biography and critical study, and certainly one of the best books on Thoreau to have appeared so far. Mr. Krutch presents

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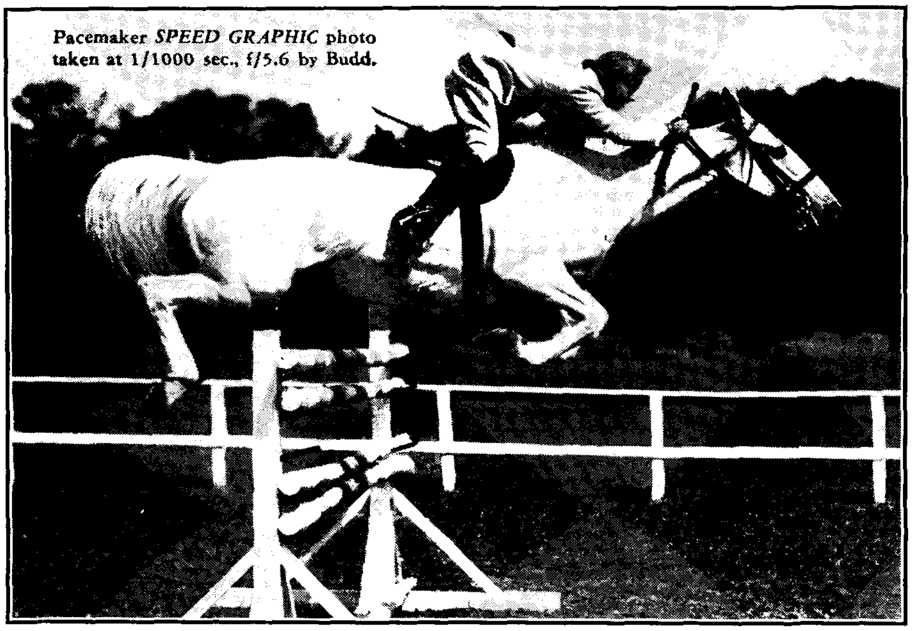

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his man in three dimensions, and if he stresses one thing more than another, it is Thoreau's work as a poet and prose writer rather than as a naturalist and crusader for reform. He is also most interesting and instructive in his examination of the political aspects of Thoreau's philosophy—a subject that other biographers have too often skimped on or distorted.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, by Robert Cantwell (Rinehart). A roomy biography, with a view of the nineteenth century, obviously the product of years of thought and research. This book, subtitled "The American Years" (which strongly suggests that there is a volume to follow), tells of Hawthorne's life from his birth in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, through his years at Bowdoin, at the Customs House in Boston, and at Brook Farm, up to the completion of "The Scarlet Letter," which Mr. Cantwell calls the "greatest work of art his country had produced," and which forever prevented Hawthorne from returning to his native town. Mr. Cantwell has recreated Hawthorne not as a gloomy, introverted recluse but as a lively, sentient, courageous human being, who lived in an age of change and uncertainty very much like our own and who had the talent to characterize his time in words.

THE WAR LORDS OF WASHINGTON, by Bruce Catton (Harcourt, Brace). The purpose of the author, a newspaperman who was director of information for the War Production Board until V-E Day, is to show that American big businessmen sabotaged what he calls the "people's war" by trying to limit the recent conflict to a defense of capitalist institutions. He maintains that they were successful and that they stopped at very little to achieve their success. Much of what he has to say, which is based largely on information obtained from private sources, is strong stuff and quite thought-provoking, but essentially his book is merely a reiteration of a familiar charge—that American industry determinedly carried on business as usual during the war.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF JOHN PEALE BISHOP, edited by Edmund Wilson (Scribner). This companion volume to Mr. Bishop's collected poems, which is being published simultaneously, contains not only his longer essays and miscellaneous articles but all of his reviews of poetry,

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LETTERS FROM SUZIE

Florence, Italy

Dear Augustine:

The city of fine arts almost lost its charm for me today!

Anne and I fueled up with a mammoth lunch and marched ourselves across the Ponte Vecchio to face the endless miles of the famous Uffizi Gallery. What a sea of paintings! We didn't know where to begin. When we spotted a guide herding a group around we thought, "Ha! Here's where we get a capsule tour FREE." But, alas, the guide was spluttering Italian and we couldn't kibitz!

We fished out our Baedekers and went to work. A few hours of trudging around and we were very ready to give our "museum feet" a rest. We looked for the powder room. In a corner we spotted a door marked "*Uscita*." Over we went and in we sailed. I should say "out we sailed," for OUT is just where we landed. Smack dab in broad daylight! "*Uscita*," it seems, means "exit."

That makes you right twice in one museum! I definitely should have learned Italian at BERLITZ before we sailed.

Love,
Suzie

P.S. Yes, they charged us full fare to get back in again. No sense of humor.

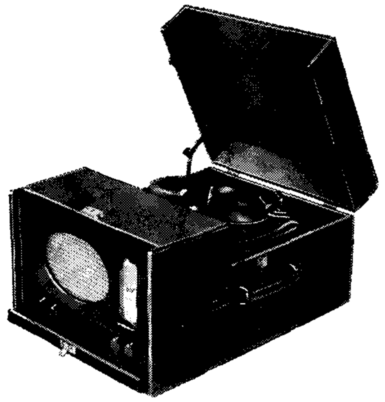
a number of aphorisms and notes on literature, and four stories, chosen to illustrate both his early and his more mature approach to fiction. The essays, with their wide range of subject matter, provide a particularly perceptive commentary on the artists and writers of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, as well as on the background against which they worked. Several pieces, still unfinished at Mr. Bishop's death, in 1944, are also included. Mr. Wilson has contributed a biographical introduction.

PARABLES FOR THE THEATRE, by Bertolt Brecht (University of Minnesota Press). Two allegorical plays by a contemporary German poet who has for some years been one of the brightest stars in the rather sparse literary firmament of the extreme Left. (He is perhaps most widely known in this country for his memorable "The Ballad of the Dead Soldier," which he wrote during the war.) Both these pieces, one of which is laid in China and the other in the medieval Caucasus, are powerfully stated arguments for their author's conviction that the world must be changed. They are also beautifully and eloquently written, no matter what one thinks of their dialectic. The English translation, by Eric and Maja Bentley, is excellent.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TEN DAYS' WONDER, by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). Flamboyant doings in Wrightsville, the New England town that has provided the background for Ellery Queen's two recent sorties into pseudo-psychiatric detection. On this occasion, Queen, with a great display of Freudian catchwords, acts as father-confessor to a young amnesiac, who is also the victim of a blackmailing scheme and an unhappy love affair. Despite some rather tentative detection on Queen's part, the case culminates in a double murder, for which the detective manages eventually to provide one of his tricky explanations. Superior plotting, with all the embellishments required by this author's admirers.

VOICE OUT OF DARKNESS, by Ursula Curtiss (Dodd, Mead). A young and theoretically levelheaded businesswoman named Katy pops off to her birthplace in Connecticut to see if she can spot the person who has been sending her unpleasant letters about an incident that took place in



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her childhood. When the hometown folks begin making things tough for Katy, her fiancé and the New York police become involved. They are not in time, however, to prevent an outbreak of mayhem. A pleasantly written but not exactly spectacular choice for the annual Red Badge mystery award.

THE WOMAN IN THE SEA, by Shelley Smith (Harper). Yet another example of what appears to be a growing vogue for serving up in fictional form (and without acknowledgment) a *cause célèbre* that has already been factually dealt with by an expert. In this suspense story, Miss Smith retraces, with some variations, the ground covered by F. Tennyson Jesse in her study of the Rattenbury-and-Stoner case, in which a young Englishwoman and her lover, who is a servant in her suburban villa, were tried for the murder of the woman's elderly husband, who had succumbed to multiple fractures of the skull. Miss Smith's handling of the fascinating, and thoroughly depressing, details of the case is, in its way, just as skillful as was Miss Jesse's; it is to be hoped that next time she'll devote her considerable talent to fresher stuff.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOCK, by Carter Dickson (Morrow). Sir Henry Merrivale, that elfin old expert on supernatural phenomena, turns up in Berkshire to figure out whether Sir George Fleet, a local bigwig, fell off the roof of his mansion twenty years before or was pushed by a ghost. In the course of his antic researches, Sir Henry is also called on to explain such items as a corpse in an abandoned prison and some old bones in the case of a grandfather's clock. His solutions are plausible enough, in view of the material they're based on, but the prevailing tone of this mystery is one of almost complete hysteria.

•

. . . with one gram of follicular hormone 35 million virgin mice can be excited sexually!—*From "Man in Structure and Function," by Fritz Kahn, M. D.*

Never mind that exclamation point, Doctor.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Columbia (S. C.) State]

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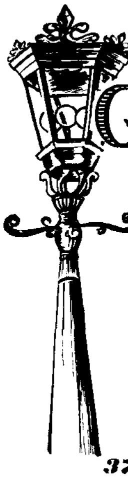

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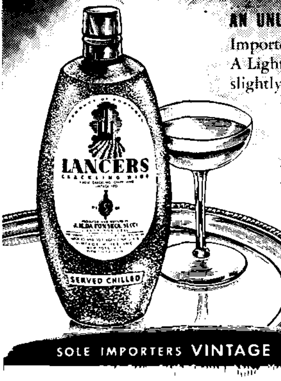

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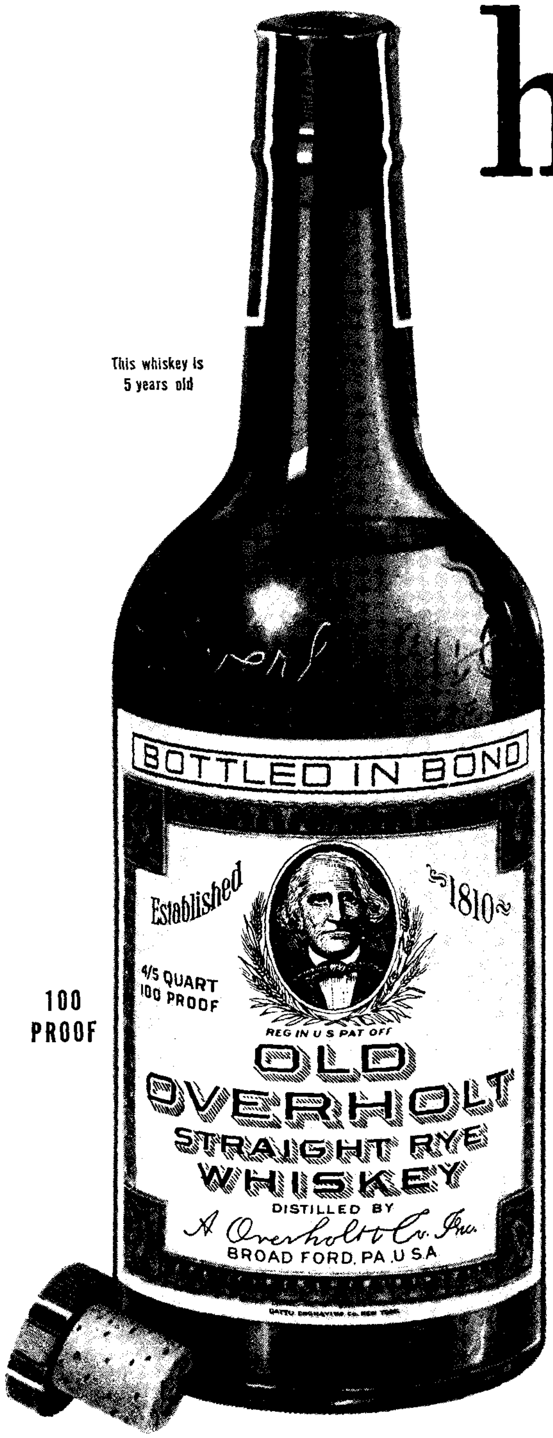
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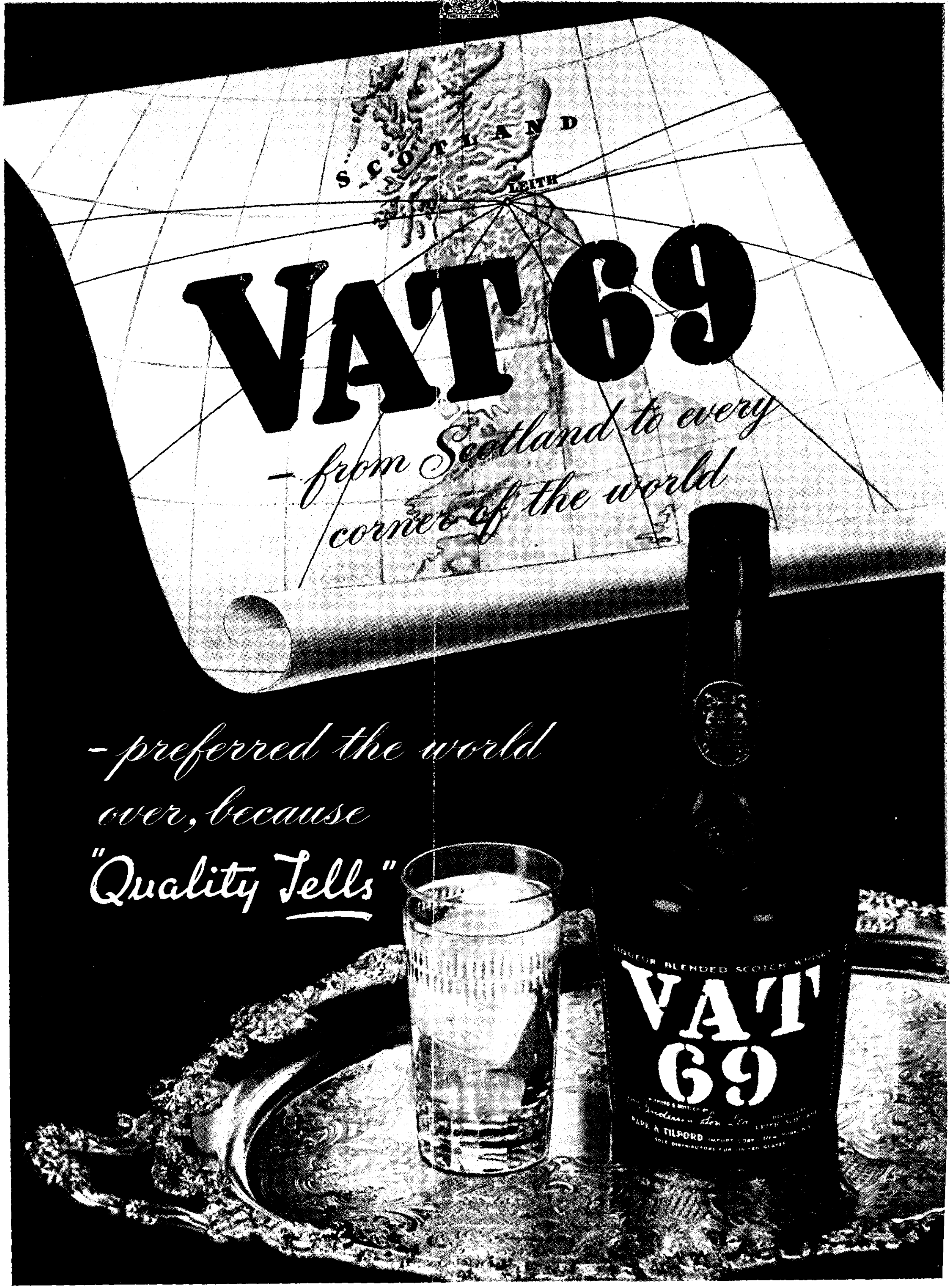
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